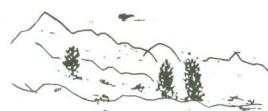
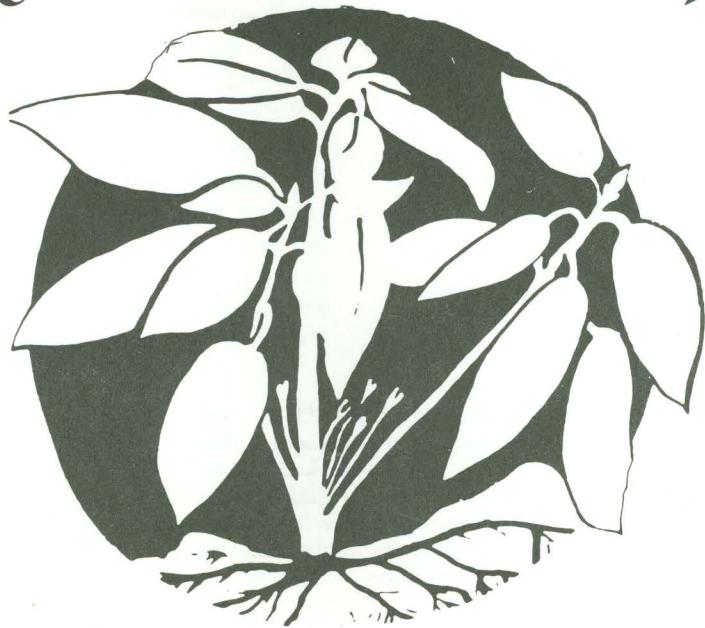


Vol. 1 No. 1

LAUREL LEAVES



First Guest Editor: Bee Swett

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They Pause To Ask.

Eternally men ask. From their asking have sprung all developments in history, all inventions in technology, and all cultural progress down the hissing scroll of history. The same questions foremost in the minds of seekers of all epochs of man are the same questions foremost in the minds of many people regarding the region called "Southern Appalachia" — What was? What is? And what shall be?

From scattered attempts to seek answers for these three questions to a unified delving into the past, present, and future is an unmarked milestone in terms of effort by those who first paused to ask. Countless hours of planning and searching and asking questions had to take place long before the birth of a unique organization dedicated to pausing long enough to ask the host of questions and then try to find answers for them.

And the Appalachian Consortium was born.

Consortium members include Appalachian State University, Western North Carolina University, East Tennessee State University, Lees-McRae College, Mars Hill College, the Blue Ridge Parkway, the U. S. Forestry Service in North Carolina, the Mountain Scenic and Economic Development District, the First Tennessee-Virginia Development District, Warren Wilson College, and the Western North Carolina Historical Association. Memberships for individuals, businesses, and

other institutions and organizations are available for modest membership fees.

No total of manhours spent thus far in getting the Consortium into an operational status is even available, but educated guesses put the total at over ten thousand. Total miles traveled already by all project participants? Hundreds of thousands.

"It is not right to have as valuable a piece of heritage as that of the Southern Appalachians disappear with no attempt to record something of it for posterity," commented Borden Mace, Projects Director of the Consortium's first six months.

Nearly fifty projects have been begun or boosted by the Consortium in that period. The most widely publicized, the first Art Exposition, was geared to promoting awareness and involvement of people of all ages preserving anything relevant to the Appalachian area. More than seven thousand five hundred responded in the collecting of artifacts, stories, art, crafts, and written and performing arts.

"It's a good start," said Mace of the contest, "but it only scratches the surface of a many-faceted diamond of cultural heritage. We hope the projects started can go on and on."

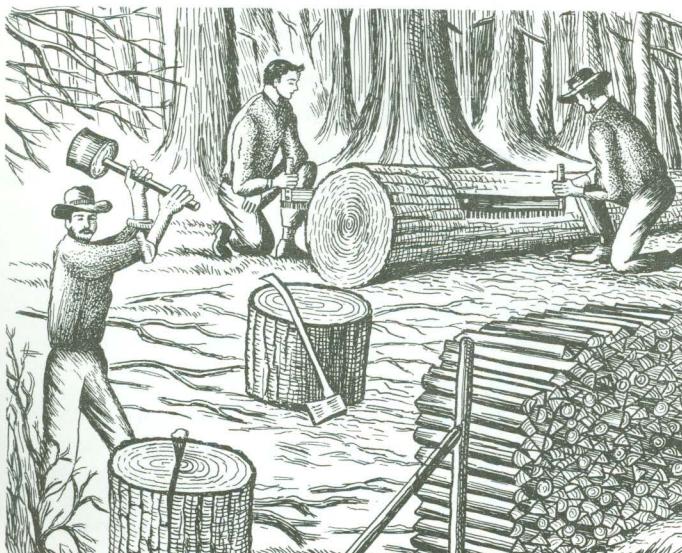
With the member institutions pooling resources and constantly seeking more for the continuation of the projects, a new curriculum, one capitalizing on the expertise and interests of diverse academic and non-academic disciplines and spanning a range of activities that nearly boggle the mind, is in the making.

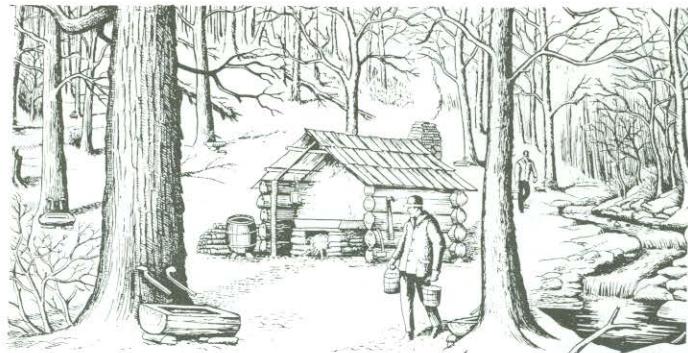
Glimpses...

—WCU: Student interns are living in selected communities in six counties collecting information on contemporary culture and cataloguing factors influencing local life styles. Final reports to be prepared by interns the last week of Winter Quarter, 1973.

—ETSU: Six films documenting portions of the Appalachian culture have been completed. Titles: "Alex Stewart, Cooper" (11 min.), "Ott Blair, Sledmaker" (5:40), "Ed Presnell" (6:33), "Bertha and Buna" (10 min.), "Gandy

(See *Glimpses* p. 5)





CHEROKEE

by Lloyd C. Owle

Painted with Indian history
A glow in dark blue hills,
Hugging the Oconaluftee River
Oh, Beautiful Cherokee!

Fumed with delicate flowers
Green with so many trees
With a ray of warm sunshine
Or a raindrop in a mountain shower.

Held by Indian traditions
As the youth hope to excel
After the Trail of Tears
and the charge on Indian life.



Old Style Cornshuck Dolls by Mrs. Verna Woodard

Folk-Ways and Folk-Speech



of SOUTHERN APPALACHIA
with Rogers Whitener

Rhymes, remedies, and superstitions continue to be a major part of the material sent in to this column from various of Appalachia.

Some of the correspondents show a sustained interest in the past, noting that they have collected and preserved folk items over a considerable length of time; others seem to be prodded into the past through mention of a rhyme, a childhood game, a story handed down through several generations, a superstition that lingers into the present.

A person in the first category is Mr. Francis Hulme of Warren Wilson College, who has published a work called *Come Up the Valley: Ballads and Poems*, inspired largely, he says, by "Western Carolina folk-say and folk-do".

Of particular interest is a set of rhymes relating to superstitions which he labels *The Ifs and Hows of Granny Grist*.

Don't treat this lore with young-uns' scorn:

This lore was true 'fore you was born.

If you've got hives, don't scratch and holler:

Drink water biled with a silver dollar.

If you want seed to sprout and do,

Don't thank the one that gifted you.

No taters near onions, fer when they sprout,

Onions will scratch their eyes right out.

Gourds won't grow unless you cuss;

Peppers do best when you've had a fuss.

To make your butter in record time,

Bottom your churn with a cross or a dime.

Eggs that are set when the wind is bad

Will cackle and crow and drive you mad;

Eggs that are set in the light of the moon

Will hatch out hens that crow at noon.

Cont'd on next page.

If you should bit your nails on Sunday,
Better wear blue a week come Monday.
A woman might just as well be dead
As lay a bresh-broom on a bed.
The kind of trouble that can't be shook
Comes when you tear the Holy Book.
If you burn wood that's lightnin'-struck,
or cherry wood, you'll have bad luck,
Less'n you twist your bad to good
By burnin' broken thorny wood.
After you've seen your baby's face
Don't let 'em rake your fireplace
Or sweep beneath your birthin' bed
Till thirty days are spent and sped.
I'll show you how, when he is one
To fortune the future of your son:
First set him down on the cabin floor;
Then make a ring of these — no more:
Bible and hammer, money, and tongue
Of rattlesnake caught and killed when young.
If he should take the Book in hand,
You've mothered a preacher for the land;
And if the hammer takes his eye,
He'll be a builder by and by;
And if he reaches for the money,
You'll have a banker for you sonny.
But if he wants the rattler's tongue
He'll be a lawyer — and better hung!

Mr. Logan Dellinger of Morganton, North Carolina, obviously falls into the second category. A portion of a recent letter is self-explanatory: "I want to thank you for pulling the trigger and exploding my memoirs, as it was you that got me started to write my memoirs for my two sons. They have been begging me to write those things for a long time, but I have just been putting them off.

Now I have started writing all the old things that I know and have heard by older folks. At the rate I am writing now it will take me six months to finish them. I am writing this as single copies, as they want copies for their history room (Burke County Public Library)."

Mr. Dellinger sends along two additional count-out rhymes

b o u n d e d p r e c i p i c e

by Bee Sweatt

Elf-like in the distance, he climbs the narrow path
The craggy mountain juts. Ant-like, hid half
By sun and half by shadow, he slips an inch.
A thousand times before he's passed such points
Where how he took the step (or didn't step)
Bound all the points to one immense projection.
Pinnacle or quarry? Shadow or sun?
But why he'd climb that path I'd like to know.
And if he make the final precipice,
Will he be in shadow or in sun?
Ah! I know. The thought just came to me:
Some men solve the paradox of peace,
One from a mountain top and one by the sea.

GLIMPSES

Dancers" (14 min.), "They Shall Take Up Serpents" (18 min.). Prints are available on loan from ETSU and the Tennessee State Museum.

—ETSU: A new kind of puppet show is being developed to travel to elementary schools emphasizing the crafts of the mountain area. Show expected to be on the road by early fall.

—ETSU: Material folk culture in selected locations in Avery and Watauga counties is being documented by photos, interviews, tape recordings, and crude maps and drawings for classroom presentations and for future research and development.

—ETSU: A continuing project in operation since 1965 on folklore and folk heritage has seen the publication of three monographs, the sponsoring of four folk festivals, and the obtaining of several Humanities grants to con-

(Cont'd on p. 6)

which we hope to use in a future column. He also includes a quatrain of his own composition which expresses his basic philosophy:

Give me the mountains for solitude;
Give me the sea for mirth.
Let me walk in the forest with God,
The most wonderful place on earth.

GLIMPSES

tinue the work. The library now has an oral history archive and a fourth publication is nearly complete.

—Mars Hill College (MHC): Over 150 manhours went into planning and conducting an oral history workshop. Tapes of the workshop will be transcribed and made available to other schools.

—MCH: A community education project on social problems in Appalachia, particularly those related to land use and to poverty concentrated on providing information, collecting information, and sharing viewpoints.

—MCH: A Cherokee Indian artifact collection is underway. Artifacts are identified, described, catalogued, photographed, and prepared for display and study in a special collection room. It is hoped that a union catalogue of holdings by all Consortium institutions may be published.

—Lees-McRae College (LMC): A number of untitled projects are underway including three publications from the Pudding Stone Press. (*Grandfather and the Globe*, by Dell B. Wilson; *Witch of Turner's Bald*, by Edna Church Pierson; and *Mountain Yarns*, by J. Alex Mull). A collection of local newspapers not being preserved in other places and attempts to microfilm them "as far back as possible" are well underway. A local history project and expansion of the Stirling Collection of Regional Materials continues.

—Blue Ridge Parkway: Nearly a hundred people have already been contacted in the effort to inventory folk artists along the Blue Ridge. Unique arts such as ageing wood for making violins will be described in a future booklet and interview tapes and slides will be given to the Mars Hill College library.

—U. S. Forestry Service in North Carolina: The cradle of forestry and conservation in America is in the Southern Appalachians. In an on-going project to research and re-construct the Cradle of Forestry, an 1800's logging locomotive has been located for future use in the exhibit. Engineers and landscape architects are using all available and researched information to recreate the beginnings.

—Cherokee Oral History Taping: The Cherokee Oral History Club has been taping oral history in the effort to preserve for all some of the traditions of the Cherokee Indian. Among the outstanding events is the taping of the funeral services of Cherokee Principal Chief Noah Powell. Tapes will be stored in several places, transcribed into written form, and made available to people interested in Cherokee history.

—Folk Ways and Folk Speech: Seventeen columns have already been released by Rogers Whitener to twenty-seven participating newspapers. (One is reprinted herein).

—Appalachian Consortium Forum: At the first forum, held in Asheville, winners of the Art Exposition were awarded their cash prizes, Drs. John and Ina Van Noppen received the Consortium annual award for outstanding contributions to the region for their book *History of Western North Carolina Since the Civil War*. The award was an original sculpture called "The Soul of Man," by Cherokee artist Goingback Chiltoskey. Representatives of many viewpoints then debated the question of whether or not the quality of life in the mountains is deteriorating and who the architects of the future should be.

—The Appalachian Art Exposition: From over seven thousand five hundred entries, two hundred seventy winners were selected and their contributions to the heritage of the area will be displayed at fairs, other forums, and festivals this spring.

—The Appalachian Consortium Press undertook its first major publication, *A History of Western North Carolina Since the Civil War*, to be made available to the public in May.

—Member institutions offer new courses: Efforts to establish major and minor degree programs in Appalachian Studies are proving fruitful so far. With an unprecedented degree of cooperation necessary for such an undertaking, the member institutions are engaged in final planning for the inter-institutional, inter-disciplinary core curriculum.

(Editor's note: These have been but glimpses of what is happening, brief peeks at the roots of the past and blossoms of the future drawn together by men who will not let the heritage of the past or the inheritance of the future wither and die because no one cared enough to take action.)

Are You A Friend?

Friends help each other. With a word of encouragement at the right time. With a sign of interest through involvement. And with participation through services, time, and money. The thing about friends though is that few people become friends if they don't think each other worthy of the friendship. So you must decide if our invitation to be a part of a unique circle of friends is worthwhile to you. The Appalachian Consortium wants you for a Friend. Will you join us?

Annual Membership Costs

Individuals	\$ 1.00
Groups	\$ 5.00
Schools	\$ 10.00
Corporations	\$100.00

What do you get? Member discounts on publications.

"Laurel Leaves" subscription free. Personal announcements of fairs, festivals, and forums.

Be a friend.

Write to Friends of the Consortium, The Appalachian Consortium, 413 E. Howard Street, Boone, N. C. 28607. (Be sure to enclose a check.)

Take Advantage of Us

Go ahead. Take advantage of us. See if we care. (We do. We want you to.) Fill out the coupon below and get your order in for a copy of *A History of Western North Carolina Since the Civil War* at the special \$7.95 pre-publication sale price. Then go ahead and enjoy the 447 pages with over 140 illustrations at our expense. Since you'll have us that far over a barrel, we might as well pay the postage too. No, maybe you should wait until after May 31. Then you can pay us \$12.95 for it and you can pay the postage.

If you're still determined, fill out the coupon below and go ahead and take advantage of us!

Please send me _____ copies of *A History of Western North Carolina Since the Civil War* at \$7.95 each. Enclosed is \$ _____ for my order.

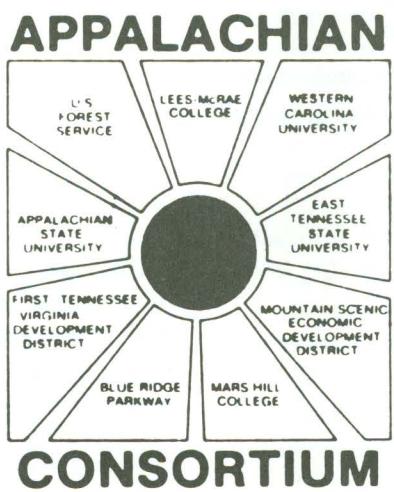
Send order to _____

(print name)

_____ (street, RFD, P. O. Box)

_____ (city, state, zip)

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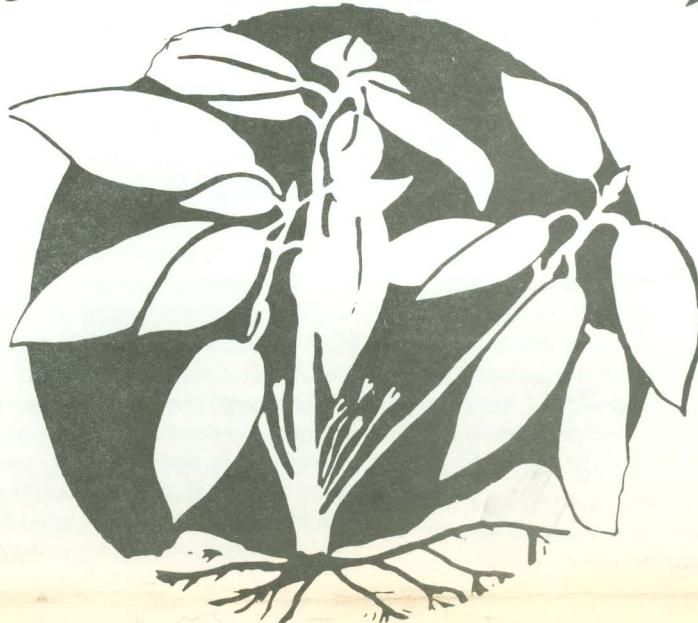


New Members

WARREN WILSON COLLEGE

WESTERN N. C. HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

LAUREL LEAVES



Vol. 1, No. 2

November, 1973

APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM

Appalachian State University
Lees-McRae College
Western Carolina University
East Tennessee State University
U. S. Forest Service
First Tennessee-Virginia Development
District
Blue Ridge Parkway
Mars Hill College
Mountain Scenic Economic Development
District
Warren Wilson College
Western North Carolina Historical
Association

OKTOBERFEST SYMPOSIUM

Combined activities primarily under the auspices of the North Carolina Society for the Preservation of Antiquities and the Western N. C. Historical Association October 26-27 in Asheville included the awarding of the Thomas Wolfe Award to Drs. John and Ina Van Noppen for their *Western North Carolina Since the Civil War* (Boone: Appalachian Consortium Press, 1973) and a Consortium forum on the pros and cons of historic preservation and restoration. Other items of interest included a presentation on and a tour of the Cradle of Forestry, mountain music selections, and tours of the Thomas Wolfe House and the Zeb Vance Birthplace.

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LAND USE AND HUMAN VALUES

(ed. note: The complex interrelationship of things physical and things not so physical, of things monetary and things cultural presents questions only time can answer. But the answers must be sought as it becomes more evident that expansion forever is an impossibility.

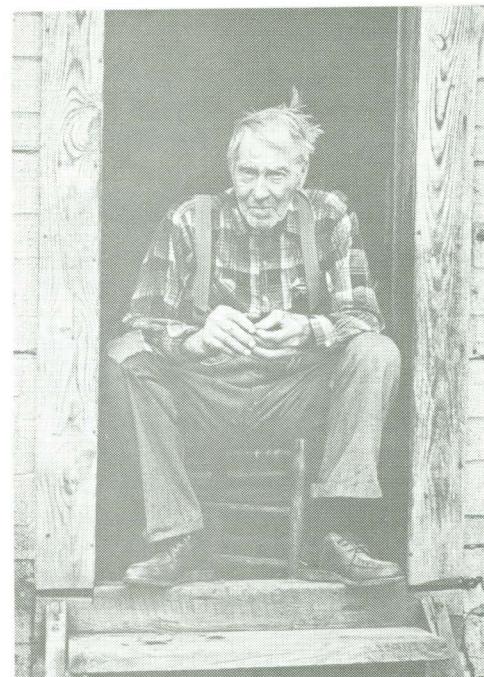
Dr. C. Earl Leininger, Associate Professor of Philosophy and Religion at Mars Hill College, explored some of the questions of human values and land use in a paper presented at an Appalachian Consortium Public Forum on October 6, 1973. The following is the complete text of his paper.) Several summers ago there was a Scotty who went to the country for a visit. He decided that all the farm dogs were cowards, because they were afraid of a certain animal that had a white stripe down its back. "You are a pussy-cat and I can lick you," the Scotty said to the farm dog who lived in the house where Scotty was, visiting. "I can lick the little animal with the white stripe, too. Show him to me." "Don't you want to ask any questions about him?" said the farm dog. "Naw," said the Scotty. "You ask the questions." So the farm dog took the Scotty into the woods and showed him the white-striped animal and the Scotty closed in on him, growling and slashing. It was all over in a moment and the Scotty lay on his back. When he came to, the farm dog said, "What happened?" "He threw vitriol," said the Scotty, "but he never laid a glove on me."

A few days later the farm dog told the Scotty there was another animal all the dogs were afraid of. "Lead me to him," said the Scotty. "I can lick anything that doesn't wear horseshoes." "Don't you want to ask any questions about him?" said the farm dog. "Naw," said the Scotty. "Just show me where he hangs out." So the farm dog led him to a place in the woods and pointed out the little animal when he came along. "A clown," said the Scotty, "a pushover," and he closed in, leading with his left and exhibiting some mighty

fancy footwork. In less than a second the Scotty was flat on his back, and when he woke up the farm dog was pulling quills out of him. "What happened?" said the farm dog. "He pulled a knife on me," said the Scotty, "but at least I have learned how you fight out here in the country, and now I am going to beat you up." So he closed in on the farm dog, holding his nose with one front paw to ward off the vitriol and covering his eyes with the other front paw to keep out the knives. The Scotty couldn't see his opponent and he couldn't smell his opponent and he was so badly beaten that he had to be taken back to the city and put in a nursing home. 1

The fable is James Thurber's "The Scotty Who Knew Too Much," and Thurber supplies the moral: It is better to ask some of the questions than to know all the answers.

(continued)



A photographic study of people.
Art Expo entry by Brad Warstler,
Franklin, North Carolina

The Land and The People, What Values Shall Be Most Important?

That is what I propose to do. While I do not have an opponent, I do have a subject for which I do not have all the answers. I am no expert on land use or on planning in the professional sense—I am scarcely even a layman in either field. But I am seriously, personally, and professionally concerned with human values. I do not think anyone escapes them—certainly not the scientist of any variety, nor the technician, nor the professional planner.

Questions about how land will be used involve the setting of priorities by and for communities, regions and the nation—and those priorities rest precisely on judgments of value. The literature I have read is saturated with "should," "it is important that," "it is essential that," "this needs to be done." The planning procedure as outlined in the relevant literature seems to involve only one descriptive step—the rest (e.g. deciding probably future needs, the type of community desired, plans to meet objectives, implementation and enforcement) are prescriptive and evaluative.

The problem lies in deciding *which* values shall have priority, *whose* values will have priority—and who shall decide. It is not enough, I think, to presume that all men of intelligence and good will value such things as health, knowledge, happiness, courage, honesty, beauty, prosperity, and the like—because it is just such values that may well be in conflict from time to time in decisions about how we can best use the geographical space that is ours.

I propose, then, to play devil's advocate—to ask in regard to the issues of Land Use Planning, "what opposing values may deserve to be considered" and to insist that the other side of every question deserves to be looked at, no matter how distasteful the other side may appear to be. Like Montaigne, the 16th century humanist, I am here to hold a candle in each hand, one to St. Michael and the other to his dragon—although I am not sure in most cases I can tell you which is which.

The most I can boast is a self-imposed crash course in Land Use Planning, and the best I can hope to do is to suggest a few paradigm cases.

An initial question involves the process of planning itself—what is its purpose? Is it active or reactive? Does it set trends or follow them? Is its primary value in helping us to make the best of a bad mess or in helping us to reorder the use of our space to avoid a worse mess? Perhaps the question is unfair—maybe it is both—but it seems a question worth raising. The literature speaks of Land Use Planning as a response to population growth and shifts, expanding economy, public demands for community services, outdoor recreation areas, etc. But planning, it seems to me, may be preventive as well as curative. For example, a transportation system in a city or region does not merely serve the area, but helps make it what it is—in size, in function, in form it is in large part what the transportation system that has been willed upon it allows it to be.² What essential direction should Land Use Planning take? Priorities may differ from

place to place, but it *is* a priority question—a value question.

In the second place, the explicit assumption of the literature I read was that growth and development are goods and that planning is intended to expedite them and allow them to occur in orderly fashion. Certainly the Judaeo-Christian "be-fruitful-and-multiply" heritage, the Protestant work ethic, and the profit incentives of free enterprise have fostered what Economist Herman Daly calls "growthmania." But at the risk of "burning a candle for the dragon," that value assumption may be and is being challenged, not only by academician Daly, but even by so eminent a member of the government bureaucracy as the Administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency.³ Daly, Associate Professor of Economics at Louisiana State University, did so in a lecture in 1971, in which he argued for a stationary-state economy.⁴ He contends that we not only refuse to count the costs of growth, but that by a bit of statistical ledgerdeman, we count the real costs of growth as benefits of growth—he calls this hyper-growthmania. The rule, he says, becomes "grow forever," or at least until it kills you—then count the funeral expenses as further growth. This is terminal hyper-growthmania. In its place he posits another model. I have neither time to detail it nor expertise to evaluate its viability. But perhaps a brief summary is in order. Its main assumption is the steady-state of the planetary ecosystem, of which the human economy is seen as a subsystem. Daly's model involves essentially three things: (1) Macro-stability—to insure a static overall system—and micro-variability—to insure individual mobility and an internal dynamic; (2) three social institutions of control—those for zero-population growth, those for maintaining a constant stock of physical wealth, and those for governing distribution; (3) the requirement of moral growth necessary to face up to sharing a fixed total.

While Daly's model is not likely to be regarded with enthusiasm, he is not alone in his challenge to the value of growth. A non-governmental group composed of some seventy representatives from twenty-three advanced nations and calling themselves the Club of Rome, commissioned two MIT professors to undertake a projection of the world in the early two thousands as it would look if present trends and policies continued. The results, published under the title *The Limits of Growth*, said, in essence, "no way." Six different models involving the change of six individual key variables were tried, and each collapsed. The conclusion was that we face the necessity, either chosen in advance or forced by the arrival of the future, for living in a steady state economy.⁵

Whether this is a valid conclusion and whether we are capable of choosing and implementing it, I leave to wiser heads than mine. Nevertheless, it is an alternative value option being considered seriously and, as far as I can tell, independently, by thoughtful men.

In necessarily cursory fashion, I raise two or three other value conflicts and/or options.

One of them is community involvement in Land Use Planning vs. professional authority. It is an old question particularized in this context, reflecting a judgment about the capability of "the people—the public" to know what is good for them vs. decisions about public good made by a political, professional, or technocratic elite. Unfortunately, it is not a question solved by the adoption of representative democracy—we are already sufficiently adept at *non sequiturs* to move rather easily from the assumption that professional expertise in goal implementation also involves expertise in goal choosing. The literature dealing with Land Use Planning that I examined pleads strongly for citizen involvement but it also seems to assume (1) that Land Use Planning is not optional—it is here to stay, and (2) that certain goals are intrinsically desirable. Question: does community involvement mean community testing or community training? Those agencies concerned with Land Use Planning—especially, it seems to me on a regional, state, or national level—face a serious practical as well as moral question: how strongly does one have to value a given goal or commitment to the proper use of land before one is willing to run past consensus seeking, education, and persuasion, to subtle or overt forms of coercion?

If a planning group deeply believes—on the highest moral grounds, it may be, such as health, safety, preservation of beauty or culture—that a given course of action is necessary, does the value of efficient implementation outweigh the value of, say, honesty?

I touched briefly on two other value conflicts I now mention in closing. One is local or individual good vs. regional or national good. The cherished concept of "home rule" for example, with its very real values of self-determination and independence has frequently become an instrument for circumventing the equally real values of social and racial justice, civil liberties, and responsibility to the larger regional and national community.⁶ This issue seems to me specifically and incontrovertibly tied to questions of land use in Appalachia. It is not a simple question. For example, the development of resort areas or the attraction of industry to Appalachian communities certainly has local,

(continued)

Grant Awards To Be Announced

The North Carolina Committee for Continuing Education in the Humanities has awarded the Appalachian Consortium a new grant to continue developing the theme "Traditions in Transition: The Impact of Urbanization on North Carolina Communities." Campus task forces will evaluate proposals submitted to them by faculty members, staff members, and members of local communities.

The first requirement for proposals is that they must develop some aspect of the major theme and one of the subthemes regarding the family, political decision-making process, or land use.

Each Campus Task Force will select and recommend to the Consortium projects for development. Grant awards for project development will be announced by the Consortium on Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1973.

**The Land and The People,
What Values Shall Be
Most Important?**

regional and national implications. Such developments usually enrich the developer or industrialist (who may well not be native to the area), provide goods and services to the larger region and, perhaps, the nation, and contribute to the economic growth of the immediate area. But they may also raise property values so that the local small farmer or homeowner cannot afford to stay; they may be responsible for the defacing and ecological undermining of relatively unspoiled territories, and they raise the serious value question relevant to the individual communities, the region and the nation concerning the preservation of Appalachian culture with its strong ties to the land.

And, finally, a value conflict implicit in the whole program of Land Use Planning is that of control and restraint vs. individual freedom, ownership, and privacy. This, too, is of course a particularized version of a larger issue, and it is a question of degree. Already, zoning changes in any community may produce intolerable economic pressures on the small homeowner, suburban sprawl may cause taxes to rise to the point that the farmer cannot hold his land because farming is no longer economically viable, acquisition of land by eminent domain, and other impositions for public welfare—all these have already diminished the significance and permanence of individual ownership.⁷ Land Use Planning might well be able to correct some of these problems, but it cannot avoid the value conflict, because implicit in Land Use Planning are the mechanisms of control and enforcement—most of them are already operative, including besides those just mentioned, building codes, fire codes, urban redevelopment, public housing authorities, nuisance control ordinances, public ownership of land, etc.

It is obvious, as Caroline Bird points out in her book, *The Crowding Syndrome*, that we are losing and will lose some of the traditional human rights—e.g. the absolute right to life, the right to consume as much as one can buy, to build one's home as one pleases, the right to privacy, etc. But, she argues, the new era of necessary planning will issue some compensating new rights—e.g. the right to food, to clothing, to shelter, and to physical subsistence.⁸

And so we end where we began—in a value dilemma: what is worth more than what? Since it seems increasingly that in a survivable state we cannot have it all, what is one willing to give up in order to gain what?

Footnotes

¹ James Thurber, "The Scotty Who Knew Too Much." Copyright, 1940, James Thurber. Copyright, 1968, Helen Thurber. From *Fables For Our Time*, Harper and Row. Originally printed in *The New Yorker*.

² Edgardo Contini, "The American City—A Forecast." *The Futurist*, VI (February, 1972), p. 10.

³ cf. William D. Ruckelshaus, "Questing the Dogma That 'Growth Is Good.'" *The Futurist*, VI (December, 1972), pp. 242-3.

⁴ Herman E. Daly, "The Stationary State Economy: Toward A Political Economy of Bio-physical Equilibrium and Moral Growth." Un-

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA SINCE THE CIVIL WAR Goes Into Second Printing

The John and Ina Van Noppen book *Western North Carolina Since the Civil War* (Boone: Appalachian Consortium Press, 1973), is already sold out and a second printing is on the way, according to Borden Mace, Managing Director of the Appalachian Consortium Press.

Winner of the 1973 Thomas Wolfe Award, the book took the Van Noppen eight years to research and write. It is a first in two respects—the first history of the area to be published in more than sixty years and the first book published by the Appalachian Consortium Press.

"We anticipate the second printing will be sold out before the end of the year," says Mace. "The demand and reception from government agencies, libraries, schools, and the general public has been exceptional. We knew how good the book was when we undertook publication, but we didn't know the reception would surpass our estimates as far as it did. By the end of the year we now

expect over eleven thousand copies to have been bought by people interested in the rare gem of culture found only in the Southern Appalachian Region."

A sampling of comments about the work point toward Mace's prediction of the second printing being sold out by the end of the year as a conservative guess:

"A delight to read as well as an amazing work of scholarship." (*Asheville Citizen-Times*)

"Excellent . . . Will answer many of the questions the reader or student may have about Western North Carolina. It undoubtedly will become the standard reference work about the region." (*Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel*)

"This is a history of an important part of Southern Appalachia during an important period. A copy should be in the hands of all interested in our heritage." (W. H. Plemmons, President Emeritus, Appalachian State University)

"Of value to historians and to students." (N. C. Education, Oct., '73)

"This is the most important local book to be published since Thomas Wolfe." (Local Member, W. N. C. Historical Association)

"Thrilling . . . An outstanding feature is the photographs and quaint old sketches. . . the picture quality is admirable . . . a splendid piece of bookmaking." (George Stephens, The Stephens Press, Asheville)

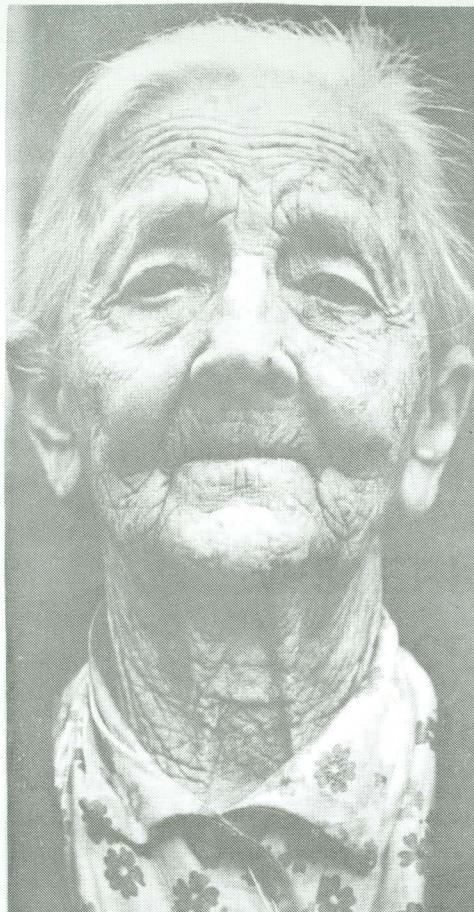
"Excellent . . . Not only the present but future generations will be indebted to the Van Noppen." (John A. McLeod, Professor of English, Mars Hill College)

The Appalachian Consortium, Mace pointed out, believed so strongly in the book that it borrowed money and committed itself to expenditures of more than twenty thousand dollars to get the book out in hardcover and soft-cover editions.

"Printing any book is expensive," Mace commented, "and to print and distribute only one book is extremely risky. But everybody is helping and together we are all making the venture an overwhelming success."

The Consortium Press is undertaking now to provide the book on a gift-order basis for Christmas. The Press guarantees delivery at least one week before Christmas on all orders received before December 1, 1973. All copies past the first one in the same request are discounted by 20%. Orders paid for in advance are to be sent by prepaid parcel post.

"The book," Mace concluded, "is an investment in the future and an inheritance of the past as each relates to Western North Carolina."



A photographic study of people.
Art Expo entry by Brad Warstler,
Franklin, North Carolina

published paper, delivered as part of the Distinguished Lecture Series, Graduate School of Business, Department of Economics, University of Alabama, and distributed in mimeograph form. The following summary is drawn from that paper.

⁵ "Alexander King: 'The Totality of the World Problematique Must Now Be Addressed.' " *Center Report* VI (October, 1972), pp. 26-29.

⁶ Contini, loc. cit.

⁷ Ibid., p. 8

⁸ Caroline Bird, *The Crowding Syndrome: Learning to Live With Too Much and Too Many*. Reviewed in *The Futurist*, VII (February 1973), pp. 33-34.

"I am a part of all I have met, yet all experience is an archway wherethru gleams that world untraveled whose margin ever fades when I move."

—Tennyson.

Big Second Printing in time for Christmas

A treasury of fact and entertaining reading.
Not something buried in the archives,
But something for you to have and enjoy.
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We need you and your ideas. And we need the modest support we ask for to keep the programs rolling. One idea can unlock the door to solving a thousand problems for all of us. No one knows which idea or even what man may have it.

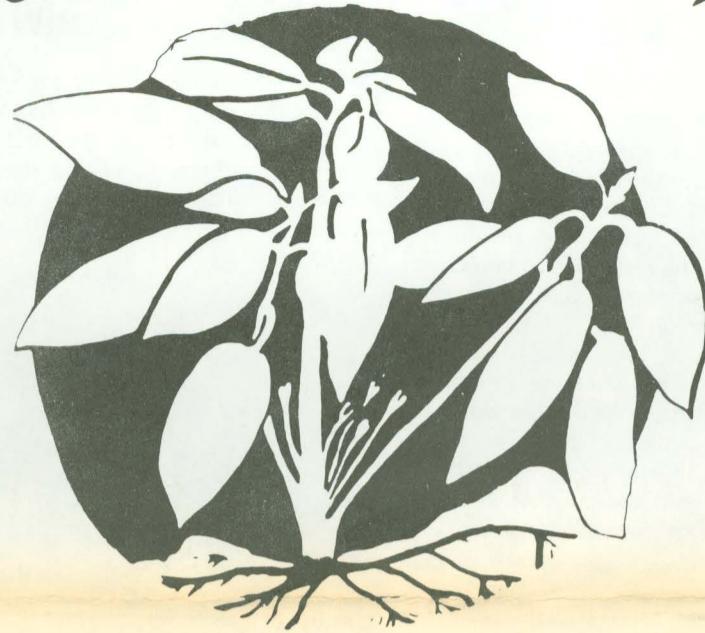
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LAUREL LEAVES



Vol. 2, No. 1

February, 1974

APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM

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Warren Wilson College
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Western North Carolina
Historical Association

CONFERENCE SLATED

A major "inter-group" action conference for the Southern Appalachian Region is scheduled for May 13-16, 1974 at the Center for Continuing Education in Boone. Co-hosted by the Appalachian Consortium and Appalachian State University, the conference will center around education for crisis in Appalachia, dealing particularly with land use, energy, and the human spirit. The conference, titled "Toward 1984: The Future of Appalachia?" will have governors of ten states serving as honorary chairmen.



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of materials herein is that credit for
source be prominently displayed in the
reproduction.

A Climax in action. The engine pictured above is the same type as the one
being restored in the Cradle of Forestry.

Feb., 1974

LAUREL LEAVES

Page 2

THE CLIMAX COMES HOME

There's a little locomotive at the Cradle of Forestry, not far from Brevard, N. C., that could probably tell tales that would compete with the whole Paul Bunyan collection. Tales of men and machines moving millions of board feet of timber from what is now the Pisgah National Forest to the sawmill. For many a year the Climax puffed up the grade past Looking Glass Falls to Pink Beds for carloads of logs destined to market to whet the insatiable appetite of a multitude across the world — a multitude facing a World War in the near future, a multitude at the start of a new era beginning to reap the benefits and feel the effects of such inventions as the Oil Cracking Process, the self-starting auto, photographic paper, the diesel engine, the Geiger Counter, air conditioning, cellophane, the hydroplane, and the vacuum cleaner and electric clothes washer.

In the six decades since then, the Climax became merely a museum piece for railroad buffs, lost somewhere in the archives of men's minds, a piece of the nostalgia of yesteryear.

Until 1973, Danny Phillipps, a history student at Mars Hill College, embarked on February 1, on a sixteen-hour internship funded by a mere grant of only \$250 by the Appalachian Consortium to finish his history requirements. His primary job in the work-study program with the U. S. Forest Service in North Carolina was to find a Climax locomotive.

"I began by reading everything the Forest Service and Mars Hill had to offer," said Danny of the task, "One of the books had a lot of names and addresses of one-time owners of Shay and Climax locomotives."



Danny stands astride his steed — The Climax.

Consortium Gets Largest Grant Ever Awarded by NCCCEH

The Appalachian Consortium has received the biggest grant ever made by the North Carolina Committee for Continuing Education in the Humanities — \$40,000.00. With continued emphasis on involvement of academic humanists in dialogue affecting policy making decisions of public interest, the Consortium is working under the project title "The Impact of Urbanization on Rural North Carolina Appalachia." Initial grants from the Consortium to projects at member institutions include the following:

Western Carolina University: (1) The Webster Project is a series of educational activities and devices to foster public involvement and understanding of the preservation and restoration of Webster, N. C., and to encourage dialogue about the community's resources—its people, its land, and its future. Aspects of the communications include a newsletter, slide-sound presentations, and establishing a permanent collection of Webster documents, letters, and books. (2) "Land Use Patterns" will continue collection of data on the uses, past and present, of eleven Western N. C. counties and engage in leadership training programs and public dialogue aimed at stimulating community dialogue and planning for land use balancing environmental quality and economic development.

Appalachian State University: (1) "Two

Farms," a mixed-media exhibition to be available for use in many places such as supermarkets, will focus attention on the competing yet aggravating forces of urbanization and the effects on people whose livelihoods come from the soil or from rural land use. In an artistic format, the exhibition will be designed for high impact and for eliciting thought and dialogue among the communities' people and academic humanists. (2) Fairs, Festivals, and Forums will be developed to stimulate audience attendance and participation in discussion of the multiple aspects of the effects of urbanization. Cooperation and encouragement in developing creative outlets for school students to show their interest in the Appalachian culture and future of Appalachia will be a key lead-in to the involvement of adults in a planned Watauga County Spring Festival in which forums on public issues will be a vital part.

Lees-McRae College: A series of four forums—centered on the topic "The Family"—will be presented in community and campus facilities. The final forum will be preceded by a festival. The whole series of events will be aimed at adults and students of the community and surrounding areas.

Warren Wilson College: A series of six forums will cover particular aspects of family

(cont'd on p. 3)

With the assistance of Del Thorsen, Supervisor of National Forests in North Carolina; Ranger Richard Mills; and History Professor Harley Jolley of Mars Hill College, Danny gathered details, wrote hundreds of letters, followed up on every lead, continued the work the National Forests in N. C. had already begun, and weeks later finally found the historical pot of gold — a Climax — in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The trail had led the student sleuth through correspondence to contacts in Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, D. C., Chattanooga, Fresno, Augusta, Tuscaloosa, Atlanta, and dozens of other places until he located the Climax in Ann Arbor.

But the total job would not be finished until the Climax came home and the Cradle of Forestry exhibit was completed as much in detail as possible like it was in the beginning, a part of the historical culture of Southern Appalachia.

The pot of gold was purer in quality than anyone had expected — the Climax Danny found was the one used in the Southern Appalachians by Champion Paper Company, headquartered across the mountain from Pink Beds at Sunburst and then used by Bemis Lumber Company in Robbinsville until the late 1920's. And a man who knew the little engine intimately was still active. Elbert Wilkie learned the engine inside and out while working for Bemis. When he found out the Climax was coming home, he refused to retire from the U. S. Forest Service until the "little fellow" is restored and operating in his home in the Cradle of Forestry, running up and down the narrow gauge rails being laid for a short distance along the Forest Festival Trail.

People make things happen. Cooperative people from a variety of occupations and jobs, all sharing a common interest — seeing the Climax come home — helped, each in his way, to see the "little fellow" get home: Danny, working with the small grant from the Consortium and the cooperation of the Mars Hill history department collected hundreds of details to help reconstruct the homesite of the Climax; the U. S.

Forest Service bought the engine, an American Steam log loader, four log cars, and approximately four-hundred feet of narrow gauge rail for \$13,000; the Job Corps is helping re-construct the site; the Ann Arbor Railroad, the B & O Railroad, and Southern Railway Company teamed up to transport the forty-ton "little fellow" from Ann Arbor to Pisgah Forest; and offers to be of aid in further developments constantly flow in to the Appalachian Consortium and to the Forest Service.

When the project is completed, visitors will be able to see first hand how it was around the turn of the century in logging operations in Western North Carolina. Audio-visual equipment installed and operated at the site will tell them the story of yesteryear at the logging camp as they see, touch, and perhaps even ride on the little locomotive so many people have waited for so long.

Thus has a small grant of money,

(cont'd on p. 3)

The Climax Comes Home

contributed time, effort, interest, and unflagging dedication to preserving the best of the culture of the past for the present and future generations to enjoy, appreciate, and understand — these things generously given have culminated in satisfaction in those who worked and potential happiness for hundreds of thousands who will visit the Cradle of Forestry.

Because the Climax is home.

CONSORTIUM GRANT...

life from maternal care to family relations, land use, decision making, and resources of the community.

East Tennessee State University: A symposium on the environmental crisis and participation in other Forums, Fairs & Festivals highlight the ETSU contributions to the humanist involvement in bringing the skills and concern of highly regarded professionals and laymen into context for the attention of interested individuals and the public at large.

Mars Hill College: Under the project title of "The Many Faces of Appalachia as Reflected in the Humanist's Mirror," a series of ten forums drawing on faculty, community, and other available sources will seek to create communications channels for the exchange of ideas.

The series titles give some indication of what one could reasonably expect — the unexpected:

"Who air we?" (The Appalachian People)
 "Whatcha you's got?" (What are our resources and how will they be used?)
 "Gettin' Right." (Religion in the Mountains)
 "A Little Larnin'" (Education in the Mountains)
 "A man is what he eats." (Food Habits and Diet)
 "Foller the Trail" (Transportation and Roads)
 "'Tis a Goodlie Land." (Land Use)
 "Git a Work Job" (Industry and Employment)
 "Take ye some bitters." (Health and Welfare)
 "And Now What????" (The Continuing Prospect)

Also in the making at Mars Hill are five Appalachian Heritage Programs and a slide presentation on "Our Values—Past and Future," four land-use festivals and slide presentations plus multiple newspaper articles.

"It's a rewarding and satisfying experience to see the Consortium begin a new year with so much cooperation and involvement from so many people," smiles Bordon Mace, Projects Director. "People everywhere are realizing more and more that we all live here and we all have a lot to gain or lose in culture, heritage, democracy, and environment. They know, as we all do, that we automatically lose if we don't try. Bringing the viewpoint of the academic humanist to bear on public-issue discussions is the underlying purpose of all of our Fairs, Forums, and Festivals."



Rogers Whitener provides the music with a dancing doll while Willard Watson dances a country jig 'round the pot bellied stove.

CELEBRATION

WELCOME, FERRUM COLLEGE

The Appalachian Consortium extends a hearty welcome to its newest institutional member, Ferrum College. A residential college of some 1100 students under the guidance of President Joseph T. Hart, Ferrum is located about ten miles off the Blue Ridge Parkway on Va. 40 about thirty-five miles southwest of Roanoke. The college with its outreach arm, the Blue Ridge Institute under the direction of M. G. Goodpastor, has been a major influence in the development of the relatively isolated area in the Blue Ridge Mountains and Shenandoah Valley in Virginia.

Curriculum Studies Expanded

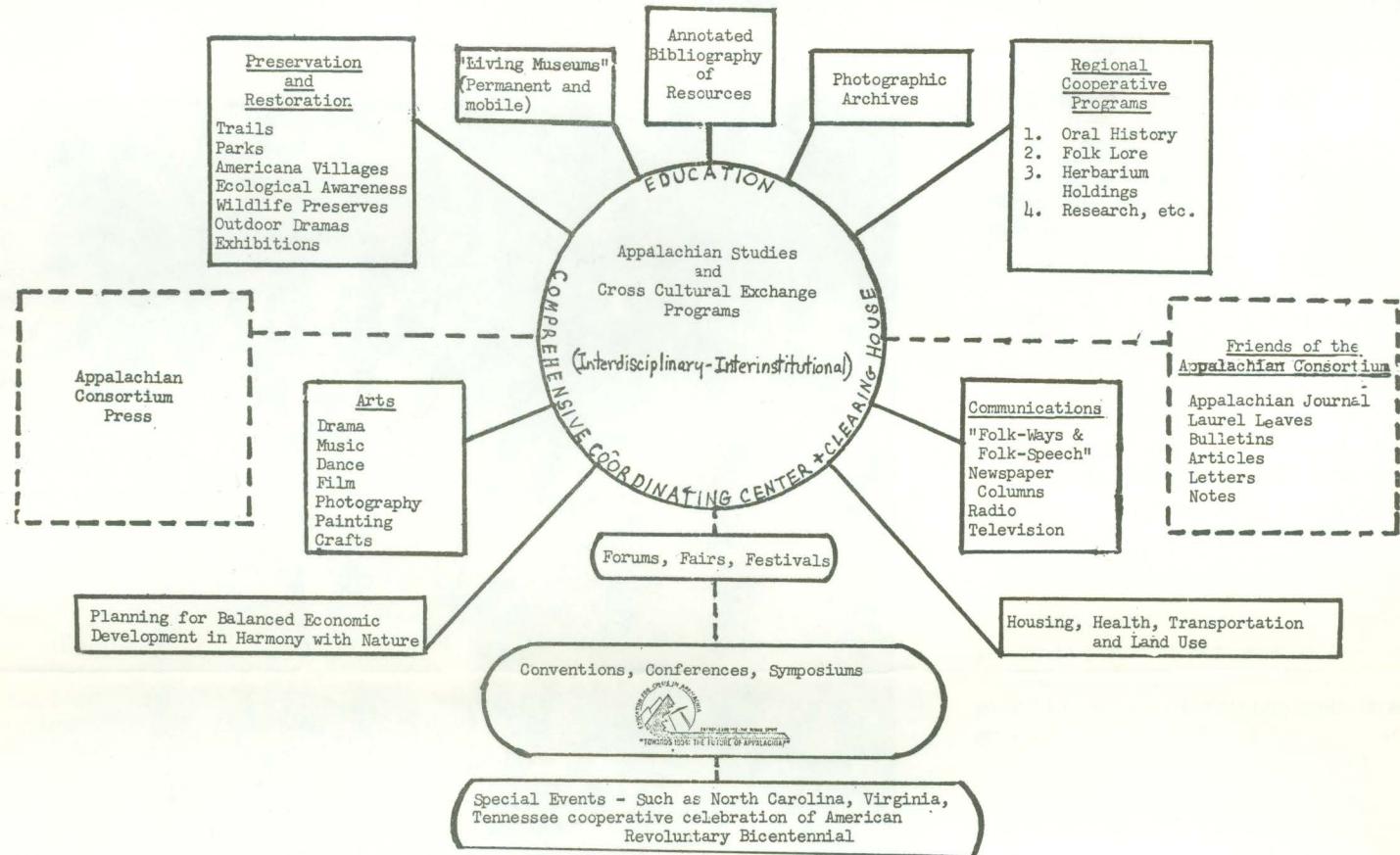
Three new courses have been added to the inter-discipline, inter-institutional Appalachian Studies Curriculum at Mars Hill College. Under the course titles "Appalachian Social Institutions" (Sociology), "The History and Culture of Southern Appalachia" (History), and "Music of the Appalachians" (Music), the courses will attempt to put more aspects of the roots of the past in perspective for students and others to draw from in the educational efforts to provide a solid base for current and future decisions in the area (and out) that hold tremendous impact for Appalachia, its people, its heritage, and its future.

Crackers and cheese around the pot-bellied stove. Tall tales and politics and questions of "What's afoot?" "There wuz a feller I'll ne'er fergit . . ." "He wuz a strange 'un . . ." That's the way the birthday party celebrating the beginning of the second year of "Folk-Ways & Folk-Speech of Southern Appalachia," by Rogers Whitener, started in January out at Mast's country store in Valle Crucis. Some thirty or more newspaper editors and publishers were invited. The birthday party ended with a typical country luncheon, music and dancing later in the day. These days the affair could more appropriately be called a country feast.

Forum Held

A Consortium forum was held January 17, at Warren Wilson College. Miss Pat Stapleton, Co-ordinator of the Appalachian Cultural Pre-school Curriculum Project of the Center for Leadership Development for Child Care at UNC-Greensboro was principal speaker and discussion leader. Using audio-visual aids, Miss Stapleton demonstrated to interested adults assembled from all walks of life, her participation in Headstart and other pre-school activities in rural Appalachia. The forum was rated as highly successful.

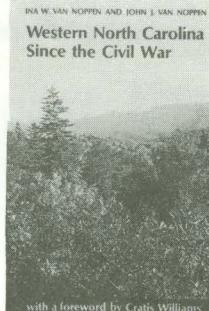
APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM ACTIVITIES



*"The very subject of this book
dictates that it must be in
every library . . ."*

North Carolina Libraries, Fall, 1973

WINNER OF THE 1973 THOMAS WOLFE AWARD.



The Consortium. What's In It For You?

A fair question. And a hard one. The answer is simple and complex at the same time: information, a source of ideas, a sounding board for your ideas, the personal satisfaction you'll get from knowing you are helping preserve the heritage of the past and helping shape the future.

We need you and the modest membership fees to help keep the programs rolling. Most of all, we need your ideas. For one idea may solve a thousand problems affecting all of us. And no man knows which idea or who has it.

The Consortium is for people with ideas.

People like you!

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP COSTS

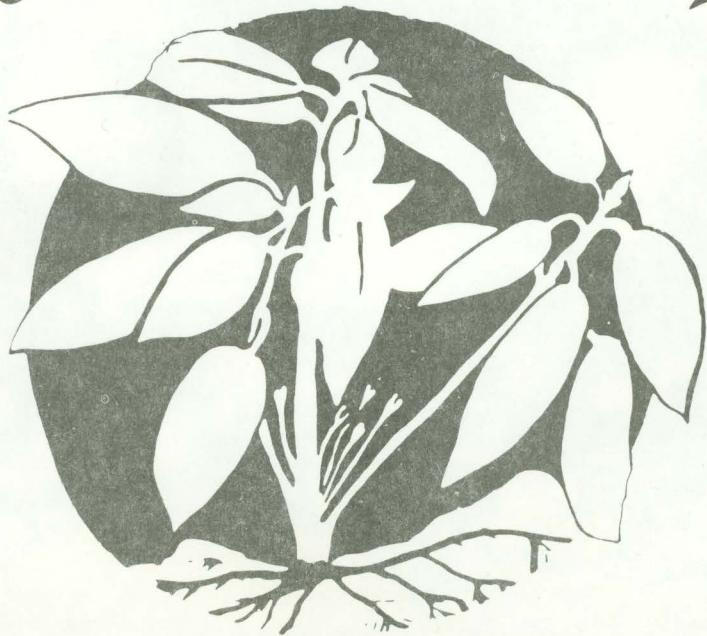
Individual	\$ 1.00
Regular	\$ 10.00
Contributing	\$ 25.00
Life	\$100.00

(Friends of the Consortium automatically receive Laurel Leaves at no charge.)

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- * Gaston County Schools alone have already bought 120 copies.
- * "A delight to read as well as an amazing work of scholarship." — *Asheville Citizen-Times*
- * "Excellent . . . Will answer many of the questions the reader or student may have about Western North Carolina. It undoubtedly will become the standard reference work about the region." — *Winston-Salem Journal & Sentinel*
- * "Of value to historians and to students." — *North Carolina Education*, Oct., 1973
- * "Thrilling . . . An outstanding feature is the photographs and quaint old sketches . . . the picture quality is admirable . . . a splendid piece of bookmaking." — *George Stephens, The Stephens Press*, Asheville, N. C.
- * "Excellent . . . Not only the present but future generations will be indebted to the Van Noppons." — *John A. McLeod, Professor of English, Mars Hill College*
- * "Excellent . . . First rate in all respects." — *Chalmers G. Davidson, Davidson College North Carolina Historical Review*, Jan., 1974
- * The first history of western N. C. published since World War I.
- * 447 pages with 140 illustrations.
- * Eight years of research and writing.
- * Hard Cover \$12.95 Paperback \$4.95
- * 20% Discount on All Copies After the First One

LAUREL LEAVES



Vol. 2, No. 2

March, 1974

SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN ORAL HISTORY PROJECT ROVING AND RECORDING

Nearly 1000 Man hours already Invested

A lot of history isn't being lost because of the manhours put into collecting the information stored in the memories of the people of Southern Appalachia but never yet preserved. With a keen new interest in the living past, its effects on the present, and what it may portend for the future, member groups of the Appalachian Consortium have embarked on what may become recognized as a trailblazing feat in the Southern Appalachians — recording in various modes and cataloguing a massive collection of information on aspects of mountain life as it used to be.

The program, yet a yearling, has already massed the following:

Institution and Person	Interviews Conducted	Hours
ASU (Charlotte T. Ross)	148	242
ASU (J. Patrick Morgan)	155	185
Mars Hill (Evelyn Underwood)	125	194
Lees-McRae (Richard C. Jackson)	25	25
Warren Wilson (Sheldon Neuringer)	16	27
ETSU (Ambrose Manning, Tom Burton)	6000	300 individual pieces
Ferrum College (James A. Davis)		Project just beginning
U.S. Forest Service (Del Thorsen)		not catalogued
Totals	6469	972

Topics of the interviews include life styles, homemaking, clothing, framing, food, moonshining, home remedies, craftsmen,

social life, entertainment, folk music, the weather, and religion. Religion, churches, and education demand special attention as do transportation and lodging. Effects of the Depression and of the more recent Tourism on the mountain culture are calculated and evaluated. And the most recent issue of all — effects of the energy crisis on the mountain

(con't on page 3)

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Mountain Scenic Planning and Economic
Development Commission
U. S. Forest Service
Warren Wilson College
Western Carolina University
Western North Carolina
Historical Association

UNDERWOOD DIRECTS PROJECT

Dr. Evelyn Underwood of Mars Hill College was appointed acting director of the Southern Appalachian Oral History Project on November 16, 1973 by the Appalachian Consortium Board of Directors



Dr. Evelyn Underwood

and authorized to implement the project immediately.

The project will be one means of gathering resource materials for the study of Southern Appalachia to supplement collections of books, manuscripts, artifacts, pictures, diaries, family records, and other written records. All the elements will be included in one massive annotated bibliography of Southern Appalachian resources which has been in the works for over two years and is scheduled to be published the end of this year.

(con't on page 3)



WHAT IS AN ORAL HISTORIAN

by William J. Weaver, Jr.

Oral history originated as a research tool with the oral historian interested in recording specific data based on many hours of research and questions carefully designed to elicit the information desired from the informant.

While that statement sounds rather cut and dry, oral history is anything but cut and dry. The oral historian discovered early that dealing with human beings can be far trickier than dealing with written documents. His ability to interview skillfully and coordinate many activities involved in the oral history technique become paramount.

The interviewer must stimulate the conversation yet maintain order at the same time. He must learn from study and experience how to push aside trivia, get the interviewee to focus on the points of main interest, and how and when to tactfully terminate conversation leading nowhere. At times he must also become a cross-examiner similar to a lawyer. Why? Because an interviewee may not spontaneously remember all the details on the particular event the interviewer seeks information. For example, a military man responding to the question "What do you remember about the battle?" tends to forget many details. Being shown maps, photos, and having his memory jogged by gentle pressures, he may then come up with a fine story beautifully told.

The interviewer must know how to prompt, how to apply polite pressure, how to spur the memory—a task that is as varied as the number of individuals one interviews. He must be more than just a questioner. He must elicit trust from the interviewee, he cannot antagonize, he must be able to "small talk" enough to get the interviewee started but not so much as to interfere, he must be friendly, tactful, and courteous, he must not argue particularly politics or religion—he must keep foremost in his mind that his chief task is to elicit information from the individual he is interviewing.

Contemporary American history cannot be written without utilizing the oral history so gathered. In spite of the proliferation of information in the '40's through the '70's, a tremendous volume of information is not in written form. Where earlier genera-

tions confided in writing, communicated extensively in writing, and committed even their inner thoughts to paper, our technology
(con't on page 4)

WATSON RECEIVES GRAMMY

The 1974 "Grammy" for Best Ethnic Recording was awarded "Doc" Arthel Watson and his son, Merle, of Deep Gap, North Carolina this month over national television for the record album entitled "Then and Now." This highest honor from the music and recording industry is just one more recognition of the talent and ability of this remarkable musician. "Laurel Leaves" takes pride in bringing this news of "Doc's" latest honor to the attention of his friends and of the Friends of the Consortium. It will be recalled that Appalachian State University awarded "Doc" Watson a Doctorate of Folk Arts Degree at its commencement

ceremonies in Spring of 1973, officially making him a Doctor. It was through authentic folk music that Dr. Watson came to recognition, largely through the efforts of Ralph Rinzler, Folk Consultant at the Smithsonian Institution. It was only fitting and proper that Appalachian State University and the community at large honored Dr. Watson and His Friends with a Special Day at the 8,000 seat Varsity Gymnasium where people from far and wide could come to hear them play and sing and to pay their respects to these wonderfully talented and entertaining sons and daughters of Southern Appalachia.



Dr. Arthel "Doc" Watson and his friend Professor Rogers Whitener, author of the widely read newspaper column "Folk Ways and Folk-Speech."

**ORAL HISTORY –
AN INTERPRETIVE DEVICE**

(ed. note: Oral history is national in scope. The national oral history professional organization, Oral History Association, has established a committee called the Interpretive Oral History Committee, chaired by William J. Weaver, Jr., to develop and implement the basic plans for oral history uses. The following excerpted material gives a deeper insight into the basis, the goals, and the applications.)

"Some of the aspects of interpretive oral history to be studied are audio-visual oral history productions, oral history as a teaching aid for school use, museum use, demonstrations, guide services, lectures, original drama productions, etc. . . ."

"The immediacy and vitality of a tape recorded interview can have great value for purposes other than the written record. There is no substitute for the recorded voice when it comes to voice inflection and the feeling a person puts out for his subject. The spoken word can convey a message far beyond our present usage of it in such fields as audio-visual arts, writing original drama, etc. The SENSE alone addresses itself to the intellect, whereas SOUND appeals to the emotions. We can understand a man's thoughts through our intellect. . . but to know him as a full, vivid, rounded personality, we must respond to him emotionally too. This response is immediately evoked when we hear his voice. The timbre, the inflections, the accents, the very hesitations and imperfections of his utterance tell a story which cannot be conveyed by mere alphabetic symbols. . . . Only the spoken voice can bring the word to life."

"Oral history tells it like it was. It conveys the inner feeling of what it was like to be there yourself. Often events of the past get twisted around and distorted by happenings of today. Often we try to analyze an historical event in the light of recent events when, instead, we should try to understand the attitudes, feelings, and general situation as it existed when the event occurred. Interpretive oral history can do this most effectively because it provides new insight and bridges communications gaps in history."

1000

HOURS

culture – receives a share of comments too.

Plans and hopes for the future development of the oral history project include both a broader scale of information collection and more in-depth treatment of many of the discoveries already made. Centralized and coordinating "information banks" accessible to all participating in the projects may be one of the developments to be seen before long too.

**SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN
ORAL HISTORY WORKSHOP**

AGENDA

Place: Mars Hill College
Date: March 22-23, 1974

Friday, March 22

9:00	Registration - Memorial Library Coffee - Library Lounge
10:00	Opening Session - Memorial Library Auditorium Welcome - Richard Hoffman, Vice President for Academic Affairs, Mars Hill College
10:15	"A Case for Oral History," Charles Morrissey, Director, Vermont Historical Association
11:00	"Organizing an Oral History Project," Gary Shumway, Director, Oral History Program, California State University
11:45	"The Southern Appalachian Oral History Project," Borden Mace, Project Director, Appalachian Consortium
12:00	Lunch - Blue Room, Coyote Bridges Dining Hall
1:30	Afternoon Session - Memorial Library Auditorium "Appalachian Oral History: New Fields of Research," Ron Eller, graduate student in Appalachian Studies, University of N. C. "Techniques of Oral History," - a demonstration, William Weaver National Park Service, Cherokee, N. C. "Techniques of Oral History," - Panel discussion Charles Crawford, President, National Oral History Association, Chairman Lynwood Montell, Coordinator, Center for Intercultural Studies, Western Kentucky University, and author of "Saga of Coe Ridge" Charles Morrissey Gary Shumway 4:00
5:30	Meeting of the Central Committee, Southern Appalachian Oral History Project, Appalachian Room, Memorial Library
7:00	Dinner - Blue Room, Coyote Bridges Dining Hall Evening Session - Memorial Library Auditorium "History While it is Hot," Forrest Pogue, George C. Marshall Foundation Exchange session and Social Hour, Library Lounge

Saturday, March 23

8:00	Breakfast - Coyote Bridges Dining hall
9:00	Coffee in the Library Lounge
9:30	Morning Session - Memorial Library Auditorium "Oral History and the Writing of Books," Lynwood Montell "Oral History: Historical Evidence," Ron Eller
10:45	"Problems of Oral History and How to Deal with Them" Panel discussion Forrest Pogue, Chairman Charles Crawford Charles Morrissey Gary Shumway
12:30	Adjournment Lunch in the Coyote Bridges Dining Room

NOTE: No fees are being charged for the conference. Costs of meals are nominal.

UNDERWOOD APPOINTED

A Southern Appalachian Museum will be established by the Consortium at some future date to house valuable materials not being preserved by member institutions.

Each member institution currently maintains its own depository of relevant items collected, but all collections will be included in the bibliography and made available for study and research. Books, tapes and films are now available for loan

among members, but the union list of holdings is not yet available.

The "oral history experience" has already captured the imaginations and enthusiasm of many who find the added dimensions of voice, speech patterns, and emotional overtones a part of history that cannot be in written records. Even so one of the objectives is to have a history of Southern Appalachia published by the Consortium Press.

WHAT IS AN ORAL HISTORIAN

and its accompanying increase in the speed of living eliminate a tremendous reservoir of valuable data. The personal thoughts and reflections, the reactions of people to other people, the memories of personal things—all these are a part of unrecorded history. Oral history seeks to make them a part of recorded history.

The pool of human experience is there. The subjects are there. The new dimension of historical information for interpretation is there—the human voice. The humor, the sarcasm, the deep personal feelings, the joy, and the sadness—all are there for the oral historian in ways inconceivable to historians depending only on written documents.

The field and the range of learning experiences is virtually unlimited. Historical

research documentation for use in archives, libraries, and publications brings the oral historian into close contact and cooperation with standard research historians. Oral cultural history, such as the mountain life, folklore, traditions, legends, music, and religion of the Southern Appalachian people is so big it constitutes a field unto itself. Interpretive training and teaching in the use of audio and visual records and aids are mandatory because of the very beginning points of the field.

Most important, oral history can motivate the student by creating interest through active involvement in the process of actually contributing himself to the flow of civilization.



A reservoir of experiences, past and present.

photo by Ken Murray



She remembers things we can't even dream of.
photo by Ken Murray

GLIMPSES HERE AND YONDER

Denver. April 17-20, 1974 meeting of the Organization of American Historians. "A Theatrical Classroom: The Experience of Making a Multi-media Historical Roadshow" will be the topic of an oral history session. Peter Filene of UNC will deliver the principal paper.

Grand Teton National Park. September 12-15, 1974. Ninth Workshop and Colloquium will be chaired by Carlotta Mellon.

Asheville. Oct. 23-26, 1975. Tenth Workshop and Colloquium of the Oral History Association will be held at the Grove Park. Appalachian Consortium and its member institutions will be hosts.

Washash, Indiana. The history of Honeywell, Inc. and the effect of its growth on Washash, its hometown, are being documented by an oral history program under the joint supervision of the corporation and the Washash Carnegie Public Library.

St. Paul, Minnesota. A group of students from high schools around Minnesota's Twin Cities has released the first issue of "Scattered Seeds," a magazine of oral history. Researched, edited, and laid out entirely by students, the publication is the offspring of a course entitled "Minnesota Memories" offered last summer at the Twin City Institute for Talented Youth in St. Paul. For subscriptions or to simply offer ideas for the young oral historians, write "Scattered Seeds," Minnesota Memories Class, New City School, 400 Sibley Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota (55101).

LAUREL LEAVES



Published by

The Appalachian Consortium

Boone, N. C. 28607

Vol. 3, No. 1

January, 1975

RETRACING BRIGHT'S TRACE

With RIP COLLINS

Invariably the first snows of winter send old-timers searching their memories of early snowfall records.

At least one September snowfall in the Southern Appalachians has been well documented by a reputable historian.

In his account of *King's Mountain and Its Heroes*, Dr. L. C. Draper, nearly a century ago recorded the personal statements of men from the Watauga Settlement who made the arduous trek across Yellow Mountain Gap enroute to defeat the British Major Ferguson and his command at King's Mountain.

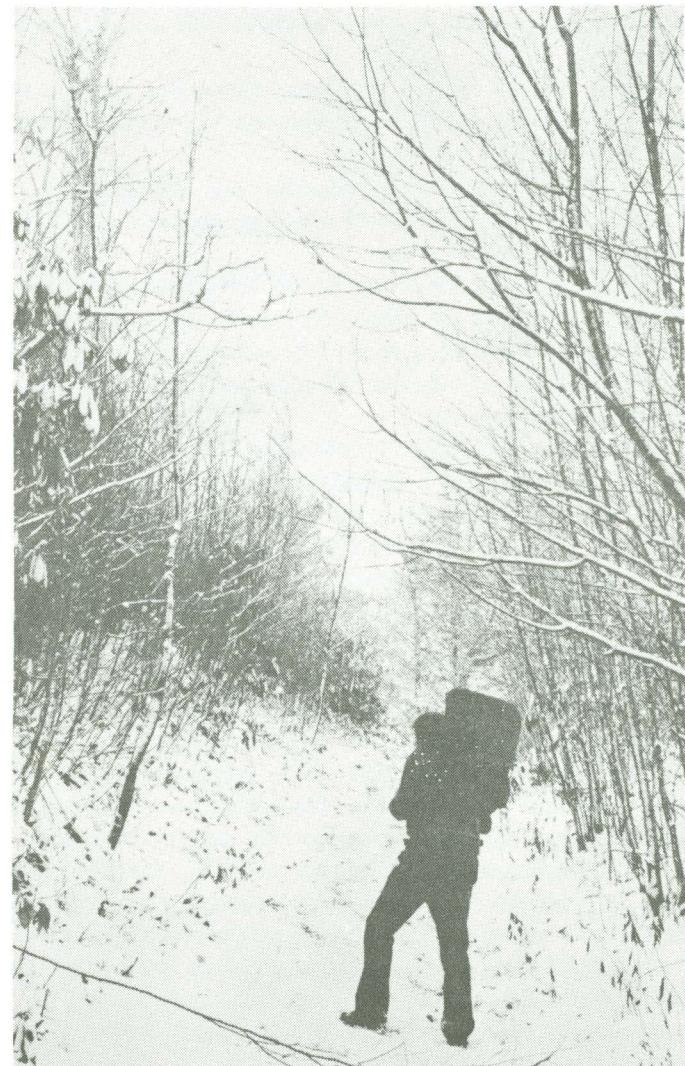
On September 27th 1780, the mounted militia of "Backwater Men" crossed Yellow Mountain Gap and encountered snow "shoemouth deep". According to their accounts, the balds of the Roan and Yellow Mountains and the high meadows near Yellow Mountain Gap where they crossed at an altitude of almost 5,000 feet was covered with snow.

Horton Cooper, Avery County Historian, reports that, according to tradition, one of the men on that march froze to death on the mountain that night.

More than one thousand men had assembled at Sycamore Flats on the Watauga River near the present town of Elizabethtown, Tennessee. At that time this was a part of the Watauga Settlement, considered by the settlers to be a part of "Washington County" in North Carolina.

Many people in the more densely settled and politically prominent East referred to them as the "Overmountain men" or the "backwater men". The land which they occupied was across the Eastern Continental Divide. Westward flowing streams flowed "backward" to the mighty Mississippi rather than "forward" into the Atlantic which was better known in those revolutionary times.

Continued on next page



Backpacker on old trace near gap. Snow was "shoe mouth" deep in September.



Dr. Harold Frank Robinson

NEW MEMBER

Upon being named the new Chancellor of Western Carolina University, Dr. Harold Frank Robinson automatically became an Ex-officio member of the Board of Directors of the Appalachian Consortium. Dr. Robinson, a noted authority in the field of quantitative genetics, was inaugurated on October 26, 1974.

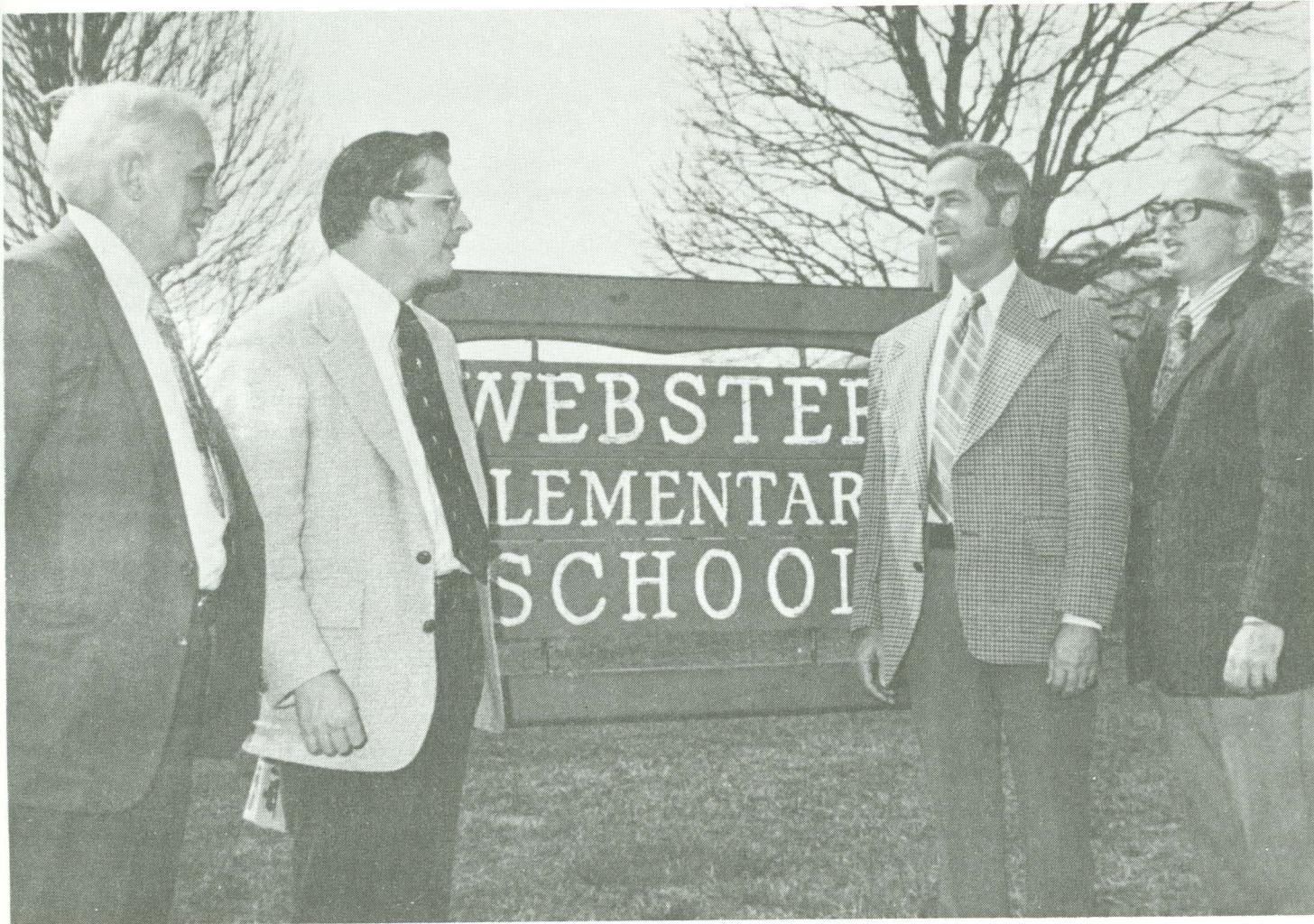
Dr. Robinson, a native western North Carolinian, took his Ph. D. in genetics and plant breeding at the University of Nebraska in 1948 and has contributed important research and theory in the field of genetics. His address on "Birth of Forestry Day" at the Biltmore Estates was just one of his many enjoyable and informative contributions to the field.

The Southern Appalachian Heritage

On behalf of the Board of Directors of the Appalachian Consortium, Dr. D. P. Culp (right), president of East Tennessee State University, has presented a plaque of appreciation to John Werth (left), president of Holston Publishing Corporation and a vice-president of Kingsport Press, publishers of the Consortium's new book, "The Southern Appalachian Heritage." The book has been released this week by the publishers and is available in area bookstores. Also pictured: Gary Craver (second from left), Holston Publishing Corporation, and Randy Armstrong (third from left), public relations director, Kingsport Press and one of the authors. Dr. Jerry Rust, director of research, East Tennessee State University, also participated in the presentation.



Guest editor for this issue of *Laurel Leaves* is R. T. Smith.



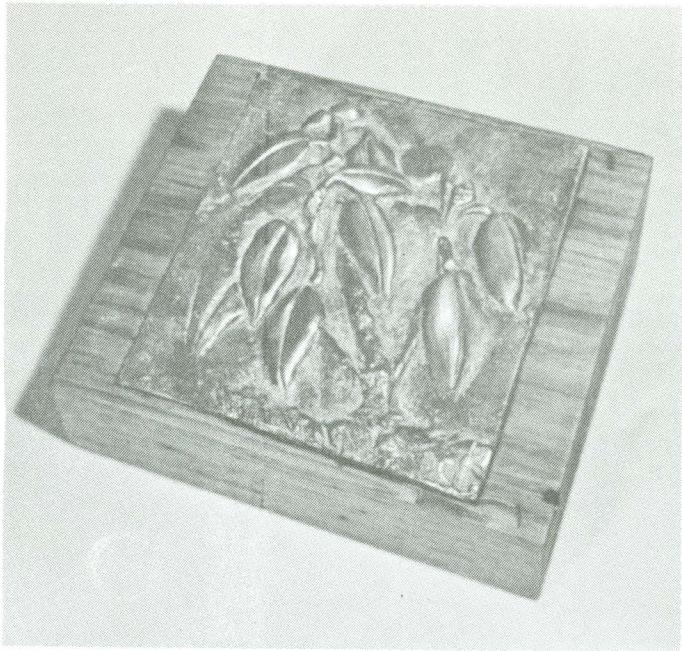
Pictured from left to right: J. Gerald Eller, new Chairman of the Board of Directors; Arthur H. DeRosier, Jr., former Co-Executive Director with Dr. W. H. Plemmons; Ambrose Manning, first Chairman of the Board of Directors; and Borden Mace, new Executive Director.

WCU STUDENTS FROM CHEROKEE ORGANIZE

Cherokee students attending Western Carolina University have recently created "the Cherokee Student Organization". This is more than a social club. It has serious objectives which are designed to preserve and promote the Cherokee culture while at the same time providing college educations for Cherokee members. Some of the objectives are: 1) to promote a sense of unity among Cherokees attending WCU; 2) to encourage other Cherokee members, both adults and high school students, to plan to attend WCU; 3) to establish a

tutorial program designed to deal with the specific academic needs of the Cherokee; 4) to help establish a "Cherokee program" at WCU which will study and preserve the Cherokee heritage; 5) to help these Cherokee students gain recognition for their academic work and to expand scholarship programs; and 6) to help the Cherokee student instill a strong sense of pride in their heritage and to help others understand this proud heritage.

LAURENCE FRENCH



CONSORTIUM TO AWARD

LAUREL LEAF AWARD

The Appalachian Consortium Laurel Leaf Award will be presented annually to the individual or organization making a significant contribution to Southern Appalachia. This 7" X 8", one-of-a-kind, bronze sculpture was designed and cast by Sherry Waterworth of the ASU Art Department and mounted in native wormy chestnut by Jim Snyder of the Consortium Staff. The name of each year's recipient will be placed permanently on the back of the sculpture. The first recipient will be named early in 1975.

← Appalachian Consortium Laurel Leaf Award

Through the Highlands of Roan



LARGEST RHODODENDRON GARDEN IN WORLD
ROAN MOUNTAIN, N.C. — TENN.

Reached by paved state roads from Bakersville, N. C., and Roan Mountain, Tenn.

Money is needed to protect this gorgeous area, the largest natural red rhododendron garden in the world. Unless substantial funds can be raised within a year, it will be lost to second home development. For more information on memorial donations, contact

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\$500 will save an acre. Make checks to:
"APPALACHIAN TRAIL CONFERENCE"
or
"THE NATURE CONSERVANCY"
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WE RECOMMEND "NEWS FROM PIGEON ROOST"

Since 1921, Harvey Miller has been telling it like it is in Pigeon Roost. Now the best of his news is available in book form and can be obtained by sending him \$2.95 per copy at Box 293 - Relief Route, Greenmountain, N. C. 28740. Edited by Eliot Wigginton, the book is a delightful chronicle, of life at Pigeon Roost and a real bargain to boot. The people are genuine and Harvey Miller never neglects the fascinating details of everyday living.

Occasionally Harvey Miller philosophizes. For a sample, try these excerpts which seemed particularly appropriate for this issue of *Laurel Leaves*:

"There is no use much now to describe the beauty of the mountains to many of the outsiders as they have already got a birdeye view of them. We like the mountain area in the rough just as mother nature made it. I realize that all our mountains will never be transformed into a place of play and, of course, here is hoping that much of it as possible will remain untouched and not be molested by the works of man. I believe that just a reasonable amount of trails be made throughout the mountains for hiking purpose and let those made by the animals of wildlife remain as it is for if all the wild animals is removed from the mountains, it would be a

different world, I'm quite sure." — 5/18/72

"The mountain areas is going through a vast change... Out-of-the-country people are coming in from far away places to buy land, some of them buy in tracts of 100 acres..."

"Some who has purchased some land say they have 15 to 20 years yet to work on their jobs before retiring. Some who already has houses just stay in them for a few weeks each year during vacation time, while others call it their second homes that they live close enough that they can come to it and spend about every weekend.

"This change I would suppose helps people's mind and health, that does get them away from their old time environment jobs at least for a little spell where it is much quieter. All people, of course, can't have this opportunity - they just haven't been fortunate enough to get to save up enough cash to buy a vacation place.

"Well, so people are building homes in the country. One time it looked as if everybody was moving away from the country. Now people are moving back. It's on the record books that farms once sold for an old hog rifle gun, but no so anymore. Land is selling high in the country. In fact, places is hard to find." —2/1/73

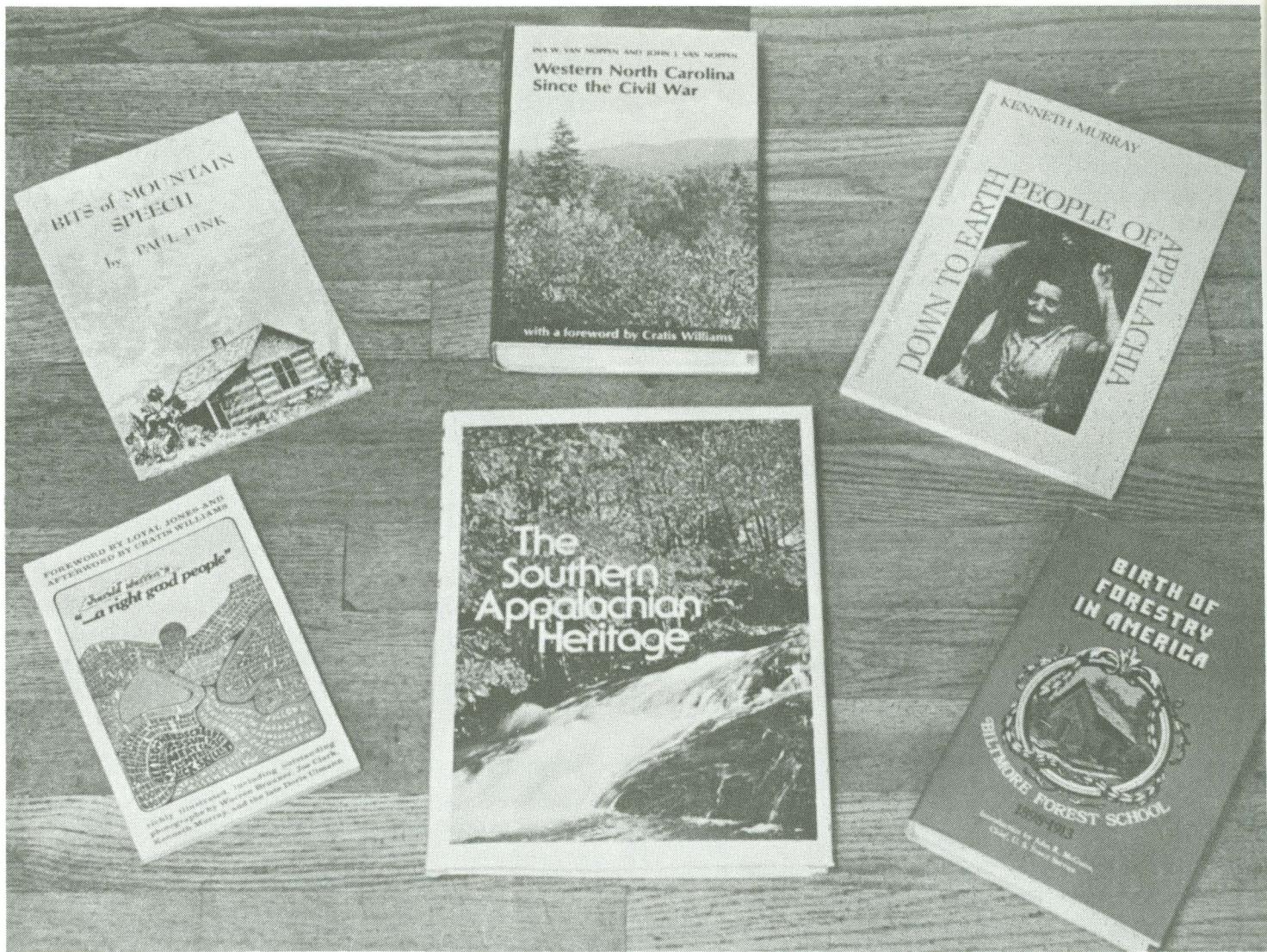
YOU CAN PRESERVE NEW RIVER IN NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA

".... so New River is safe for the moment

Encouraging, too, is the growing public opposition to the dam, in North Carolina and throughout the nation. Flooding thousands of acres and driving more than 900 families from their homes to build dams of at best questionable necessity would be foolish enough in any case. But this is not just any case. New River is a unique national asset, a wild, beautiful river that is the oldest in the country and perhaps the second oldest (to the Nile) in the world. What would the dams provide in its place. The flooding of thousands of acres of farmland and, when the water is down, acres of stinking mud flats.

If you want to know more about the New River and the battle against the dams, drop a note to Hamilton Horton, a former state legislator who is chairman of the Committee for New River. The ad hoc committee unites people across political-ideological lines in an effort to stop the unneeded dams and save a unique river. The address is Box 2836, Winston Salem, N. C. 27102. If you want to help, the committee will tell you how." from the Charlotte Observer, January 8, 1975

One of Senator Sam J. Erwin, Jr.'s. last acts in Congress was to introduce Senate Bill 4095 to study the feasibility of including the Daniel Boone Trail as part of the National Trail system.



"TOWARDS 1984: THE FUTURE OF APPALACHIA?"

Proceedings of the Southern Appalachian Regional Conference — May, 1974

THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL: A CONTINUING VOLUNTEER PROJECT IN REGIONAL COOPERATION

Under the above theme, the Twentieth General Meeting of the Appalachian Trail Conference will be held on June 21-27, 1975, at the Appalachian State University in Boone. The Appalachian Trail is a 2,025 mile mountain foot path that crosses 14 states from Maine to Georgia; it has been conceived, built and maintained primarily through the volunteer efforts of the private individuals and clubs of the A. T. Conference in cooperation with the government agencies and private landowners involved.

The seven-day Conference will include prominent speakers, workshops on trail matters, traditional Southern Appalachian folk entertainment, hikes in the area and a general get-together of all those interested and involved in the Appalachian Trail. The meeting is open to all; for further information, contact: Appalachian Trail Conference, Box 236, Harpers Ferry, West Virginia 25425. (Paul Fink of Jonesboro, a Consortium Advisor, is a pioneer of the A. T. Project and an honorary member of the A. T. Conference.)

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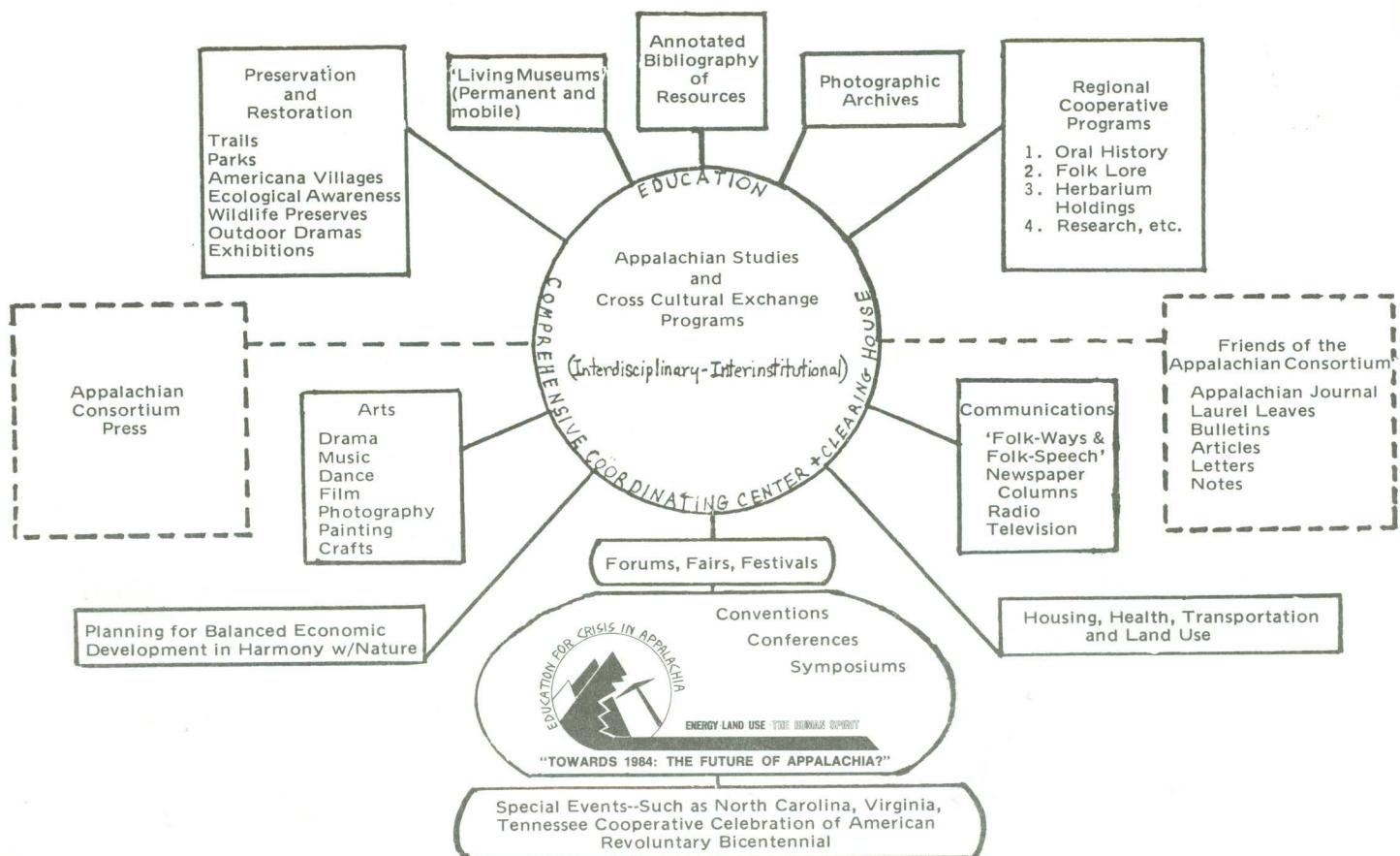
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APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM

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 Mars Hill College
 U. S. Forest Service
 Warren Wilson College
 Western Carolina University
 Western North Carolina Historical Association

INVENTORS FAIR IN MID-APRIL

Scientists and Engineers for Appalachia (SEA), a non-profit corporation dedicated to "the enrichment of life in Appalachia", is planning an Appalachian Inventors Fair to recognize and promote the creativity and talent found in the Appalachian region. The Fair, scheduled for a weekend in mid-April 1975, is expected to be held in facilities of the new American Museum of Atomic Energy in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Inventors throughout Appalachia are invited to participate. Prizes will be awarded to top inventors whose exhibits are chosen by judges, and all entrants will be honored at a special luncheon. Further information may be obtained by writing to the SEA office, CPO Box 1880, Berea, Kentucky 40403.

CORNWALLIS' STRATEGY AND THE MARCH

Continued from page 1

1780 was the year when Lord Cornwallis decided to improve upon General Clinton's strategy for putting down the rebellious Americans. The British had conquered Charlestown and set out across the state to put down all rebels and reassure all those who declared their loyalty to the King.

But rather than remaining in South Carolina and maintaining an army of occupation, General Cornwallis elected to march northward with plans to subdue North Carolina and Virginia.

His grand strategy was to cut across these two states and in so doing persuade General Clinton to push southward completing a pincher movement which would cut the Atlantic States into half.

As he moved toward Charlotte, Cornwallis assigned his western flank to an able and experienced young Major named Patrick Ferguson.

Since June, Ferguson had been organizing Tory militia in the Carolina backcountry, a job at which he had been extraordinarily successful.

He was well-known in the British army because of his attempt to introduce the breech-loading rifle into the ranks. At the battle of Brandywine in 1777 he was operating with an experimental body of riflemen using an excellent military rifle which he had invented.

In the summer of 1780 he was an officer of great promise, highly regarded by Lord Cornwallis, his commander.

Sweeping northwestward from the outpost at Ninety Six in South Carolina, Ferguson approached Gilbert Town, near the present day Rutherfordton.

The cocky young Major met scant opposition and recruited many Tories by the time he had reached the dividing line between the two Carolinas.

Encouraged by success and angered by reports that many rebels were "skulking" beyond the Blue Ridge, he broadcast the word that if the "backwater men" did not come down and swear loyalty to the King he would march across the mountains, hang the rebels and lay waste to the land with fire and sword.

So it had come to pass on that early fall day that more than a thousand "backwater men" assembled at Sycamore Shoals and began their arduous march eastward across Big Yellow Mountain Gap to personally deliver a reply to the young Major Ferguson.

Mounting their own horses, shouldering their own rifles, slinging their own powder horns, carrying their own blankets and small bags of parched cord, these self-reliant men had no orders from Congress or the Continental Army, no assurance of pay, no uniforms nor provision wagons and precious little

training as soldiers other than what they had learned in fighting the Indians.

The balance of the story is well-known to anyone more than casually interested in the history of the Revolutionary War . . . How they stalked and caught up with Ferguson at King's Mountain . . . How they cut off his communications with General Cornwallis . . . How they surrounded Ferguson on King's Mountain, killed him and totally defeated his command, reversing the tide of the war in the South and frustrating the grandiose strategy of Cornwallis by delaying his penetration to the North.

What has almost been forgotten is the historic route of march taken by the intrepid "backwater men" who took Ferguson's ultimatum to be a very personal threat to their individual liberties.

Feebly marked and in parts obliterated by asphalt highways and other modern encroachments, only one portion of the historic route remains comparitively unsullied.

That section crosses the majestic Big Yellow Mountain Gap at an altitude of 4682 feet. At the point where they crossed the ridge marching East from West the trail is bi-sected by the now famous Appalachian Trail which follows the Appalachian Chain of mountains from Maine to Georgia.

Literally every story written by persons acquainted with the 2,000 mile Appalachian Trail describes the incomparable beauty of this particular section across The Roan, Grassy Bald and Yellow Mountain.

The luscious beauty of the natural Rhododendron 'gardens', the distant vistas from the high balds and the variety of plants of this area have made it a favorite with hikers and naturalists who find here flora and fauna similar to that found as far north as Canada.

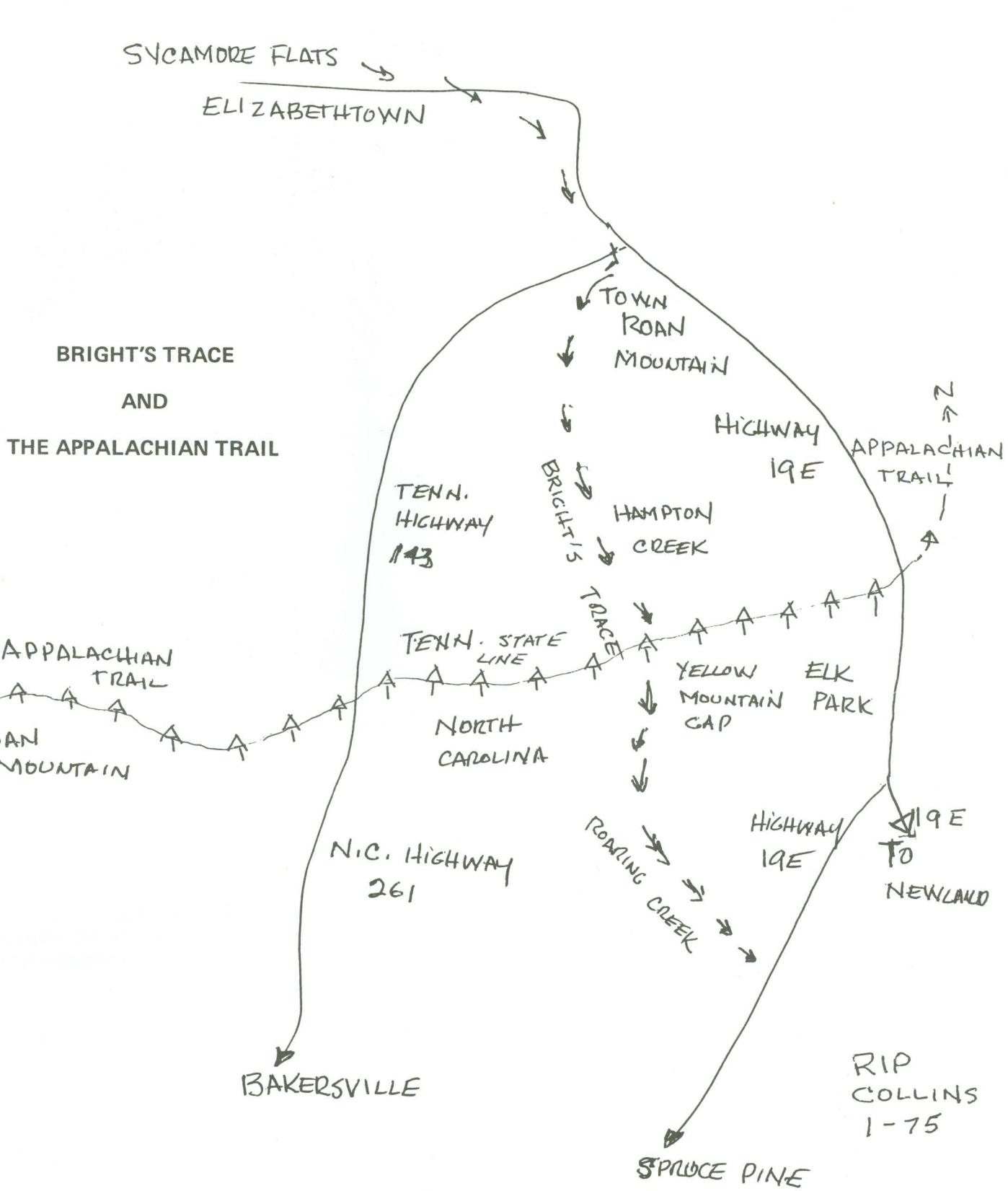
In terms of actual population the bi-secting trail followed up and over the mountain by the "backwater men" may have been a better known route in the Revolutionary Period than the Appalachian Trail is now.

Known as "Bright's Trace", it derived its name from a rustic named Bright who moved here from Salisbury under somewhat shadowy circumstances. It is an irony that the trail which bears his name became an important segment of the historic route of the "backwater men" on their way to defeat Ferguson at King's Mountain.

Continued on page 4

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BRIGHT'S TRACE NAMED FOR A TORY

Continued from page 2

In addition to being something of a rogue — whose wife became one of the first persons in what is now Avery County, North Carolina to be convicted of stealing — Bright is reported to have been Loyal to the King and opposed to the Revolution.

"Bright's Place", as his homestead on the North Toe River was known, was a stopping place for persons coming Northwestward from the markets in South Carolina enroute across the mountains to the Watauga settlement. Apparently his home was used at times somewhat as a roadside inn or, using a word from that period, it was an *Ordinary*.

This may account in part for the opportunity his wife seized to steal from a traveling merchant. Horton Cooper says in his, "History of Avery County," that records show that Bright's wife was convicted of stealing a bolt of cloth from a peddler and was sentenced to whipping with a handful of willow switches "upon her bare back."

Bright himself apparently acted as a guide for many parties heading northwestward up the Toe River to Roaring Creek and up that creek across Yellow Mountain Gap into what is now Tennessee.

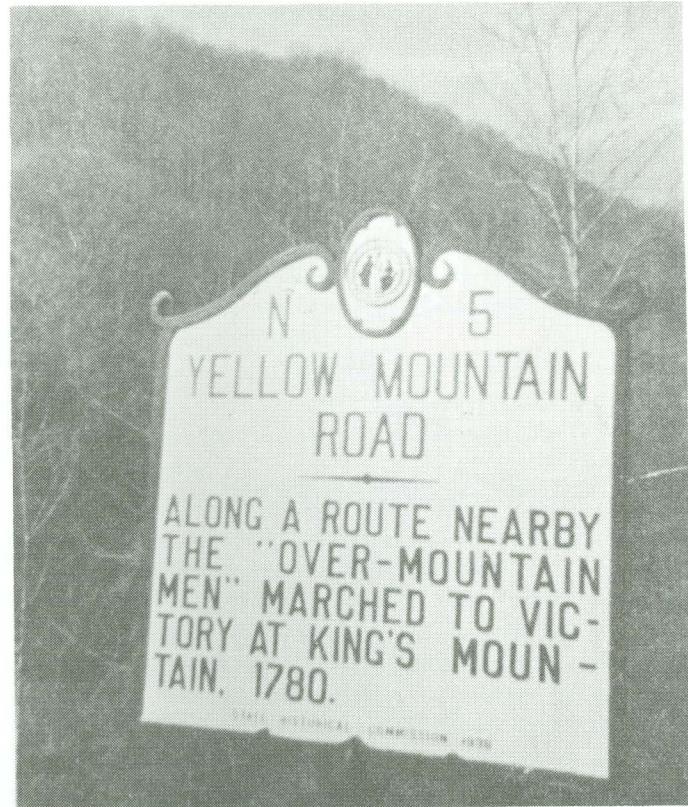
Settlers on the Watauga are said to have used the same trail on which to drive their herds of cattle and flocks of turkeys eastward on their way to the markets in South Carolina as far away as Charlestown.

So it is likely that many of the "backwater men" had used "Bright's Trace" as both an emigration route and as a commercial route to the markets. Also some of the men had fought in some of the skirmishes earlier in the Piedmont area of South Carolina, and it is likely that this route had been taken by those partisan fighters.

Given the unsavory reputation of Bright and his wife, some of the pioneers apparently preferred the name *Yellow Mountain Road* to the title, "Bright's Trace". (This is also true of the State Historians who posted the Historical Marker on Highway 19 E)

In his classic, *King's Mountain and Its Heroes*, Dr. L. C. Draper relates conversations with some of the backwater men who recalled their trek across the Yellow Mountain Gap and their encampment near a large spring on that is now assumed to be Elk Meadows.

Departing from Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga River on September 26, 1780, the small army of mounted Militia made their way to Shelving Rock on Doe River, near the present town of Roan Mountain, Tennessee.



Marker on Highway 19E where Roaring Creek meets North Toe River.

On their second day they climbed up the trail by Hampton Creek to the Gap. Draper says, "They ate their noon mess on the lower bald of the Roan, between the higher bald of the Bald Yellow, came eastward a short distance and camped that night in the vicinity of Bright's Spring on the head of Roaring Creek near "Bright's Trace."

Cooper adds, "Perhaps in Elk Hollow, where there is a large Spring and where the men would be shielded somewhat from the mountain Gales."

Following that noon meal on the 27th of September 1780 the men were formed into companies and paraded before their leaders in the snow. During this muster they discovered that two of the men had deserted. It was assumed that the deserters had gone ahead to warn Major Ferguson. As a result the route and speed of march were altered.

When I walked Bright's Trace on an early October Day

Continued on page 5

FOLLOWING BRIGHT'S TRACE TODAY

Continued from page 4

recently, I followed Hampton Creek upstream from the Doe River near the present town of Roan Mountain. The existing black-topped road along the creek gave way to a graveled road. Houses became less numerous and the maintained road ended about two miles from the gap. From there a rough trail meandered upward through an open pasture into the woodlands which covered the western ridge.

Late fruiting berries still hung withered on the tangled vines providing food and cover for migrating birds. Among them I noted a pair of Evening Grosbeaks — common only as winter visitors in the Piedmont — but possibly summer residents here.

Near the top I stopped to sip sweet water from a spring which trickled water out over a rock. In the moist area below the rock Oswego Tea plants remained in bloom despite a recent frost.

When I reached the ridge I hiked a short portion of the Appalachian Trail which follows the state line, Tennessee was on my left and North Carolina on my right. Following the A/T Trail markers, I crossed a pasture fence over an old-fashioned Stile, the woods opened into a vast meadow affording a dramatic view down Roaring Creek to North Toe River.

To the immediate Southwest I could see the high Bald of the Roan covered with its natural garden of Purple Laurel (*Rhododendron catawbiense*) — which in June provide the blossoms that give the mountain a dapple roan appearance from a distance.

Standing here in a warm October sun I tried to imagine a thousand frontiersmen on their horses winding their way down through the valley covered with a light blanket of snow.

I considered the tribulations, the discomforts and uncertainties endured by those men who in reality composed a citizen's army. Providing their own equipment except for some powder and lead their leaders had borrowed money at their own expense to provide, they had yet over a hundred miles to travel.

Before they could overtake Ferguson they would ride over much rough terrain. They would be miserably fatigued, cold and hungry. And when they found Colonel Ferguson they would find his men infinitely better equipped and drilled for war than were they. Yet they moved on — inexorable — as men do move when they fight for purpose rather than pay.

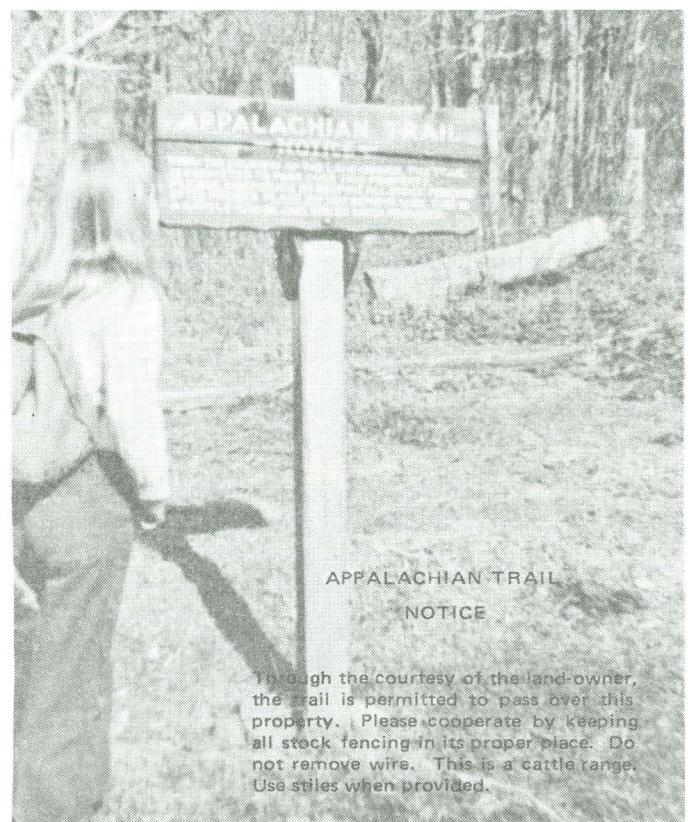
Some reports indicate that they were driving cattle on the initial legs of their march and that is offered as a reason why they only traveled seven miles the second day.

There is reason to believe that they butchered some cattle here on the high bald and either left the balance of the herd or sent them back down the mountain. Perhaps the desertions figured into this decision.

In either event, they moved faster on succeeding days, and when they reached Quaker Meadows where they were joined by other patriot militia near the present town of Morgantown, they selected the men with the fastest horses and quickened their pace to overtake Ferguson before he could reach Charlotte and the main force of the British under Lord Cornwallis.

All of this the hiker might not suspect except for a small historical marker posted at the intersecting trails by one of the member clubs of the Appalachian Trail Conference.

Concluded on page 6



Through the courtesy of the land-owner, the trail is permitted to pass over this property. Please cooperate by keeping all stock fencing in its proper place. Do not remove wire. This is a cattle range. Use stiles when provided.

PRESERVING OUR CHILDREN'S RIGHTFUL HERITAGE

Continued from page 5

A few yards from the historical marker there is another sign, obviously meant for the hikers along the Appalachian Trail . . . PRIVATE PROPERTY . . . KEEP OFF.

Looking across the private sign, I could see the roof of a handsome new summer home tucked underneath a sheltering ridge which provided a breathtaking view of Roaring Creek Valley.

It is understandable how a family would adore this remote and beautiful spot . . . How they would find here solace and peace . . . and how they would like to reserve their privacy without intrusion from wayward hikers and preserve their investment.

And yet it seems reasonable that Bright's Trace deserves to be an integral part of the Historic Trails System preserved in its natural state to remind all who may pass this way of the courageous men who were willing to endure and sacrifice that we might become a nation of men who could determine their own government, make their own laws and live their lives free from political oppression.

Some preliminary efforts have been made and are being made by leaders such as Borden Mace, Director of the Appalachian Consortium, to have Bright's Trace included on the roster of Historic Trails.

Other leaders whose interest and leadership have been enlisted in this project include W. C. Evans, Jr., President of Lees-McRae College, the Honorable Clyde Greene of Boone and Horton Cooper, venerable Avery County Historian, who was born, reared and still resides within sight of the famous trail.

Like so many other projects of this nature, the time is running out. In a few more years there will be other summer homes and other "improvements" which will jeopardize the natural beauty and increase the expenses of preserving this ancient trace.

A double purpose would be served by the preservation of Bright's Trace . . . that of saving a valuable historic remnant of the route of the courageous backwater men . . . And, at the same time perpetuating a hiking trail in a location of exquisite beauty with natural plants, birds and animals which are also being threatened by the encroachment of civilization.

We are entering the first years of our nation's bi-centennial. A great deal of effort and monies are being spent, rightfully, to remind us of the rich heritage associated with the birth of our nation.

If we possessed just a touch of the spirit and resolution which characterized the "backwater men" we could muster

support and launch an expedition to preserve "Bright's Trace".

This trail could and should be a vivid living reminder that freedom was dearly purchased and only with constant devotion to the companion virtues of courage and determination can we hope to remain free. This is a rightful heritage which we owe to our children and to their children's children.

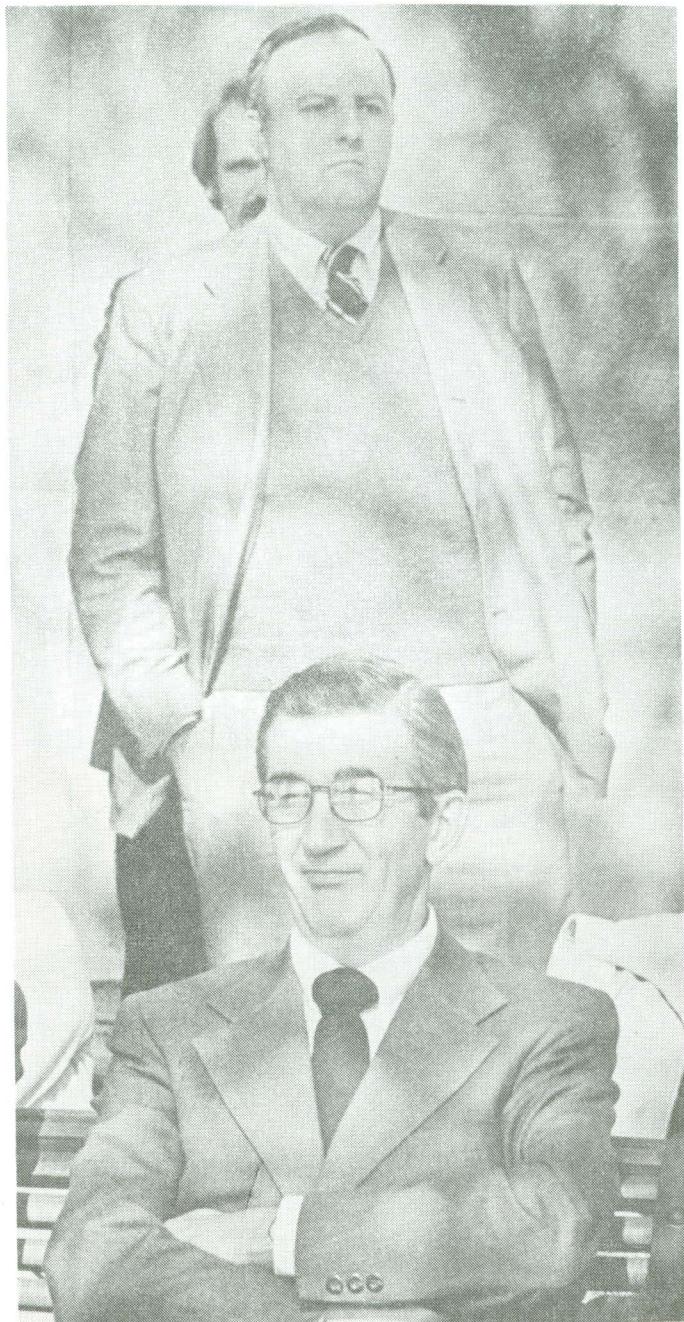


Crossing stile on Appalachian Trail where it intersects with Bright's Trace.

Rip Collins founded and runs Appalachian Outfitters. In addition to offering camping equipment, etc. at his headquarters between Blowing Rock and Boone, Rip conducts canoe trips down the New River, guided back packing, camping, rock, mineral, and wildflower gathering and observation trips in Southern Appalachia. Rip writes about ecology, nature, wildlife and related matters for several newspapers and The State magazine.

DR. SCHENCK'S FORESTRY BOOK REPRINTED

The ashes of Dr. Carl Alvin Schenck were scattered like snow across the forests of Western North Carolina, not because he created those forests, but because he taught us how to preserve and appreciate them. Schenck managed the



vast forests of the Biltmore Estates for George W. Vanderbilt, opened the first school of forestry in North America, and wrote a textbook of forestry. Now the Appalachian Consortium Press has reprinted Dr. Schenck's book, *The Birth Of Forestry In America*, that everyone who is interested in the cultivation and preservation of one of America's most glorious natural resources may appreciate the work done by Dr. Schenck. On November 8, 1974, with Dr. Harley Jolley as Master of Ceremonies, concerned citizens and friends gathered at the Biltmore Estate in Asheville to commemorate the re-publication of this monumental work.

As Martha Abshire of "The Asheville Citizen" said: "Schenck was 30 when he answered Vanderbilt's call and came to America in 1895. The tall thin mustachioed character looked much like the kaiser, and had similar problems getting along with his American associates".

But Schenck was more than just a stubborn Prussian woodsman; he was a much-loved and respected teacher who spread his lessons about conservation to all who were willing to listen. Coert DuBois, one of Schenck's students, said, "I never knew anyone to whom trees had so much personality." Schenck was a colorful figure who inspired many tales and a song entitled, "The Man Who Looks Like The Kaiser."

Among the speakers at the ceremony to commemorate the man who has died and the book that now lives again were John R. McGuire, chief of the U. S. Forestry Service, and Harold F. Robinson, newly inaugurated Chancellor of Western Carolina University. All those in attendance, including George Cecil, a direct descendent of Vanderbilt, affirmed appreciation for the Father of North American Forestry and his contribution to the beauty and endurance of forests in the Southern Highlands.

George Cecil (top) and
John McGuire of the U.S. Forestry Service

LESS ENERGY, BETTER LIFE

The energy crisis will be a blessing if it compels us to develop ways of life that encourage fuller expression of the adaptive and creative potentialities that are present in us and in nature. Let me add my voice to those who proclaim: "There is no wealth but life. Let it flower."

Rene Dubos, scientist and author, is professor emeritus at The Rockefeller University.



l to r: John Beecher, Paul Fink, Nancy Roberts, John Foster West, Mrs. Downing, Harold Warren, Ina Van Noppen, John Van Noppen, Harley Jolley, Bruce Roberts, Borden Mace.

MOUNTAIN AUTHORS CONVENE IN BURNSVILLE

Amid the burst and blaze of October colors, a group of mountain authors gathered at the Yancey County Country Store to autograph their most recent books, swap stories and enjoy the frost-touched peaks of the Blue Ridge.

Among the guests of Captain and Mrs. G. A. Downing, co-founders and owners of the unique emporium, were Appalachian Consortium authors Ina and John Van Noppen, Paul Fink, and Harold Warren. Joining these were distinguished poet John Beecher, Nancy and Bruce Roberts of *The Goodliest Land* fame, Dr. Harley Jolley of Mars Hill College, and John Foster West, author of *This Proud Land*.

As the authors sat in the store's beautiful loft and signed copies of their books, the conversation just naturally turned to witch's hat stills, the first jeweled frost of the year, conservation of mountain resources and the issue of an audience for books about the mountains.

At the end of the day books had been sold, but more importantly, many of the people behind the voices which reveal the Appalachian Mountains to the rest of the world had met, discussed and shared a fellowship that can only result in a more harmonious song rising from the fields and crests of the hills to the printed page.

HIGHLANDS' POETRY

HARVEST

Gathering windfalls
among orchard sawgrass
I catch the quick flash
of sun on polished bone.
The horse's skull,
vine-anchored to earth
and half-buried,
stares back through
clay-clogged sockets.
The bloodless brain,
rotted to sod,
coaxes soil-clamped jaws
to speak broken words.

Spoiled apples fall, but I am frozen
by the ghostly stallion glare.
The touched skull is warm,
but cold un-eyed holes watch
as apples glow in sunset,
polished blood-red.
Among the winesaps in my basket.
the demon smiles all the way home.

R. T. Smith



Photo by Pat Morgan

STREAM SAVED

In 1969 my students and I began an ecological study of Bee Tree Creek in the Price Park area. We found that the creek did not have *any* fish in it at all. Lumbering and fire had killed *all* species of fish. We restocked the stream and built pools. Today it is an excellent Brook Trout stream. It is closed to fishing since it is a research stream. The research continues. This work was done with the cooperation of the Blue Ridge Parkway.

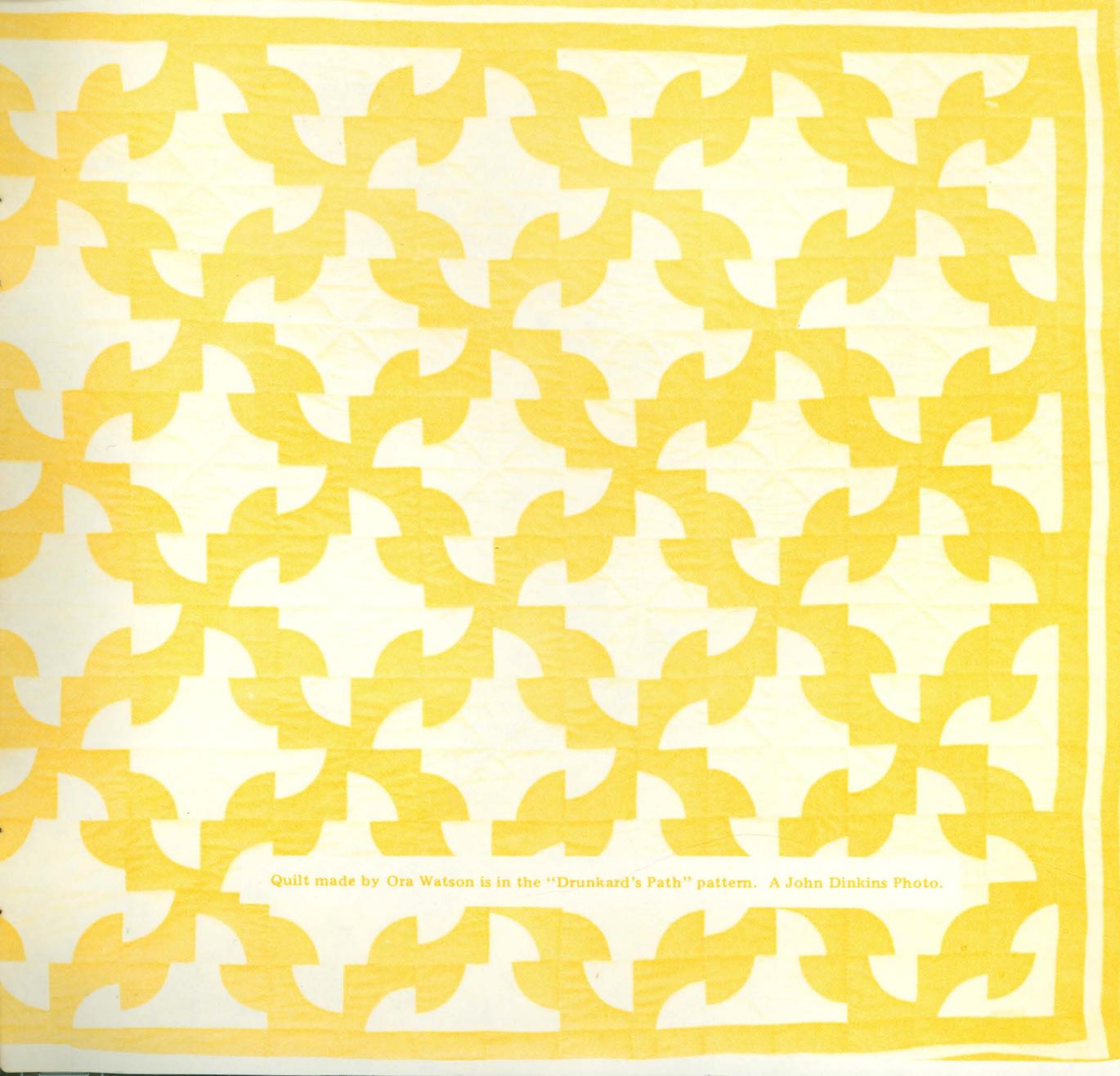
J. Frank Randall

Biology Department
Appalachian State University

WATAUGA COUNTY

SPRING FESTIVAL PROJECT

Heritage that's significant — Shown here is a Watauga County elementary student tuning her dulcimer prior to performing in a dulcimer band before the North Carolina Music Educators Association Meeting November 19th in Winston-Salem. Several dulcimers were built by the students from kits purchased with funds provided by the Consortium through the Watauga County Spring Festival Project. Other performances representing music activities in the elementary schools were harmonica, auto-harp, folk singing, and combo music. Leaders were Bill Spencer from Appalachian State University and Mary Alva Cole from Cove Creek and Valle Crucis Elementary Schools.



Quilt made by Ora Watson is in the "Drunkard's Path" pattern. A John Dinkins Photo.

Carolina Lily
quilt design



J. GERALD ELLER
Chairman of Board of Directors

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-FLASH-

WORLD PREMIERE OF RICHARDSON PLAY

The Southern Appalachian Repertory Theatre, co-sponsored by the Madison County (N.C.) Bicentennial Commission and the Theatre Arts Department of Mars Hill College, announces the world premiere of a new play, *Ark of Safety*, on July 25, 1975. The script, by Broadway playwright Howard Richardson, was made possible by a grant from the Appalachian Consortium.

Dr. Richardson, author of the highly successful *Dark of the Moon*, is basing the play partially on a C. Hodge Mathes short story, Vengeance Is Mine, which is included in a collection of stories titled *Tall Tales From Old Smoky*. Richardson calls the play a "sort of Smoky Mountain Our Town," with mountain guitar and banjo music as a unifying element in the play. The play will go into rehearsal July 1 and will premiere in Owen Theatre in Mars Hill on July 25. It will run continuously through August 5.

The Southern Appalachian Repertory Theatre, according to Managing Director James W. Thomas, will perform two other plays in the summer season. New York's most successful musical, *The Fantasticks*, will be performed June 18-29, and July 16-20. Peter Shaffer's popular farce, *Black Comedy*, will play July 2-13.

Season tickets, including tickets for three performances, are \$5.00 for adults, \$2.50 for students. Additional information is available at Southern Appalachian Repertory Theatre, P. O. Box 53, Mars Hill, N. C. 28754, Telephone 704-689-1203.

FLASH

WORLD

PREMIERE

OF

RICHARDSON

PLAY

JULY 25, 1975

MARS HILL

COLLEGE

Appalachian students and faculty have made great contributions to the people of the mountains. Dr. Perry Pendleton, Department of Art, Western Carolina University

Three Arts Councils Formed In Western North Carolina

One night in late February, 182 people gathered at the Hinton Rural Life Center near Hayesville to celebrate the first anniversary of the Clay County Historical and Arts Council.

There was music on the recorder, the guitar and piano. The Clay County Cloggers (52 strong) danced and the Hayesville High School Jazz Ensemble performed.

That celebration was the culmination of a year which saw not only the creation of the clogging team and the jazz group, but also the formation of the Clay County Chapter of the North Carolina Symphony.

This is community arts . . . perhaps in its most natural form, because it, of necessity, comes directly from the people. Of necessity, because in a community the size of Hayesville (population 2,049) or even Clay County (which has 3,000 more people) there are not enough people to allow any portion to be uninvolved.

The vehicle through which community arts is spreading across the country is the community arts council. These councils vary greatly in size, budget and programs, but usually they are unions of all the arts groups in an area and their purpose is to support and promote all the arts — architecture and the environment, crafts, dance, drama, literature, music, painting and sculpture, photography and film, and the public media.

North Carolina has 50 community arts councils, of which only four are in the mountains. Clay County was the second to organize (after the Civic Arts Council of Asheville) and it is still the only such council west of Asheville.

Actually, organizing the Clay County Arts Council proceeded from an ulterior motive. What the people had in mind was saving their old jail. The boys from the vocational education class at the high school had built a new, very modern jail just a few hundred yards away.

Both jails face the courthouse square and in this Bicentennial time, the Clay County people were becoming intent on saving their heritage. A Clay County Beautification Committee had been formed under the Home Extension Service, and one of its members got the idea to turn the old jail into a cultural arts center.

A letter was written to the State Government in Raleigh asking advice on the proper procedure to follow in such an undertaking. It ended up at the North Carolina Arts Council, whose responsibility is to help develop the arts at the community level.

There followed several committee meetings in Hayesville, many phone calls, many personal contacts. Then, a public meeting was scheduled at the town library. A representative of the State Arts Council attended the

meeting to help the group organize, but the groundwork already had been laid by the local people.

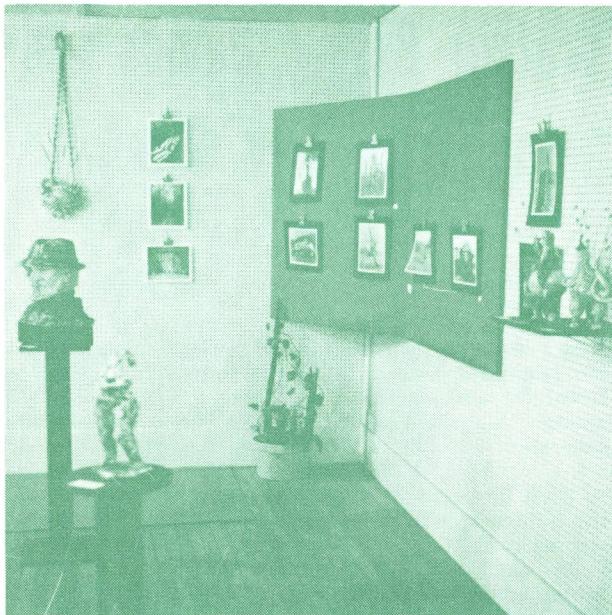
That night, the Clay County Historical and Arts Council was formed and Mrs. Edgar C. Price, who had steered it into being, was elected president. The North Carolina Arts Council awarded it a \$2,000 matching grant to begin a multi-arts program; the TVA began drawing up plans for restoring the jail; and Clay County was on its way.

During its first year, the Council sponsored several concerts, two poetry readings, an oral history project, a playwriting project through the high school English classes and Appalachian folk dancing classes for 7th, 8th and 9th graders. It organized the Cloggers, the Symphony chapter, and a community chorus. And it has still found time to get two grants — \$1,000 from the Moss Foundation, \$5,000 from the Ferebee Endowment — to restore the old jail.

While all this was taking place down in Clay County, two other arts councils formed up in the north mountains. The Blue Ridge Creative Activities Council was organized to serve Watauga, Ashe and part of Avery County. (Doc Watson is its honorary chairman.) The Toe River Arts Council includes Mitchell, Yancey, and the other part of Avery County.

In the last few months, a committee has organized in Asheville which includes the Civic Arts Council, Quality '76 (the Bicentennial Committee), the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, and other community groups. Its purpose is to look deeply into the total Asheville community and find ways that the arts can better reach and serve that community.

(continued on next page)



PARKWAY THEATRE FACES EXTINCTION AFTER TWENTY EIGHT YEARS

(continued from page 2)

back under the auspices of UNC-G. Soon after, and appropriation from the state legislature was obtained and the Playhouse was again expanded.

Today, after 28 years and over 160 productions, this unique and highly respected summer theatre faces the grave possibility that it may not open for its 29th season due to recent vandalism so extensive that the incurred expenses cannot be met without legislature assistance from the North Carolina General Assembly.

Almost a year in existence, the Burnsville Little Theatre, a group of Yancey residents interested in keeping drama alive during the off-season months of the Parkway Playhouse, has undertaken this summer theatre as a project. However, strong local support and financial assistance from the State is vital if the Parkway Playhouse is to continue providing training for its students and entertainment for both residents and tourists in Western North Carolina during the summer of 1975, and hopefully, those summers that are to follow.

Theresa Coletta

Wilkes Art Guild Nine Years Old . . . Growing

In 1962, a small group of Wilkes residents acted on a common concern. Motivated by the realization that a necessary element in any community is a free and congenial accessibility to the Arts, they formed the Wilkes Art Guild, Inc.

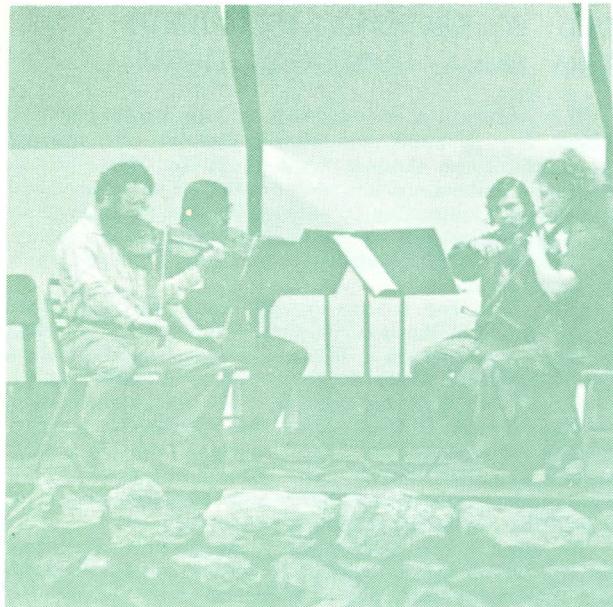
Nine years later, the Northwest Art Gallery, the principal public arm of the Guild, opened in its present location with a full time director. The Guild has, over the years, broadened its base of support from a few concerned individuals to include businesses and financial institutions, the educational establishment from pre-school through college, local and regional artists and craftsmen, patrons and students.

In pursuing its avowed purposes, which are the promotion of local art, fine art, and art education, the Guild offers one-man, group, craft, and local shows at the

Gallery, lectures, demonstrations, outdoor arts and craft fairs, school shows, workshops, a tour of homes, children's art classes, a permanent collection, special shows, and publications.

Through the Guild's insistence on the accessibility which had been one of its founding forces, the Arts in Wilkes have indeed become not only a viable, but, more and more, an integral part of the community. The only conditions of membership in the Guild are a nominal fee and curiosity. The Guild has accomplished one of the great social functions of the Arts in leading people into new associations based on a common artistic experience.

The "Folk Artists Inventory," compiled by the Blue Ridge Parkway and sponsored by the Appalachian Consortium, is at the printers and should be available by June.

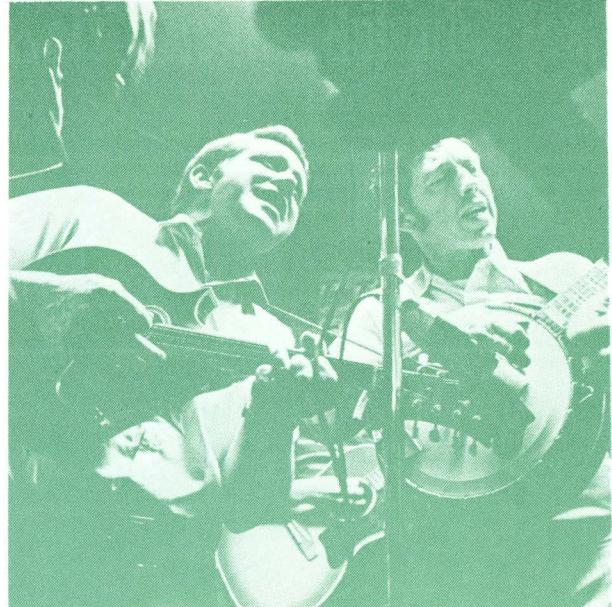


A String Quartet Performs

'Music In The Mountains' In Fifth Year

Music in the Mountains, a chamber music festival now in its fifth year in Burnsville, North Carolina, has a name which has caused it to be confused with some of the unique mountain groups of Southern Appalachia. But if the mountain fiddle was an outgrowth of the European violin, the presence here of a classical music festival is not altogether incongruous. This musical brainchild harps back to the grandparent tradition rather than to the parent, and it possesses features that make it at home here.

Chamber music pre-dates symphonic music. It thrived originally where sparse population and geographic isolation made it difficult to assemble large groups of musicians. *Music in the Mountains* is dedicated to the proposition that our mountainous terrain with its natural beauty and rural character provides the perfect atmosphere for cultivating chamber music in its authentic sense, as a performing art and as a source of creative satisfaction to students, amateurs, and the listening audience.



© 1975 Photo by Ken Murray

The challenge is a great one for Mme. Lili Kraus, world-famous pianist and Honorary Director of the Festival. The Board of Directors from Mitchell and Yancey Counties, Mr. Frank Ell, Music Director, the Celo Chamber Players, and those at Warren Wilson College, where the Workshops are held, are working to see how this intimate art form utilizing small combinations of instruments can thrive in an area such as ours, far from the metropolitan centers where chamber music is usually sustained by a social and economic elite.

The Festival has received generous support from the National Endowment for the Arts and the North Carolina Arts Council, while local support by interested persons and business firms is growing consistently.

Founded in 1970 by Eve Lynne Reeve, music consultant to the Festival, the concerts have moved from private homes to churches and college auditoriums. Two concert series by the Celo Chamber Players in Burnsville on

(continued on next page)



'MUSIC IN THE MOUNTAINS'

(continued from page before)

Sunday afternoons in July and at Warren Wilson College in Swannanoa on Saturday evenings attract enthusiastic audiences. The Lili Kraus Benefit Recital in Yancey County has swiftly become a tradition in Western North Carolina. The summer Workshops for amateurs and students provide instrumentalists a chance to play in trios, quartets, and quintets and to be coached by the performing artists.

During the remainder of the year when the intensive Festival activities are at an end, *Music in the Mountains* has carried programs into schools and communities, utilizing local residents and faculty persons from surrounding colleges.

It was Professor Agassiz, the biologist, who told his students to study one fish by looking at two fishes. Only thus could one compare, analyze, and understand. The presence of a classical chamber music festival in Southern Appalachia is a new fish with old origins which has brought a fresh look and a broader appreciation for all the music of the mountains.

Susannah C. Jones

OLD WILKES JAIL RESTORED; TOM DULA CONFINED THERE

The restoration of Old Wilkes Jail, begun by Old Wilkes, Inc. in 1969, has been completed and opened for public tours around April 1, 1975. Mrs. Lillian Foster of Wilkesboro has been employed as Curator and a Selection Committee is working on the furnishings to complete the restoration. The Wilkesboro Branch Library, the first use of the adaptive restoration, has been open for some time.

Old Wilkes, Inc. is a tax exempt foundation organized by the North Wilkesboro Kiwanis Club for the purpose of historic restoration in Wilkes County. The Old Wilkes Jail Adaptive Restoration was its first undertaking.

Old Wilkes Jail was built in 1860 and remained in constant use until 1917 when a new jail was constructed. Among its best known prisoners were Tom Dula, Ann Melton and Otto Woods. The jail is considered an outstanding example of mid-nineteenth century jails and is one of the few intact examples in the state.

Included in the Restoration is the maximum security jail cell which has its original ironwork on the windows and the original cell door. This is said to be the cell that imprisoned Tom Dula until he was moved to Statesville to await trial.

Also being furnished are the bedroom of the jailer's living quarters and a historical-artifacts room. A weaving room which has three antique floor looms will be used for weaving classes taught by Mrs. Martha Basenberg of North Wilkesboro. An antique, foot-powered potter's wheel, another rare find, will be used to feature pottery making. A crafts shop will offer handcrafted items for sale. The Curator's office-reception room will be headquarters and pivot point for the Old Wilkes Walking Tour scheduled to begin with the opening of Old Wilkes Jail.



THE PUDDINGTON PRESS LISTS BOOKS ABOUT APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS

The Paddingstone Press of Lees-McRae College lists among its publications *The Grandfather* and *The Globe* by Dell B. Wilson (winner of the Thomas Wolfe Award in 1971), *The Witch of Turner's Bald* by Edna Pierson, *Mountain Yarns, Legends and Lore* by Alex Mull of Morganton, and now they have nearly completed their ambitious project of publishing the works of Shepard Monroe.

Balsam Groves of The Grandfather Mountain and War Trails of The Blue Ridge are already out with introductions by Phillips Russell and Cratis Williams, respectively, at \$4.50 each. The third volume, which includes both published and unpublished material, letters, and a critical biography, is due from the Press soon.

The Puddingstone Press is a non-profit organization operating with a volunteer staff anxious to make available to residents of Appalachia books about the mountains which would not have the market large commercial publishers require. Order these excellent books directly from The Puddingstone Press, P. O. Box 25, Banner Elk, N. C. 28604.

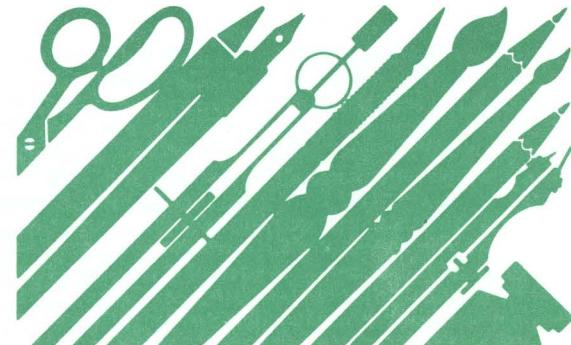
CRAFTS UNDERGOING RENEWED VIGOR

Traditional crafts are undergoing a renewed vigor in production, in market demand, and in the number of newcomers to the crafts in Appalachia. The traditional crafts are also being infused with contemporary design and the concept of non-functional production.

Public schools, technical institutes, and institutions of higher education are witnessing tremendous increases in student enrollment in the arts, including the crafts. Many of the public schools in Appalachia have recently added art teachers and art programs to the curricula. These have begun to have an impact on quality of students entering college art programs and on the quality demanded by consumers of the arts.

Improved travel opportunities and communication media have brought contemporary arts to Appalachia and have made great works of art available to the people. Attendance at museums, galleries and outdoor exhibits is on the increase.

DESIGN. BY DESIGN.



WALKING UNDER SNOW RELEASED BY
THE COLD MOUNTAIN PRESS

WAKING UNDER SNOW, the first volume of poems by Boone poet R. T. Smith, has just been released by The Cold Mountain Press. Smith, according to Guy Owen, is a poet with "the talent and energy of a one man renaissance," and WAKING UNDER SNOW contains the finest of his early work — poems about the South, poems about the mountains, and poems of rage about the religiosity that has replaced vital forces of myth in our lives. Copies of the book can be ordered for \$2.25 from The Cold Mountain Press, English Department, Appalachian State University, Boone, N. C. 28608. The following excerpt is from the poem "Waking Under Sun":

My waking goes unnoticed by crows
or the oaks they sway with their perching,
and the flat stretch of yellow sky
unwinds its binding threads.
Staring at the solar star's gold skin,
I remember the crisp rattle of brittle sticks
a masked coon scratching bark,
and the baying of beagles in the moon.

Mars Hill College Sponsors Arts In Religion Festival

Mars Hill College sponsored a three-day Festival of the Arts in Religion April 24-26. The festival combined workshops as well as performances in the use of the arts in a church environment. Accordingly, while the event was open to the general public, it was directed at the people who deal with the use of the arts in the church. Co-operating with the music department were the departments of art and theatre.

Highlights of the event were a performance, by the combined college choral ensemble, of Poulenc's "Gloria." The choral group performed this selection with the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra. The Hussite Bell Ringers, an interracial and ecumenical handbell choir, presented a concert.

Also worth noting was a readers' theatre production produced by the theatre arts department and a demon-



Raymond Melton (center), a dulcimer maker from Woodlawn, Virginia, demonstrates the traditional musical skill which has been handed down in his family. He is accompanied, at Ferrum College's Festival, by three members of the singing Dunevant family, (L-R) Jackie on autoharp, Jack on guitar, and Mildred with spoons.



LAUREL LEAVES COVER TAKEN FROM SPRING FESTIVAL THEME POSTERS

The cover for this issue of *Laurel Leaves* was designed by Shelton Wilder of the Appalachian State University Art Department for a poster advertising the Watauga County Spring Festival. It features the Carolina Lily quilt pattern with appropriate spring colors. When asked to do the job, he was told to find something that was part of the heritage of this area, was representative of the special creative instinct indigenous to the mountains, and was in keeping with the Spring Festival Theme: "A FESTIVAL OF CREATIVE IDEAS." "We think he has captured the essence of what the Festival is all about," said Pat Morgan, Co-Director of this year's Festival.

Southern Appalachian Advisory Group For Arts Formed

On January 29, 1975, the Ad Hoc Committee on the State of the Arts in Southern Appalachia assembled in the Library of Lees-McRae College. An informal program started with the viewing of a film, entitled "Design for Today", produced by the National Endowment for the Arts. This was followed by an address by Mary Ragan of the North Carolina Arts Council. An informal discussion of the various projects dealing with the Arts in the Mountains convinced the group that there was need for another meeting and the establishment of a newsletter announcing forthcoming events in the arts in the mountains. Mr. Tom Gilmartin, Director of the Asheville Art Museum volunteered the use of its newsletter for the entire group. Another meeting was called for February 20 at ASU in Boone, North Carolina.

At the second meeting of the Friends of the Arts in the Mountains, it was decided that the name of the informal group should be The Southern Appalachian Advisory Group for the Arts or SAAG for the Arts or

SAAGA or SAGA. Subject to acceptance, the group selected Dr. H. C. Evans, President of Lees-McRae College, as Chairman, and Mr. Tom Gilmartin as Vice-Chairman. The Appalachian Consortium agreed to devote this issue of *Laurel Leaves* to Art in the Mountains.

THE WEBSTER COOKBOOK ON SALE

The Webster Historical Society has published *The Webster Cookbook*, edited by Joe P. Rhinehart with illustrations by Florence S. Rhinehart. The book, 135 pages long and containing illustrations of historical Webster, is for the cook who does not rely upon prepared foods from the grocery stores and contains recipes of many traditional foods with the flavor of the Western North Carolina Mountains. The book may be obtained from Mrs. Joe Rhinehart, Webster, North Carolina 28788 for \$6.24 plus \$.75 for mailing.



Ben Rogers—Scott Heath; Tom Sawyer—Dan Royall

Second Annual Watauga County Spring Festival Held

The Second Annual Watauga County Spring Festival, a Festival of creative ideas — was held April 26, in Boone, North Carolina. Operating with funds from local governments, local businesses, and contributed services of the university and community people including the eight elementary schools and high school, this Festival was an even larger and more exciting event than the Festival last year. Last year's event was partially supported financially with an Appalachian Consortium grant.

Sample activities included in this year's Festival were school and university displays, demonstrations, and performances, community craft displays and sales, an arts exhibition, performances featuring clogging, modern dance, karate, folk singing, dulcimer and banjo playing, an elementary school chorus, Shape Note Singing and a two hour mountain music program. At 7:30 the festivities move across the street to the new ASU auditorium for

the Lees-McRae College musical production of *Tom Sawyer* sponsored by the Blue Ridge Creative Activities Council.

This musical version of Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* was adapted by H. C. Evans, Jr., President of Lees-McRae College, and Murrell Weesner. Music was arranged by Vicki Skelton, Helen Kincaid and Dorothy Chapman. The show was first performed at Roberts Elementary School in Morris Town, Tennessee and has since been seen in three States. *Tom Sawyer* has played to over 3000 people in just the Banner Elk Area alone. All the familiar scenes and characters of the book are there, and twelve songs have been written for this production ranging from the spooky "All in Your Mind" sung by Tom and Becky when lost in the Hannibal Cave, to the inspirational "Prayer Song" sung by Aunt Polly during Tom's unannounced stay on Jackson Island.

Thank God They Cannot Cut Down The Clouds

By Jonathan Williams

The Appalachian Consortium both honors me and bemuses me by allowing me an acre of space to paw the ground and scratch my head on a topic yclept: "The State of Poetry in Western North Carolina."

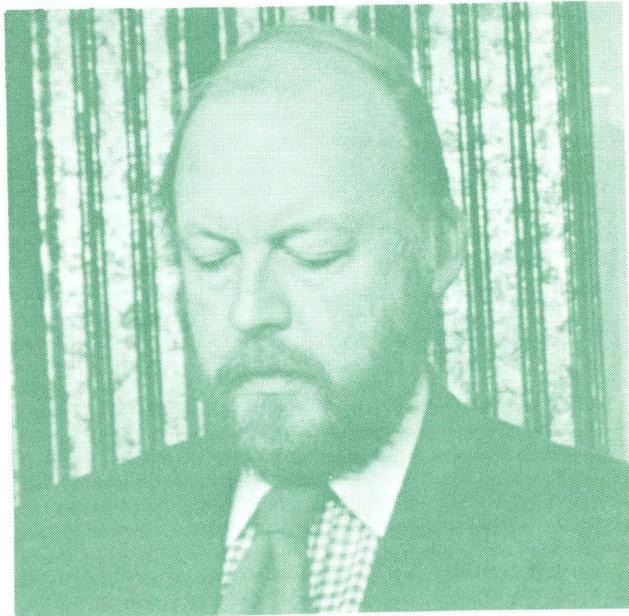
Item: One of my visual poems from *Blues & Roots/Rue & Bluets*, titled "A Chorale of Cherokee Night-Music, As Heard Through An Open Window In Summer Long Ago," has been scored by an English composer, broadcast on the BBC *Third Programme* on two occasions, and also in Australia. It is included in textbooks in Canada, Great Britain, Germany and Italy. Its use in Macon County, Cherokee County, Watauga County, et al., has yet to be discovered.

Item: Back in 1958, having just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship, I wrote the Library in Asheville, my birthplace, and indicated a willingness to read poems to the citizenry — for free, by cracky! The offer was rejected, and the Librarian noted to one of her colleagues: "If you let one of these local poets in, you got to let 'em all in." Rumination on the above moribund wilderness — area of letters would indicate to one and all, *surely*, that I would find little solace in being known as The Greatest Poet In Macon County, North Carolina. I.e., so what? As far as I am concerned, Catullus, Andrew Marvell, Antonio Machado, and Basho were born in Western North Carolina too — they are kinfolks, part of a civilization of brother poets I measure myself against. Certainly, I am born to the area. The parental ancestors (nobodies trying to be somebodies, small frogs/small ponds, like all of us continental democrats) got to Henderson County not long after the Battle of King's Mountain. Unlike some others (Thomas Wolfe, Roberta Flack, Kenneth Noland), I still find it possible to live there — in a very private way. And I do so because I have sacramental and symbiotic relationships with certain waterfalls, the galax leaf, the pileated woodpecker, the rattlesnake, the set of the sun behind the Nantahala mountains, the talk of the old people, the banjo picking, the country ham . . . BUT THERE ARE OTHER PLACES! And I would refuse to

take pride in the fact I knew no music by Frederick Delius, or knew nothing about the single-malt whiskies of Scotland, or the Early Christian pilgrimage churches of the Auvergne in central France.

Robert Creeley once wrote me a letter from Mallorca about *The Maximus Poems* — as clear a formulation of what it is to be a man of letters working in a particular piece of the earth's surface as we are likely to get. "There

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Jonathan Williams, born in Asheville in 1929, defines himself as a poet, publisher, essayist, hiker, and sorehead, in that order.

'Place . . . Exists Only Within Given Man'

(continued from page before)

is no such thing as *place* — except as it exists within a given man." This feeling for root person in root place allows Charles Edward Ives to say that he found American music in the *ground*. It is what we are talking about when we speak of a person with *ground-sense*. One who is particular and specific and truly cultivated — but not parochial and regionalistic.

Emerson, on Thoreau: "Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends — please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak with our own minds."

Edmund Wilson, commenting on that passage: "Thoreau's life and work were like an exemplification of this text. Alone at Walden Pond, in his hut, with his ax and Indian meal, with his head full of Greek poetry and oriental wisdom, and in his heart a contempt for commercial New England, he lived and wrote *Walden*, the masterpiece of prose that Emerson lacked the concentration to make."

One of my most effective poems, "If the Night Could Get Up & Walk," begins with a recollection of the moon's light on a field of cabbage in Scaly Mountain, North Carolina, observed maybe 20 years before. The *vision* and the focus that allow the poem its powers come from the awe I experience in the face of certain pastoral paintings by the Englishman, Samuel Palmer. The 'thing' and the vision (usually from outside) give us something new and unseen until the words deliver their yield. You can get more out of cabbage than cole slaw and kraut juice. It may take a generation, and much running about the earth.

Thoreau, again: "I think nothing is to be hoped from you, if this bit of mold under your feet is not sweeter to you to eat than any other in this world, or in any world." Emerson finds this passage "a playful expression of the *indifferency of all places*, and that the best place for each is where he stands." This is so obvious that almost no one sees it. Particularly, now that differences, local

color, tang, and mystery go out of nearly all persons and places. The Franchise People From Beyond Space have taken over most of our earth. I don't know how many of us are left who recoil and writhe when we drive through Cherokee; or Maggie Valley; on the road from *Appalachian State University* to Blowing Rock; or from Boone to Linville. Living has something to do with a humane use of the earth. This species will hopefully die because it has lost ground-sense to GREED.

I remember one of the real pleasures of hiking the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to the Hudson River (1961) was stopping to talk to local people — along this river, up that hollow, in that gap. One favorite topic, besides the weather, was snakes. Every mountain man figures to know more about sarpints than all of his neighbors. He also figures there are more rattlers and copperheads in his particular part of the world than anywhere else on God's earth. And they are BIGGER! (He has never been bitten, not once, but, never mind.) . . . I also learned that recipes for cornbread are innumerable. These are things you learn only on your feet: ground-sense. Fourteen years have passed. Have the Franchise People destroyed all the rattlesnakes and the cornpone? They will, if they can. But, each of us — as Thoreau's Majority of One — can hold the line on at least those two counts. White, water-ground meal, buttermilk, bacon drippings, baking soda, skillet-fried in large pones — it's hard to beat, buddy-roe.

Mr. Whitman used to aver that the proof of a poet was that his country absorbed him as affectionately as he had absorbed it . . . Alas, poets are about as useful as tits on a bull in Post-Literate Hill-Billy World ("git yer kicks in the sticks") — only 45 minutes ahead! I, for one, feel happier hid out from venality as carefully as the purple-fringed orchid. I.e., you are, or you're dead. Poetry is the last private place; it is one of the last cottage industries. It is strictly for those who want it, and it makes absolutely no demands on the students and folk who prefer bowling and the niceties of Big Mac vs. The Whopper.

"The State of Poetry in Western North Carolina" . . . Robert Morgan, from Zirconia, teaches at Cornell, is published in New York City. No one in Western North

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Williams Visits Appalachian State University

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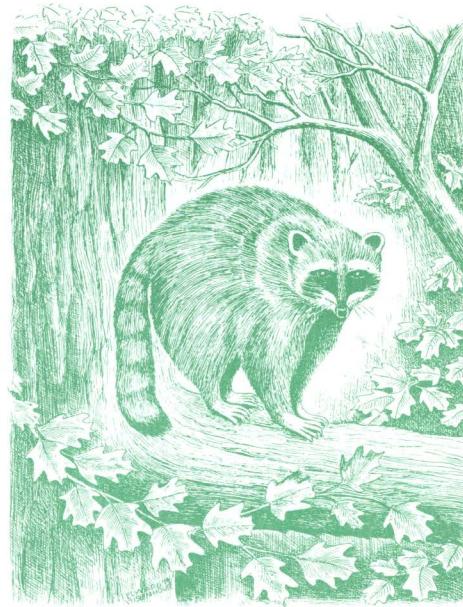
Carolina has ever breathed or whispered his name to me . . . Gavin Dillard (Asheville) and Allan Troxler (Brevard) are into rural gay communes and doctrinaire poetry on the West Coast . . . Paul Metcalf, Melville's great-grandson, lived in Merrill's Cove, outside Asheville, for years and was totally undisturbed. Penland School endures . . . *Foxfire* thrives, for very good reasons, and a few dubious ones; i.e., that recurrent pleasure the urbane display, in being able to be nostalgic, rustic, and able to dress like poor folks . . . Sheriff Dickey's film, *Deliverance*, becomes a commercial rip-off and gets a number of idiots killed along the Chatoga River . . . No one remembers that Bela Bartok heard Appalachian birds and put them into the second movement of the *Third Piano Concerto*. Or, that Charles Ives wrote his *Essays Before a Sonata* (it was about Concord, Massachusetts), recuperating at the Grove Park Inn in 1919. Or, that Henry James visited Biltmore House in 1906 and said extraordinary things about the area in *The American Scene*. The Franchise People feed us the Bull-Dozer Effect daily and nightly — and stop us from dreaming.

Bring the topic down the hearth and the person at work. In the 25 years I have been on the job, I have been invited to *Appalachian State University* on two occasions and to *Western Carolina University* on two. A few reflections . . . The first visit to Cullowhee left me with only one positive memory: Professor George Herring, a man in a limbo-place, living in a Japanese house on a river with a Cherokee name, introducing his tow-headed charges to odd music with names like Erik Satie . . . The second visit was a symposium with two other poets 'of the region' — a desperate, good-hearted attempt by Newt Smith to tap 'local pride'. O Orpheus, it was billed as **POETRY WITH THAT DOWNHOME FEELIN'** — all of us should blush at such a ploy.

At ASU, in 1974, I was invited by a gent from the Art Department. Two or three students were seriously courting the Muse, albeit I fear I found them rather too relentless in this pursuit and much too isolated. My own combination of levity, plus high-culture/low-life goings-on quickly got me into trouble. I made the error of being interested in some large, shaggy youth's poems whom nobody had ever seen before (or, apparently, since). He

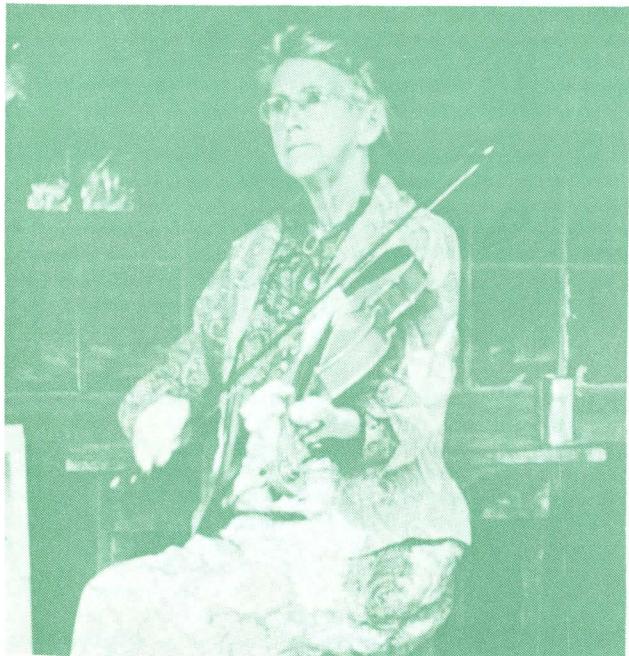
recited a poem about chinaberry trees along a river that pleased my ears. He also had the grace to say that he had long considered me a 'Southern Taoist'. That is a perception and compliment rarely delivered on any campus by anybody at any time . . . ASU, 1975: my cavalier taste got me into trouble yet again with the graduate student poets. For one thing I had been travelling for months on end and had not caught up with their new magazine. But, I thought they might sit down with me during five days and discuss these roilsome matters in both a playful and a serious manner. Nope.

But, what about me? What did I gain, except a cer-
(continued on next page)



Raccoon

"Raccoon" is one of 25 Pen and Ink 8" x 10" prints suitable for framing but bound in a new book, "*Appalachian Mountains — Sketches*," by Edward Isenhour. It may be obtained for \$10 by ordering directly from the artist at Zionville, N. C. 28698, or from the Appalachian Consortium Press, Boone, N. C. 28607.



Mrs. Beuna Hicks of Beech Creek, N. C. is 87 years young, sings folk songs and Christian harmony, dances, and enjoys playing four musical instruments.

THREE ARTS COUNCILS FORMED IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

(continued from page before)

Meanwhile, there has been talk of forming arts councils in other mountain counties — Cherokee, Macon, Madison.

Community arts. It's a contagious idea that is taking hold of the mountains. It can start anywhere — with a Chamber of Commerce, a County Government, the Home Extension Service, an old jail, or a person with an idea.

Mary Ragan
N. C. Arts Council

AFTER 28 YEARS PARKWAY THEATRE FACES EXTINCTION DUE TO VANDALISM

The Parkway Playhouse has been contributing to the cultural life of Yancey County visitors and residents for 28 years, and it has a history that makes it a unique summer theatre in this area.

Talk of a summer theatre for Burnsville began back in 1935, and it was Rush Wray, now the manager of the three-generation family owned Nu-Wray Inn, who eventually talked the Parkway Playhouse into existence.

Wray had spent some time at the Rice Theatre in Martha's Vineyard, and felt that a similar college sponsored theatre could succeed in Burnsville. When he returned to Burnsville he was determined to start such a project even though most people doubted that a summer theatre could find support and an audience in a small town like Burnsville. Too, there was the matter of a college to back such a project.

In 1936 Rush Wray put his enthusiasm, effort and money into organizing a little theatre group which lasted for three years.

It was a guest staying in the Nu-Wray Inn who liked Wray's idea and made the suggestion to W. Raymond Taylor of the Women's College of the University of North Carolina that a summer session for the Greensboro College might be set up at Burnsville under provisions of the G. I. Education Bill.

In the summer of 1947 Taylor and the community of Burnsville founded a summer fine arts school. The gymnasium from the Yancey Collegiate Institute was converted into a theatre, and a dormitory and apartment building owned by the Institute were added to the Parkway facilities. To provide rehearsal space and a place to eat, the Yancey County Board of Education donated the off-season use of the public school and cafeteria.

Taylor arranged for the first year's schedule which called for the presentation of eleven plays in six weeks. A program offering courses in drama, art and music was also planned, and students who came to the Playhouse received credits toward their degrees.

Ten years later, Gordon Bennett of the University of Miami took over management of the theatre. During that time many changes took place, including expansion of the physical plant. In 1966, Dr. Herman Middleton, Head of the Department of Drama & Speech at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, brought control

(continued on page 10)

West, Quilts, Sauer, and Austin

(continued from page before)

tain guilt that my labors were largely wasted and the cost in dollars was a bit high for the economy of the times? Well, I heard Cراتis Williams deliver a marvellous tale about the naming of the village of Sacred Wind, Kentucky . . . I enjoyed looking at the eminently viewable John Foster West, and hearing an account of his introduction to carnality while working in a mental institution near Asheville many decades back — how he and a nurse slid down a 25-foot bank on some slippery pine needles onto a sidewalk in full view of the populace . . . I visited B. O. Ward's ball diamond above Cove Creek and puzzled at the re-creation of Wrigley Field on a bluff overlooking the Watauga . . . I also photographed the inscriptions on Mr. Ward's house by the river — an uncommon sight . . . I went with Bill Dunlap to visit with Mrs. Ruby Dishman, saw a lovely "Double-Wedding-Ring" quilt of her making, admired her infectious love of life and her devotion to hard, personal work . . . I heard the talented Ramona Austin do a performance of black poetry, heard the rap-session later, and was impressed by the style, coherence, and looks of the black student community . . . I read a batch of my Appalachian findings on tape and now yearn for someone around ASU with a skill at the dulcimer, the banjo, or guitar to write some melodies around them . . . I met more Franchise People than I like to, and thought how very difficult it must be to get educated in a big university where everything turns off and turns on in periods of 50 minutes. However, where is it not difficult?

Since I got back to Highlands and shut my mouth and stared a lot at the mountains and loafed and messed about at my typewriter like poets should, I've thought too of some lines in a book by Carl Ortwin Sauer: *Land and Life*, a selection from the essays of this venerable, life-enhancing ecologist and geographer: ". . . the uncommon plants grow in broken terrain and on uncommon soils . . . it is those who differ from us that are needed, not mass production of our own kind . . ."

"The talented, original student is the only one for whom it is difficult to find a place . . . What the market wants and gets is persons who can fill job specifications

neatly . . . We build sheltering walls against the unknown by making organizations and methods, curricula and research programs. **AND WE GET NO MORE THAN WE MAKE ROOM FOR!"**

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Design Awareness



"DESIGN FOR PEOPLE"

Williams Ends Rambling-About With Mountain Poems

(continued from page before)

I wonder what Carl Sauer would make of the Richard Nixon Plastic Chair in the Center for Continuing Motel Education at ASU? I wonder a lot . . . John Jacob Niles wondered as he wandered near Murphy, North Carolina in the springtime of 1931. He turned his thought into song — courtesy of the English folk-music tradition and friendship with Ralph Vaughan Williams — into one of our most sublime carols. People aren't home much anymore.

Yet, the models remain and the teachers are yet with us — if we want them, more than McDonald's, Blue Oyster Cult, and the Cult of the Same. Emerson, again on Thoreau: "One day, walking with a stranger, who inquired where Indian arrowheads could be found, he replied, 'Everywhere', and, stooping forward, picked one on the instant from the ground."

I end this rambling-about of my own with four poems, since I tend to pick those up quicker than I do arrowheads. They are 'mountain' poems.

TRANSCRIPTIONS FROM THE CUMBRIAN IRON-AGE-SAGACITY PRESERVATION SOCIETY

(for Professor Harold Orton)

there was an old fellow at Gathrop,
they called him Jack Parrington
when any cars used to come
he used to ren out o' t' house
and watch 'em
and there was two or three times
they couldn't get us!

they couldn't get up at all
and he used to say,
did this old fellow, he says
They're nobbut like a Waterbury watch,
he says, What the hell, he says.
they can't get up!

A BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE FOR MY FATHER (1898-1974)

all the old things
are gone now

and the people are
different

1/5

bronze

of galax
leaf

in Leach's
celadon

on
bronze

AN AUBADE FROM VERLAINE'S DAY (for Alfred Stieglitz)

the cloud in my head
wide to the edge of the world

the level cloud
that fills the Valley of the
Little Tennessee
from Ridgepole to Rabun Bald

the laughter of
the Lord God Bird
who pecks
berries
from the
dogwood

makes these two clouds
one, one eye
open . . .

Jonathan Williams defines himself and is recognized as a "poet, publisher, essayist, hiker and sorehead." Though he now lives in Dentdale, England, he was back in Southern Appalachia last month for a series of workshops and adventures. He was born in Asheville on March 8, 1929, and maintains a home in Highlands.

We asked Mr. Williams to explore the topic of "The State of the Arts in Appalachia" and received a long piece about music, Mr. Williams' travels and poetry and several poems. Due to space limitations, we have cut many of his digressions. We also feel that Mr. Williams' article should be augmented by mention of some rather fine poets he fails to discuss. Among these are Jim Wayne Miller, author of the highly praised *Copperhead Cane*; Vic Depta, recently author of *The Creek*; and the close-to-the-earth Paul Ramsey, who has a new volume due from University of Georgia Press this spring. Also of importance is Francis Hulme, a retired teacher from Warren Wilson and Mars Hill Colleges. Mr. Hulme's second book, *Mountain Measure*, is due from the Appalachian Consortium Press later this year. Fred Chappell's connections with the North Carolina mountains are more than gratuitous, and a flock of young poets are writing in and around Boone. Among them are Donald Secrest, Vic and Doug Moose, Jo Ann Eskridge and R.T. Smith. John Quinnell drives the bookmobile in Bryson City and writes close to home poetry. *The Cold Mountain Review* and *The Small Farm*, out of Jefferson City, Tennessee, continue to supply a forum for these newer poets.

Editor

Law Won't Let Willard Watson Practice His Art

Willard Watson, as promised, brought his prize 50-gallon still.

He set up operations just outside the Appalachian State University Varsity Gym and as the curious gathered around to watch, he built up a hot fire of hickory and oak sticks under the boiler.

Soon the "mash" was at the boiling point, and from

the end of a copper tube extending some five feet from the boiler and thence through a barrel of cold mountain water a trickel of condensed steam flowed into a gallon jug. The first "run" was underway.

But Willard wasn't happy. In fact he was downright grumpy. "It just ain't right," he said. "Here I had a chance to show folks how real mountain corn likker

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Willard Watson of Deep Gap, N. C. making white lightin' (moonshine liquor) with a wood fired still — a rapidly disappearing art.

—George Flowers photo.

(continued from page before)

ought to be made, and all the law will let me do is run muddy water through the finest still in these mountains!"

Dave Hodges, his immediate neighbor, grunted agreement as he set up his own operation, for he, too, was unhappy. "My hit-and-miss engine just wouldn't hit this morning and I had to run in a substitute to operate my grist mill." His frown changed to a smile, however, as the first batch of warm meal separated from the bran and flowed into a wooden trough.

Inside, things were much more cheerful. In the outer lobby, a barber shop quartet made happy and mostly harmonious sounds. A group of Sweet Adelines soon offered vocal encouragement.

Across the way the John C. Campbell Folk School Dancers tapped their feet in readiness for a session of English Country dance. In a distant corner the First Baptist Handbell Choir clanged its way into performance rhythm.

In nearby Broom-Kirk Gym cheerful notes were also dominant as a shaped-note rural church choir "fa-so-la-ed" their way into the first run-through of "Wondrous Love." Glen Bolick and his string band offered secular but friendly competition with "I Washed My Hands in Muddy Water."

Lining the walls and center aisles of both gyms were booths displaying the skills and wares of Watauga County craftspeople. From kindergarten students to 90-year-old grandmothers they had brought in their cooking, their canning, their weaving, their quilting, their whittling, and their unnamed concocting to be seen, judged, and perhaps purchased.

Townspeople, country folk, and tourists thonged the exhibition, for this was the annual Watauga Spring Festival. From 10 a.m. till 10 p.m., an estimated crowd of 12,000 came by to visit, bargain, sample, and enjoy a memento of days gone by.

Even the grouchiness of Willard Watson could not last. When last seen, he had abandoned his copper still and was performing a vigorous flatfoot shuffle to the strains of "Cripple Creek."

Next year just might be different. Next year they just might let him make the real thing!

Readers are invited to send folk material to: Rogers Whitener, *Folk-Ways and Folk-Speech*, Boone, N. C. 28608.

FRIENDS OF THE CONSORTIUM WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

A fair question. And a hard one. The answer is simple and complex at the same time: information, a source of ideas, a sounding board for your ideas, the personal satisfaction you'll get from knowing you are helping preserve the heritage of the past and helping shape the future.

We need you and the modest membership fees to help keep the programs rolling. Most of all, we need your ideas. For one idea may solve a thousand problems affecting all of us. And no man knows which idea or who has it.

The Consortium is for people with ideas. People like you!

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP COSTS

Individual	\$ 2.00
Regular	\$ 10.00
Contributing	\$ 25.00
Life	\$100.00

(Friends of the Consortium automatically receive *Laurel Leaves*, the occasional newsletter of the Consortium, at no charge.)

Write to us. Friends of the Consortium, The Appalachian Consortium, 407 E. Howard Street, Boone, N. C. 28607. No obligation, of course. Contributions are tax deductible.

BLACK BREAD

What do you know of our daily toils
What do you know of glad tidings
What do you know of our kinds of Christmas cheer
What do you know of how little
What do you know of how much
What do you know of the darkness
What do you know of the night
What do you know of our kinds of kindred spirits
What do you know of black bread
What do you know of our samovar
What do you know of a glass of tea
What do you know of bread and tea are your dessert

Alfred Starr Hamilton



APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM, INC.

GOAL

Serve as a non-profit, educational organization to promote regional cooperation within Southern Appalachia toward preserving Appalachian heritage, assisting in solving current problems, and improving the quality of future life in the region.

OBJECTIVES

1. Foster a philosophy and spirit of interinstitutional, interagency and regional cooperation.
2. Serve as a mechanism to combine the limited resources of member institutions, agencies, and concerned groups to implement projects beyond the capability of a single institution, agency, or group.
3. Promote a positive regional image.
4. Preserve, study and promote folk tradition, art, music, crafts, and the cultural heritage of Southern Appalachia.
5. Bring a humanistic perspective to the examination of the regions' social, political, and economic problems.
6. Engage in and support scientific and socio-economic research and foster the understanding of relationships between the physical and human environments as they relate to the quality of life in Southern Appalachia.
7. Promote Appalachian Studies on an interinstitutional and interdisciplinary basis.
8. Encourage, promote, and hold conferences, colloquia, seminars, symposia, and meetings as well as publish and promote ideas and materials reflecting the Consortium's goals and objectives.

APPALACHIAN WOMEN REDISCOVERING LANGUAGE OF QUILTING PATCHWORK

Appalachian women are rediscovering their own design heritage in the language of patchwork. Through their needlework, they have expressed an entire range of human emotion. These women have in common a love of tradition, a respect for craft and freedom from restriction. Themes of nature, patriotism, religion, love, death, life and frivolity as well as more subtle exercises in design for its own sake can be found throughout the region. The Appalachian Consortium encourages its own members and others to display its finest quilts and quilted products, to make photographs of the best ones for cataloging including notes on the artist, place and date of origin, the motifs, techniques, and fabric. Traveling exhibitions from outstanding permanent collections are anticipated and the Appalachian Consortium Press plans to assemble an illustrated book on the subject in 1976 as part of its Bicentennial celebration. The artistry of Southern Appalachian women as expressed in its quilted products is second to none and deserves to be preserved, recorded, and honored for its excellence in design and technique.

THE ROLE OF THE DESIGNER

"For a century or more preceding the self-conscious invention of pictorial abstraction in European painting, the anonymous quilt makers of the American provinces created a remarkable succession of visual masterpieces that anticipated many forms that were later prized for their originality and courage."

— Hilton Kramer, *New York Times*,
from a review of the Whitney
Museum's Quilt Exhibit.

INFLUENCING THE DESIGN FUTURE: A FOCUS ON CREATIVE AND RESPONSIBLE ACTION

'FOLK ARTS OF THE APPALACHIANS' EXHIBIT DESIGNED FOR TRAVELING

Mr. Robert O. Conway, Chairman of the Board of Advisors, has prepared a "Folk Art of the Appalachians" exhibit for the May meeting of the Board of Directors at Pisgah Inn on the Blue Ridge Parkway. This exhibit is designed to travel and dates are currently being scheduled. Bob can be reached at P. O. Box 641, Weaverville, North Carolina 28787.

Bob lives on Orchard Hill in Weaverville surrounded by more than one thousand antiques and crafts. As Western representative of the North Carolina Department of Archives and History, he formerly was curator for the Zeb Vance Birthplace State Historic Site, Route 1, Weaverville but now maintains his office in the Thomas Wolfe Memorial in Asheville (Phone 704-253-8304). His most recent publication is "Traditional Pottery in North Carolina" with photographs by Ed Gilreath. It is full of exceptional pieces of hand-made pottery, made in the old styles and patterns — as contrasted with modern studio pottery. Traditional pottery has also been defined as wares "intended to be used." In Bob's words:

"Traditional pottery life American cameo and crystalline at Pisgah Forest, dogwood and blue edge at Hilton, brown swirl patterns of the Reinhardt Pottery, the blue drip of North State, the orange and black of A. R. Cole, Jugtown's Chinese blue and salt glaze, the cool greens of C. C. Cole are all striking looking. Most of all they are distinctive. In this world of look-alikes, they stand out clearly . . . treasured gifts from the past."

In his book, "The American Craftsman," Scott Graham Williamson points out: "We may not immediately realize that even the early crafts, in more or less their original forms, still exist widely in America today. They flourish in the general region of the Southern Highlands, including parts of Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Many . . . in this region exist under conditions which approximate those of the early American colonists."

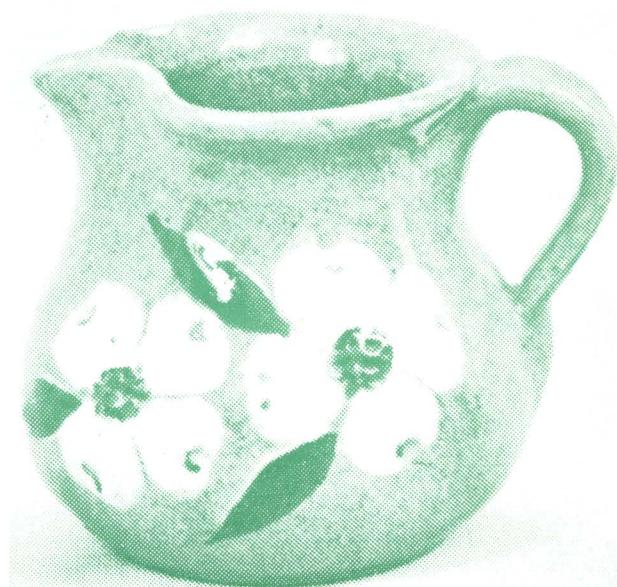
In his book "Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands," Allen Eaton writes: "There is no large area

in the United States with such a variety of handicrafts today as the Southern Highlands, first, because as a part of daily life they have persisted longer here than in any other section of our country."

Craft exhibits help recall our culture and the pieces should be preserved, catalogued and available for inspection. Schedule "Folk Art of the Appalachians" for your area.

It took time to convince me that I cared
For more than beauty; I write to rescue
What is no longer there — absurd
A place should be more fragile than a book.

Charles Tomlinson
THE WAY IN
Oxford University Press 1975



Observing East Tennessee Craftsmen At Work

Requires Traveling To Remote Areas

One of the pleasures of living in the Appalachian region of East Tennessee is the opportunity it affords to visit mountain artists and craftsmen and to observe them at work. Sometimes trips to their homes and workshops lead one to secluded valleys and rocky, wooded, mountain-tops. The very seclusion of the people in pioneer days made the crafts at that time a necessity. The crafts provided furniture, utensils, tools, wearing apparel, table linens, bedding, toys and decorations for the settlers.

Individuals or families became noted for the quality of their products and in many instances the crafts became a means of earning a livelihood. This was and is especially true in the Appalachian region, because of the difficulty of productively farming large tracts of mountain land.

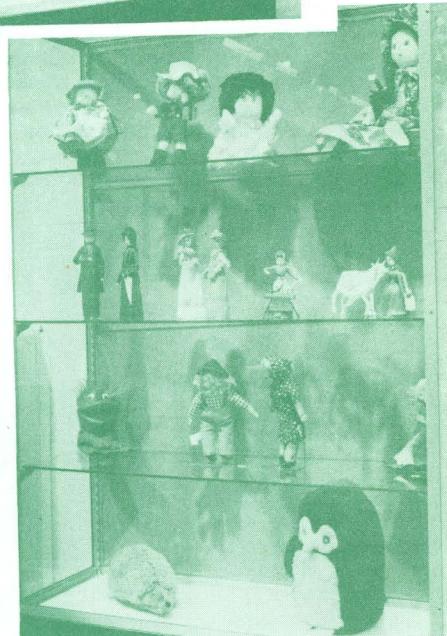
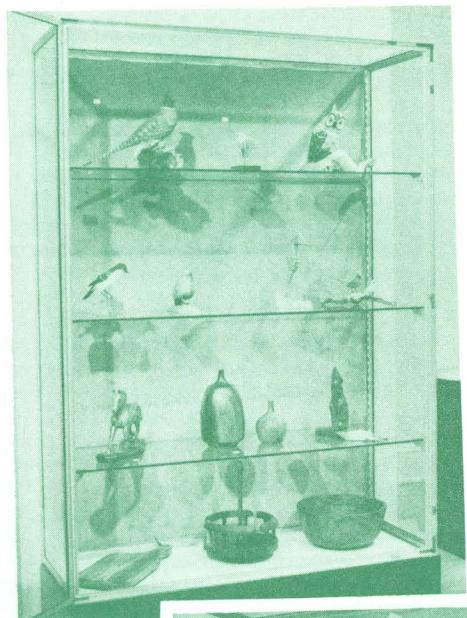
However, a change is taking place in Appalachia. More and more craftsmen in the area are the product of our colleges and universities. They come from all parts of the United States and have been attracted to the region by the beautiful scenery, slower pace of living and mild climate. Many are seeking to return to a simpler way of living. Small shops have opened in most of the towns and cities in East Tennessee where the crafts are sold. There are some fine products such as pottery, jewelry, textiles, furniture and wood carvings. The quality is good but can we still call the work "Appalachian Crafts?" I do not think we can.

The corn shuck wreaths and dolls, brooms, baskets, dulcimers, toys and other objects made by the older craftsmen following their mountain traditions are disappearing. Perhaps this is a price we must pay for a mobile society. One cannot help but feel saddened by the thought.

*Harvey Dean, Director
Carroll Reece Museum
East Tennessee State University*

"I'm a strong tree with branches for many birds"

said the benefactress of orphans
in Davis Grubb's *Night of the Hunter*, 1953



ASHEVILLE ARTS MUSEUM, 27 YEARS OLD, GROWS WITH REGION IT SERVES

Museums are both a forum for regional living articles and depositories which care for an exhibit works representative of our own mountain culture and the cultures of other people. The Asheville Art Museum, a major independent museum in Western North Carolina is growing with the region it represents and is dedicated to the people it serves.

Our mountain region has always been rich in its art culture, from the period of aboriginal impact to what we now refer to a sindigenous art, and beyond to those artists who are very conscious of our present-day trends.

The AAM is at the hub of these many activities and it has accepted its responsibilities as a leader, both in exhibitions and educational programs. The Museum provides exhibitions for local and regional talent and brings to western North Carolina shows of natural and international interest. As a major educator in the visual arts, the AAM is dedicated to all the people of the mountain region.

In a few months the Asheville Art Museum will open its new quarters in the Asheville Civic Center — facilities designed to fill the needs of a growing arts awareness. The Museum will expand its exhibition schedules, workshop programs, services to outlying areas, conservation and restoration, and its permanent collection of regional visual arts.

During its twenty-seven year history, the Asheville Art Museum has been dedicated to the people of this region. In the years to come it needs the support of all people so that it can better serve the public with expanded programs and facilities.

*Tom Gilmartin
Asheville Art Museum*

School of Arts Summer Program Announced

The North Carolina School of the Arts will offer an Asheville summer school program in dance, drama, music and visual arts July 21 - August 8.

NCSA Trustee James McClure Clarke says the summer session will be conducted on the campus of Warren Wilson College where he is director of development.

For further information and application write: Robert P. Hyatt, Asheville Summer Session, Box 4657, Winston-Salem, N. C. 27107.

THINKIN'S

THE FROG

The frog in the pond,
A fly swarming around him,
The fly becomes lunch!

Eric Henderson, Age 12

MOUNTAIN WOMAN

She keeps her a hickory
And mean as a snake,
If I were big enough
I'd throw her in the lake.

But since I'm not big enough
I'll try to be tough
And let that poor mountain woman
Beat me till shes' had enough.

And when she is done
I'll buy me a gun
And shoot that poor woman
For what she has done.

And when she is done
God bless her soul,
Cause I'm going to put
Her in a six foot hole.

Allen Yates, Age 13

From THINKIN'S . . . "just thoughts and things you put down on paper cause you want to remember em'." A collection of poems by students of Valle Crucis Elementary School compiled by a neighbor newspaperman, Ed Cunningham, as the "beginning of a crusade in the mountains to find and inspire poets," hoping that "American poetry can again be called poems and not a gathering of words." A limited edition of 1,000 copies, each numbered and signed by at least one of the poets, was printed by ASU Student Printing Service for the Appalachian Consortium Press. It retails for \$1.00.

Old-Time Musicians and Craftsmen Share Skills With 10,000 Ferrum College Visitors

Over 10,000 visitors flocked to the Ferrum College last fall for what was probably the largest traditional Blue Ridge Folklife Festival ever held in Virginia. The attraction lay in a program which brought about one hundred native craftsmen and over seventy-five old-time mountain musicians together to demonstrate their native skills.

Organized almost singlehandedly by the newly appointed Associate Director of the Blue Ridge Institute, Professor Roderick Moore, the festival emphasized those "home crafts" which have been kept alive by mountain families inhabiting the relatively isolated Blue Ridge region. Because of this, the majority of the participating craftsmen and musicians were older area residents who have preserved their mountain culture as a way of life.

The day's activities were really neither a fair nor an exhibition in the normal sense of the word. Starting in the early hours of the morning, participating craftsmen began arriving to set up for an event which was to stress learning by doing as well as by watching. Visitors were invited to join the craftsmen and take part in the fun by stirring apple butter, skimming molasses, quilting, baling hay, building a bob-sled, and even butchering a hog! Says Moore, "Our intention was to make this a 'come and do day' as well as a 'come and see day,' and that's just about the way it worked out."

Moore believes that, by concentrating on crafts essential for survival, the Blue Ridge Institute has identified a group of people who possess vital resources of expertise in mountain culture. As these persons work together with students and members of the community, he hopes that a philosophy of life may be communicated: "A new pride in the skills associated with mountain living should be manifested locally as a result of these activities. There is a rich and viable heritage among the mountain people. The kinship with the earth that is frantically sought in suburbia is part of daily living in the mountains."

Dr. Joseph Hart, President of Ferrum College has announced that the Folklife Festival will become an annual event. Professor Moore has presented plans for a year-round "living museum" to preserve the mountain skills and music that are in danger of being lost — an actual recreation of the way the Blue Ridge Mountain pioneers lived and worked and played. Existing old log houses and barns may be moved to the proposed site on the Ferrum campus.



Mr. Sisson (Junior on tractor & Senior beside the wheel) of Christiansburg, Virginia.

DOGWOOD SNOW

These endless hills, that lay all winter long
Quiet beneath a patchwork quilt of snow
And balsam bough and blasted chestnut prong,
Laurel and rhododendron's darker glow,
Are waking now to all the urge of spring
And burning with a velvet violence
That smokes the thin blue air and makes it sting,
Flaming with life invisible but dense.

And yet, as if these summer-seeking hills
Remembered lessons from their ice-locked sleep,
They sift a dogwood snow that clouds and spills
And spreads in white pagodas soft and deep,
To lie between galax and fiddle fern:
Wisdom that seasons teach and mountains learn.

Francis Pledger Hulme
Warren Wilson College
(from *Mountain Measure*
to be published by the Appalachian
Consortium Press, Fall 1975)

VALLEY CROW

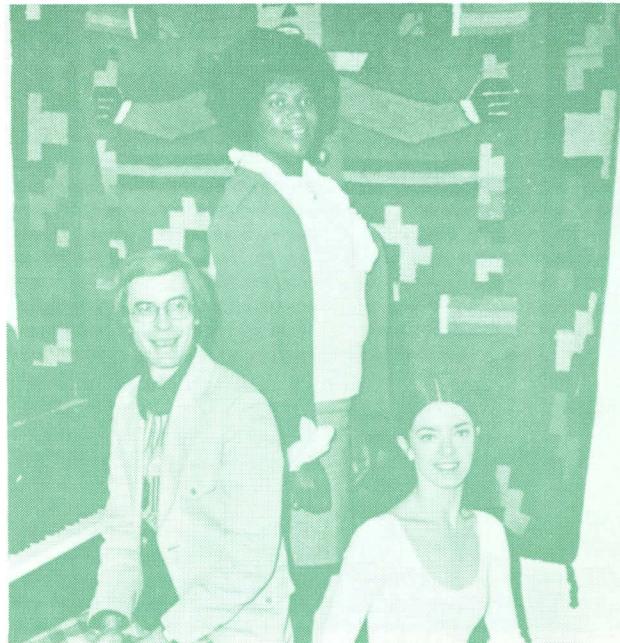
Crow scrawls epitaphs
with black quills
on nerves of a wind
that whispers names.

Cloud quilts tame
fog of a coming storm. Still
voices still spend
muted laughs in rills.

The bird bursts in ashes,
explodes with buckshot, crashes
noiselessly in brush
beneath unruly names. Hush.
It will rain.
It is his ink.

We dare not think
we know the meaning of the sky.
Interpretations are lies.
The shadow of the crow
still flies. Be still.

Ted Morison



Appalachian State University's Blue Ridge Concert Trio is now available for performances. The Trio is comprised of Joanne Bell, contralto, Lee Harper, dancer, and Max Smith, pianist-organist-harpsichordist. The Trio is also available to teach Master Classes. For further information concerning the Trio, please contact Lee Harper, Chalet Apartments, No. 10, Blowing Rock, North Carolina 28605. Phone (704) 264-0536.

The John C. Campbell Folk School is offering courses in woodcarving, weaving, enameling, woodworking, blacksmithing, pottery, leatherworking and folkdancing and music this year. The courses are available for both resident and non-resident students, and the school owns a trailer camp for those with mobile units who wish to participate. For further information, contact the John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, N. C. 28902.

For information on college credit for courses taught at the Campbell Folk School contact the Art Department at Western Carolina University, Cullowhee, N.C. 28723.



David Gaynes On Photography

Everyone I meet asks me sooner or later "why're you taking a picture of me?" They all have the idea that someone somewhere else is more important — maybe someone that they're used to seeing in the newspapers or magazines. Since the mass media can't really pay attention to everyone — indeed they don't try — the people who come to our attention are those few who have gained power or fame. The rest of us are left with the feeling that life and history just happen to us.

We are all important and special. The things we feel and do and build and grow are remarkable. I would like to photograph it all.

The fellow who is carving with a hound at his feet is Charles Earnhardt. He lives and works right in Boone, creating such remarkable scenes as this enclosed, using nothing fancier than a well-sharpened pocket knife and some judicious squinting. A remarkably modest man for

one so highly accomplished, he deliberately waited until he was out of camera range before revealing this ambitious carving.

Charles declined to speak much about his work, but then the work speaks very well for itself.

The woman spinning carded wool is Mrs. Elsie Trivett. Very active in the Blue Ridge Crafts Co-operative (where this picture was taken), she often demonstrates her craft at fairs and gift shows.

"I just enjoy working and seeing that people are interested. I like to see that young people are interested in taking it (spinning) up," she says with a smile.

"This old wheel has seen me through many a mile that I'd never have got to gone if it weren't for it. I've been to Newport, Rhode Island, Washington, D. C. twice, Sandusky, Ohio, Greensboro, N. C., Chattanooga, Tennessee, Raleigh and Charlotte."

David Gaynes



Walker Evans, James Agee

Memorialized By Gaynes

In memory of Walker Evans (who died April 10, 1975) and Pulitzer Prize winner James Agee (who died May 16, 1955) and their memorable work of the 1930's, "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" depicting the human pathos of the Depression, we publish an original photograph by David Gaynes made in Appalachia in 1975 and recall another side of Evans as one of the greatest artists of his generation.

What interested Walker Evans more than the woes of the human spectacle and the social fate of his subjects was what Hilton Kramer calls their esthetic fate: The visible but usually unobserved effect of time and physical circumstances on the objects and structures and surfaces and spaces of American life. "He was most at home, spiritually and artistically, where human actors have quit the stage — whether permanently or temporarily did not matter — and left the eloquent debris of their past free to be examined and taken (as we say of photographs) as a permanent statement of feeling. If he was a chronicler of anything, it was as the chronicler of anonymous architecture and artifacts — of the objects that primitive or popular or unconscious taste had submitted to the harsh ministrations of time and the innocent juxtapositions of social change. Where others often saw only a wasteland of social decay or abandoned aspiration, Evans saw something poetic, something to be valued and saved, and he garnered his poetic perceptions of this special landscape with the passion of an archeologist digging out the remains of a lost world."

To paraphrase what Evans said of the great French photographer — artist, Atget, it can truly be said that Evans' work is lyrical understanding of the street, trained observation of it, special feeling for patina, eye for revealing detail, over all of which is thrown a poetry which is not "the poetry of the street" or "the poetry of Paris or America or Appalachia," but the projection of Evans' person.



LAUREL LEAVES

Special
Literary Edition

Vol. 4, No. 1 1977

LAUREL LEAVES

VOL. 4, NO. 1, 1977

DRAWINGS BY JEAN WALL PENLAND

Creative Writing Contest

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LISA L. FALLIN
MERIT AWARD

RICHARD I,

The mystic child
gone wild
with five and ten cent cheap knowledge.
Got your peanut butter delights
in the mail today,
jumpin off a cliff today,
I know where you are-somehow-today.
Bored by everything you know.
Tired of It.
Mystic infant --
saw me with eyes afar.
Transported we were,
Digging beneath it all
we clawed and scraped.
You found me
somewhere
and spoke for days
without words.
I looked for you
but you were obscured somehow,
by me.
If I only could have gotten out of the way.
And felt your whimper
in the dark.
And heard your sighs
in the midst.
And touched your sobs
in the fog.

RICHARD II

REMEMBER SKIP JONES

CHARLES J. WELLS
MERIT AWARD

I would have missed it had it not been for some weird inflection in Cronkite's voice that caused me to lower my recliner and look up from my newspaper at the tube. There he was at Disneyland, the Royal and Divine Emperor Hirohito of the Land of the Rising Sun. A host of tax-paid secret servicemen hovered officially about his presence to guard against indignities from those who might still have not forgotten, and - I suspect - there were far more than he had imagined.

The old nematodes of hate began to stir within the innards. Vignettes from the young, impressionable years began to flashback pictures too vivid to ever vanish from the memory. There was that Sunday in December and my father screaming for silence with his ear to the old battery radio set and the announcer's voice crackling, "We interrupt this program to bring you a special announcement" And shortly thereafter a man named Roosevelt saying, "It was a day that will live in infamy" It was exciting to a fourteen year old boy; it beat talking about the weather or next year's cotton prices. But William Wilder and J. Arthur Rank had not yet made their move.

It all really started for me at the movies. A galaxy of stars and starlets were beginning a brainwashing operation that was to become so successful that its impact would be virtually undiminished in its victims after at least thirty

years. Who could forget *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* and the torture the captured American pilots endured before their death. What kind of animals would cut out the tongue of one of our pilots just for the sport of it? I came out of movies like "*Guadalcanal Diary*," "*Battaan*," and the "*Sands of Iwo Jima*" feeling limp and frustrated - I was too big to cry and not old enough to enlist. The fires of nationalism were rekindled weekly by MGM, Van Johnson, and Dana Andrews and the "Japs" were everybody's hate object. To movie fans everywhere, the stereotype lingers on. Even if he had on a Brooks Brothers suit, I still see the Japanese male wearing oversized wire-rimmed glasses in the cockpit of a Zero grinning maniacally through at least 86 oversized teeth as a smoking P-47 Thunderbolt crashes beneath him carrying Robert Taylor to an untimely doom.

I was programmed for a national purpose, and I have no quarrel with that purpose - We won, didn't we? But nobody ever bothered to de-program those feelings when the victory was won and the shouting was over. I supposed it was assumed that the changes in foreign policy would gradually erode the sands of hatred and hostility one grain at a time. Maybe they should have used Hollywood to do it.

Skip Jones capped the stack of memories. Young boys have to have heroes and Skip was everybody's hero in our neighborhood. He was never spoken of except in the superlative; he could run faster, throw harder, and fight better - if the cause were just - than anybody. He had a mop of unruly red hair, and he was always laughing or grinning. Even when he was fighting mad inside, he was grinning. It was a testimonial to his personality that those bullies who had been whipped by Skip still liked him and spoke well of him and hoped that someday they would be able to play ball as well as he or be able to drive a school bus - especially Skip's bus. In the fantasies of young boys' minds, Skip was immortal and would always triumph over adversity. But the men in the wire-rimmed glasses with the red sun printed on the side of their planes finally got him - just like they did Robert Taylor.

As Walter Cronkite droned off the air the thought struck me that old Skip really would have had a ball at Disneyland. Nothing much seemed to have changed; I was still programmed, the Sons of Nippon were still winning, and Skip and I had fought the good fight and lost. Farewell Skip Jones, Van Johnson, and Dana Andrews - *Tora, Tora, Tora*.

SECOND AWARD



think that perhaps you have just identified with
the man in the mirror

between us... farewell...

wolfe and sandburg:
a dialogue of the dead
higby, j.

"richard I" "richard II" ... fallin, 1.1.
off sweeten creek ... cox ... t ... gargoyle ...
stewart fm.

ken wall penland. 1976.11.

WOLFE AND SANDBURG: A Dialogue of the Dead

JOHN HIGBY

SECOND AWARD

Wolfe: "And what saw Webber on that terminal pilgrimage, that last great voyage to Olympia? A mist-bedecked, fir-studded mountain pile enclosing, embracing Puget Sound, incredibly green, tree-strewn pinnacles shrouded in saturating fog, laden with odor of pine, of spruce, of Douglas fir, of hemlock. From the heights fell roiling waters, springs become freshets within sight of their source, teeming with speckled savage trout, delicacies sufficiently exquisite for the palate of a Bourbon king when caught, pan-fried fresh, eaten with sour-dough bread, with syrupy canned peaches, the whole repast washed down with huge mugs of rich, thick, dark, brandy-laced coffee followed by pungent, nutty, deliciously harsh cigarettes, smokey offerings of the Carolina coastal plain. These Webber saw among --"

Sandburg: There is a compelling verbosity in that style that I recognize though I haven't encountered it since I left the mortal world. I believe I have stumbled on the great boy-man Thomas Wolfe, child of my adopted home.

Wolfe: And you, with that hair-lock hanging at your temple, that studied clothing and back-slung guitar, are Carl Sandburg, the philologist's folk bard. We might have met before were you not so busy singing "Colorado Trail" at literary teas. I've encountered Whitman many times and might have expected to find you with him. Apparently you and I don't keep the same company, and then I am busy. I don't do ten thousand words a day as I did in the good times in New York, but of course I don't feel any great need to hurry in my present circumstances.

Sandburg: I see Whitman when I visit President Lincoln. I gather from what I heard a moment ago that by "busy" you mean you are still writing. As you'll find no publisher here, I can only surmise that your art, however autobiographical, is more disinterested than most of the critics allowed it to be.

Wolfe: Old man, I am not nor was I ever in the least disinterested. The unacknowledged compromise of my creative life was pretending to be a novelist. But I had no choice. I found my medium, and no one can deny that I worked it with diligence. The only difficulty was that the medium had no legitimate literary name. Elizabeth Nowell saw my problem when she became my agent, and Max Perkins, whatever I may owe him, compounded it by urging the revisions that have made critical attack easy. I had too many things to say to give a large part of my effort to

(continued on next page)

imaginative reconstruction of an experience that was too rich to require more than modest embellishment in the first place. To fault me for transparent egotism is less fair to the accuser than to me, because it advertises his inability to sense and savor life and capture it in language without demanding that it be heavily revised. My only regret is that I didn't have your eighty-nine years. I've been here for the same time that I lived, writing and re-writing that last trip to the Northwest, bounded by my unfortunately early exit from a world that I might have fixed in language beyond anything that Whitman with his comfortable old age or you with your Lincoln obsession even imagined.

Sandburg: I see that this quiet realm has done little to calm you. I meant no offense, young fellow, by my remark about your work and the critics. Were you not doing so little to encourage my approbation, literary or otherwise, I might be willing to acknowledge that there is something grand, perhaps even heroic, in the song you sang. Unfortunately, yours was a restless genius. You may have sensed a great many things acutely, but you moved too fast to savor much. In my later years, I savored the comfort I found in the land you seemed to delight in asserting you could not return to. You were a prisoner of quantities without realizing that the more for which you sought was not necessarily located beyond the hills of Asheville.

Wolfe: I can understand why so many thought you a comfortable man, a grandfather of the folk spirit, when I see how you enjoyed comfort yourself. The hills I left were your demi-Eden. The only difference between you and the summer people from South Carolina is that you were more sensitive to the language and music of the natives and you didn't play bridge and order your reading from a book club.

Sandburg: You are betraying an unattractive writer's snobbery. It won't do to set up as the recorder of America and its people if you are contemptuous of parts of the very thing you pretend to celebrate. You may be critical, but the contempt is ugly.

Wolfe: I am contemptuous only of those who found my homeland quaint, of the cultural anthropologists and

questers for rural innocence who came to collect folk ballads to purvey in Greenwich Village coffee-houses or to buy farms and cultivate a dishonest folk manner no more natural to them than a Brooklyn accent would be to me. The lawyers and doctors in their summer cottages, the Vanderbilts in their gross country palace, Scott Fitzgerald swilling beer in his room at the Grove Park Inn were more welcome aliens, and the natives — my mother is an example — were only too happy to give them what they wanted. What they wanted, apart from the clear, clean, immense, barren spaces, the ranging hills, the cool nights, was the security of their own style, a style they brought with them.

Sandburg: A capitalist style. Bourgeois elegance for the few who could escape the great cities of the North and Midwest, the hot tobacco plantations of the South. The people were left behind to fester in rancid summer heat while these few were served.

Wolfe: Now you are implying a contempt for how the people live. What is there about goat-farming in North Carolina that is more desirable or less rancid than a quiet Slav neighborhood in Toledo? I cultivated restlessness because I wanted to discover all the people and record them. It is true that I was overwhelmed by natural spectacle, as are many writers who trouble to notice it, but I saw that the people were as varied as the land they occupied. To write about one place, one people, was to fail in the task that I had appointed myself.

Sandburg: But you might have been the writer of the southern highlands, stood in relation to the land that spawned you as Faulkner did to Mississippi or Emerson to New England.

Wolfe: I believe many people regret that I died so young. What you are saying, in effect, is that I didn't die young enough. If the New York-centered books had not been written, I would be the writer of the southern highlands. I lost that distinction because the later work deprived the whole of homogeneity. You are less easy to fix in the scheme of American writing because of your biography of Lincoln. Do you regret that effort?

Sandburg: I could hardly be sorry for what I sometimes con-

sider my greatest work. But I have my place for that writing, I think. If my career was not homogeneous, no one has trouble remembering the things with which I am to be identified. Perhaps you don't understand that I am not criticizing but regretting for you that you are not given the credit you deserve as the poet of your mountains.

Wolfe: I don't think it would be inaccurate to say that I am known for the record I gave of my people and my youth. If anyone is at fault for my lack of recognition, it is the people who continue to profess an interest in highland culture. I have heard rumors that I am more popular with literary ladies in Charleston and Richmond than at home.

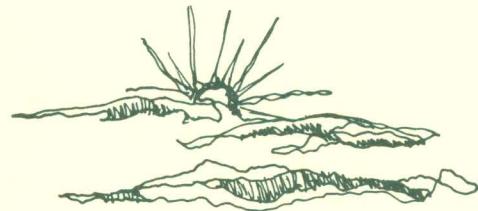
Sandburg: I notice that you still call it home, your land.

Wolfe: Well, then, it is. You'll admit that *You Can't Go Home Again* is a good title. Who knows what I would have ended by doing if I had lived another forty years. I might have gone home after all. Or I might have mellowed to the extent that dairy farming in Illinois would have seemed an attractive retreat. Living in the heartland has its appeal. On the Mississippi. The great yellow snake. Agglutinant, sedimental, fecund with the accretions of a sprawling continent. Flowing from cool spruce woods to the dark, musical, bawdy warmth of New Orleans and the Delta —

Sandburg: Excuse me, Tom. Our chat has been interesting, but I appear to be keeping you from something. I hope we'll meet again. Doesn't it strike you as whimsical that two men who have been called Whitman's spiritual descendants should be so opposite in one regard? After all, I adopted and loved the home that you may have loved but certainly left.

Wolfe: I would be happy to talk with you again, but I have no time nor taste for whimsy.

Sandburg: My young friend, I think that perhaps you have just identified the difference between us. Farewell.

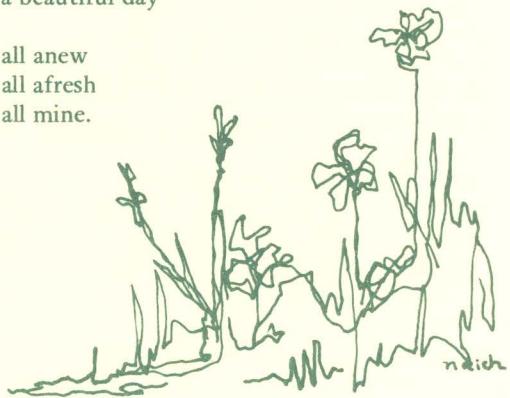


DAYSPRING

DEBORAH HURST
MERIT AWARD

the fresh awakening
a rain-soaked morning
the sun filtering through trees
swift display of tiny clouds
scurrying for the horizon
autumn leaves dancing on asphalt
dozing in green chambers of grass
a single whiff of air
lingers forever
Goldenrod spreads for miles
lifting sulphur heads of praise
toward heaven
deep royal firmament
glittering with glory
a beautiful day

all anew
all afresh
all mine.



RAFE'S RETURN

RON COULTHARD

MERIT AWARD

It was '29 when Rafe came back,
With all he owned in a gunny sack,
A month or so to look around
And get his feet back on the ground.

Roll on, mighty River.

The month soon stretched into a year,
But Rafe said he didn't have no fear.
"Autumn-time's the time to leave,
And I got a trick 'r two up my sleeve."

Roll on, mighty River.

Another year passed and his gunny sack
Was filled with corn and hangin' out back.
A job at the mill kept hunger away,
And he rocked while he watched his little 'un play.

Roll on, mighty River.

Well, '29 was thirty years ago.
Now Rafe sits at his window watchin' it snow.
Barren fields stretch down to the river,
And Rafe turns to the fire with a quaint little shiver.

Roll on, mighty River, roll down to the Sea.

THE BUBBLE DUMP

FRED STANLEY SMITH, JR.
MERIT AWARD

Olly carefully descended the river ravine, swift only as he stumbled. Stopping to tremble did not bring him any closer to his destination. Twenty-one years had come and gone and hiking the treacherous ground to the river had never once been easy. The unusual deluge of intermittent rain made conditions worse. Slipping happened and scratched skin from briars had become a part of routine trips. High overhead a screaming hawk encouraged him. The rain made him angry. The river roared louder.

Upon traversing the last stretch of his long descent, Olly squatted to rest. With his fingers he scraped away mud that had lodged in the soles of his cowboy boots. He wiped his fingers on a nearby tree. He stood again and one giant leap brought him to water level.

A sewer line protruded from beneath the black bank out into the river. Six feet of the circular granite dump lay exposed so that without too much fear of falling one could step out on it as if it were a pier. From there, eyes could observe upriver, downriver and across. Thumbs inside the straps of his overalls, Olly threw back his head and walked to the mouth of the pipe.

Above the river, atop the ridge of Olly's departure, inside a red brick wrapper with a brown roof was home. House was two bedrooms, a den and a kitchen. Home was the solitude of the fireplace. Olly could stare at the fire and be still and warm all over. Cold near the river, Olly turned to scan the ridge and reflect on home. Someone was about to join Olly's father near home for a while. There was a knock at the screen door. Olly didn't hear it but he sensed it. He hoped the visitor would not be reason enough to leave the river. He would remain there until Pop called.

After enough time had passed to reassure Olly that no one needed him he clicked his heels together and arched back for a holler.

"Good morning old river. I've come to see ya!"

There were mixed emotions from the valley. The towering water oaks, mostly stripped of foliage by the rough weather, froze and fixed a glare on the stranger. The dense population of water weeds that grouped together in different spots crackled and giggled as they were slowly being moistened to life by earlier rain. The relentless stink of the sewage conduit contrived to nauseate Olly. He was not despondent.

"Hello-o-o-o!"

"Good morning Mr. Morris, hope I haven't disturbed you. Resting?"

Olly's father managed to move his head from side to side as an answer and to silently remind the gentleman that until he announced himself he was nothing more than intruder.

"I'm Hennesee from the church, the deacon? I'd like to talk to you if I may?"

"The face recalls very little." Morris indicated neither humor nor bitterness in his remark but the deacon appeared uneasy and stood agape in the damp, cool air. "Come in." The voice of the host was flat and expressionless, nearly as discomforting as the weather. The deacon watched. After Morris had moved from the door to the card table, the deacon entered and seated himself at the other side of the table. He held the notion that if he had not seated himself in this manner right away, Morris would not have offered him a chair. The deacon could not bear to stand and talk.

"I attended the funeral. I knew Mrs. Morris; she taught Sunday School and never missed a Sabbath. I was sorry — very sorry." The deacon's lips tightened. The lines across the wrinkled forehead of Morris smoothed a bit.

"Don't be. She's at peace with her Maker. She used to say that. She used to say she would be."

"She is. I'm quite sure of it. She was a wonderful woman." Now an opportunity arose to proceed with the real business, "I'm here today Mr. Morris to discuss something with you about Oliver."

"Olly?" The old lines returned. The deacon opened his eyes gazing in question at Morris. There was quite a bit of catching up to do.

"Skudiddle de-doo, skudiddle de-doo," Olly's shuffle moved in rhythm to his song while he danced on the exterior of the pipe. He was the dancer. The dump was his stage and everything else within sight or earshot applauded. Olly could hear the imaginary hands thunder approval, and he stretched his own hands to quiet them.

"Lemme finish, lemme finish!"

Member Institutions

Appalachian State University
Blue Ridge Parkway
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(continued from page 19)

The shuffling of cowboy-booted feet sped faster, and for an instant the rushing torrent about to expel itself from the dump was not audible to Olly. It soon forced itself out so that Olly could see the red dye splash the surface of the river.

"Red stuff."

A textile mill nearly a quarter of a mile away daily released its refuse from the pipe of Olly's performance. The refuse varied greatly. The same thing never came out twice. It smelled horrible.

Olly fell to his stomach and put his gruffly whiskered face into his hands for a closer look at the red dye. His crossed legs swung back and forth above his hips. He lay in contentment. This stream from the mill lasted seconds. As the last drop of dye hit the river, Olly burped spontaneously. He raised himself for another dance.

"The exact diagnosis of Olly's problem can only be reached at an institution. We've done all we can for him in previous special education classes at the church -- the ones you stopped letting Oliver attend two months ago -- following the death of your wife. The teachers and Reverend Black are -- sincere in their decision. Mr. Morris -- ."

"What about the money?"

"The church is quite willing to help in that area too. If there is no burden financially, won't you consider it? It's for Oliver's well being. You can see that?"

Morris gripped the iron wheel beside his seat and his knuckles grew white. He had not expected the visit from Hennessee. The deacon sounded as if he knew more about Olly than church doctrine. To stare at the deacon in silence would mean surrender at this point. For that reason, Morris elected to look at the floor and appear to be, if not actually be, in desperate thought.

"Bubbles!"

The dump spouted a mound of soap suds in the river and Olly was delighted at the large number that floated instead of collecting in the river. He reached for them and missed surprisingly few. Glimmers of blue shown in their circles. One drifted out of Olly's reach. It was by far the largest and it did not sadden Olly to let the largest go free. Hands on head, Olly spun his body in two complete revolutions before he lost his balance and fell to one knee. The current of bubbles lasted for a shorter period of time than the red dye flow. Soon the swift water carried the soap suds downriver and out of sight.

"You are not welcome here. You've come to take the only thing I have left."

"Oliver can be unpredictably cross. The teachers tell me he has occasional fits that frighten everyone. That's true isn't it?"

"An owl in his tree 'ull have fits when he's spooked."

Hennessee frowned at the illogical comparison. Probably a lead-bottomed boat could have traveled farther than the conversation between the two gentlemen. Hennessee continued, but with a different approach.

"We don't intend to take Oliver from you forever. We can't take him at all. You must decide. By realizing the psychiatric help Oliver will receive at Clear Creek is important; you'll be contributing to your happiness as well as Oliver's, as well as ours at the church. Every arrangement will be ours. You can see Oliver once a week for the first month and as much as you like from that point on."

The snapping glow that had burned from the fireplace, that had blanketed the two from the cold that sneaks inside a house no matter how tightly it is shut up, secretly perished into smoke. Morris turned and used a poker to rearrange the logs. A solitary flame crept from the coals while every ember of mournful remembering that had scoured the old man since marriage singed his balding scalp, -- his entire face, red. In that moment the solitary flame lived and died and the spirit of Olly's home transcended above its smouldering ashes. Morris shivered, but the fervent deacon seemed to doubt that it meant surrender.

Olly was firmly convinced that the long legs of his overalls were the reason he had staggered, so he stuffed them into his boots. The rooster had crowed many hours ago, but a burst from the lungs of one who bears no particular personality to begin with, and one who if he decides to be can be a rooster, brought the barnyard down. Olly flapped in splendid simulation, but the action of his feet moving up and down mimicked a Gestapo soldier. Inventiveness began to diminish, probably a product of Olly's exhaustion, and a few drops of rain were being released from the new black clouds. Once more the dump hiccupped forth another substance, dark and green. Olly discontinued the pantomime and dropped his hands. He observed the slime with a look of tender reverence. From the ridge his house door shut, signaling the departure of the invisible guest. Olly left his eyes on the bubble dump. The rehearsal had come to a close. But soon, very soon -- dreams of the colossal stage, his own brilliant performance and the largest recorded audience of all time -- one day he'd be there, yes, There'd be no need for the ugly iron-wheeled chair.

GARGOYLES

FRANCES MONCURE STEWART
MERIT AWARD

Squatting gargoyles over the streets of Paris

Watching and Waiting —

Ageless fear

Hatched in stone facade,

A grinning, grotesque face,

the horned monstrosity leers with pointed tongue

and angel-wings of Lucifer.

Poised to leap —

flying to the City.

garrou
music
music
music
music

garrou Music

the obingdon branch:

recollections of the early days

so far is

at a railroad era

flowing peaceful angry

guitar

happy

leinwell penland 1976. 11.

caysping

bull's branch revisited west

circles circles circles circles circles circles circles

MUSIC

AMY GARROU
THIRD AWARD

Music
Can be like
A stream
Flowing smoothly
Or waves
One minute angry
The next peaceful.
Music
Can be thunder
Always loud and booming
Or lightning
Quick to come and go.
Music
Can be happy
Like a beautiful summer day
Or sad
As a bleak winter afternoon.
Music
Can be fast
As an airplane
Flying
With amazing speed
Or slow
Like a snail
Creeping
Trying to get somewhere.
Music
Can go in circles
Starting
And coming back to the same place
Always repeating
Or it can be different
In every measure
Never saying the same thing twice.
Music
Can be low
As an ant is low to the ground
Or high
Like giant redwood trees
That touch the clouds.
Music
Is my life
Hesitating
Yet always going on.

MRS. BAGLY'S PANTS

VIRGINIA BLISS VANDERPOOL MERIT AWARD

I remember how it started, and all of us kids had a hand in it. Even today I still depend upon it to forecast the weather, and it has never failed. A patch of blue sky large enough to make a pair of pants for Mrs. Bagly was all it took then and all it takes now.

That wasn't to say that our other scientific observations weren't significant --- it was just that sometimes when you hung the short end of the pulley bone over the door facing, your current love interest didn't come through first. The paper boy might awkwardly stumble across the threshold as he waited for his weekly change which a scheming sister just couldn't seem to find handy.

Then there was the hair that you found under a rock after a rain shower. Everyone knew that it would be the color of the hair of the boy you would marry. Although usually the tiny filament, when held up to the light, was of such chameleon - like quality that the hirsute character of the future husband still remained very much in the nebulous stage.

More exacting was the red truck theory --- that the driver of every seventh red truck would be your intended. It was amazing how many husbands could be acquired and disposed of by this method --- depending of course upon the traffic.

Another popular belief that could be manipulated to everyone's satisfaction was the apple-peeling theory. After throwing an unbroken peeling over your right shoulder, the circular shaving splatted on the ground in such a way that it miraculously spelled out the initial of your future husband or wife. Since the initial could be for either the first, middle, or last name, this accommodation appealed to those of the most discriminating taste, and all found it a very gratifying experiment.

Not all these childhood fantasies had to do with affairs of the heart, however. Many times we shushed each other to see if we could hear the devil beating his wife whenever

the sun shone during a light spring shower. One of the younger kids often declared he actually heard Mrs. Devil crying. This made all of us listen more intently, and frequently we wondered why God didn't intervene. All of our sympathy was with this poor woman who was doomed to suffer whenever the rest of the world was so strangely beautiful.

Sometimes a kind Providence gave us an out in a particularly disturbing situation such as might arise from the fears caused by unpleasant dreams or nightmares. The solution was very simple. If you had a bad dream, you kept quiet and said nothing about it until after breakfast, and then it would not come true. On the other hand, if you had a good dream, you told it before breakfast, and then it would come true.

Our experiments included the medical field as well, and here we found that we were able to compete very successfully with the family physician. Warts could be and were removed by various methods. Some of us rubbed raw chicken gizzards on the offending area, and others used magical incantations, but the most popular and effective method was that of the gift-box decoy. The wart victim would prick the wart with a burnt needle, put a tiny drop of blood on a clean bandage, and then enclose this in a fancy gift box. The more valuable and elaborate the wrapping, the better. Last of all, the package was dropped on the street or sidewalk in a very prominent place. All the participants would quickly disappear behind hedges, parked cars, or half-closed shutters. Perhaps a bold one would nonchalantly loll around in a backyard swing and watch patiently until some unsuspecting dupe came along. The box was always found, and most warts disappeared soon thereafter, having transferred their allegiance to a new host, namely, the one who opened the box. These episodes were so exciting and rewarding that many rushed out right away, flush with victory, and started playing again with the first toads they could find.

Not all our experiments in the field of medicine met with such success, however. Nevertheless, many of us persevered in the very strenuous endeavor of trying to kiss our elbows. If the girl succeeded, she became a boy. I suppose the opposite was assumed to be true for a boy, but I never knew a boy who attempted this test. Most girls were guilty of grotesque contortions now and then, especially around the baseball season. Elaine Hoskins, who was double-jointed, was the only girl who somehow

never did wish to prove the validity of this apparently desirable consequence.

Many other childhood faiths and aspirations come to mind, but as I said at the beginning, Mrs. Bagly's pants take precedence over all. To begin with, Mrs. Bagly was the fattest woman that ever lived. Her ample proportions were surpassed by none, and when she walked down the street, a hush fell on whatever area she approached. Most of us stared -- some looked away in embarrassment -- and the impolite pointed. Mrs. Bagly remained serene throughout what would surely have been an ordeal to the average woman, but then she was no average woman. She kept her body erect, waddled slowly along, putting one foot carefully in front of the other. She never turned her head, which invariably was covered with tiny grooves of finger-waved black hair held in place by aluminum clups that occasionally caught the rays of the sun and gave off an aura of metallic luster. All this corpulence (with the exception of the usually exposed parts) was encased in a blue sateen dress which fit every nook and cranny of her, and we watched fascinated as the ripples slid from one plump section of her body to the other. Whether Mrs. Bagly had more than one dress, I don't know. I do know she always wore the blue sateen when she made a public appearance. Her husband worked in a local textile mill, and the older folks said it looked "like he could have done better by her". Others would giggle and hint that perhaps a bolt of cloth was all the poor man could afford.

I think Mrs. Bagly sometimes had one of her eight children accompanying her, but I can't recall any specific details. The woman herself was the one we focused on. She was the alltime fat lady, and no circus competitor ever equaled her.

Well, it wasn't long after one of Mrs. Bagly's perambulations that we had a very severe thunderstorm, and the rain continued late into the afternoon. When the storm finally subsided, the black clouds continued to roll across the sky, and only here and there were we able to glimpse the tiniest bit of blue. Since school was to start the next week, we had a kind of wild last-chance urgency to run forth and splash in the puddles, probe under old boards for frogs and bait worms, and to search the wet streets for the myriad rainbow colors of an oil slick. Still the sky was threatening and we hesitated.

Suddenly, Tommy Goodson, who had been scrupulously scanning the sky, yelled, "Hey, I see my ol' pair of blue

pants right over there behind the peach tree!" Sure enough, as we looked in that direction, all of us saw a patch of blue sky shaped for all the world just like Tommy's old blue pants. While watching, however, the clouds rearranged themselves, and the patch of blue slowly squirmed, stretched, and enlarged itself. We gazed spellbound as the pants grew until they no longer could be claimed by Tommy or any of us. Yet the original shape was maintained, and a third of the sky seemed to be a live undulating pair of pants gradually taking over and making room for the sun eventually to appear. Simultaneously, we proclaimed in an awed tone (for we were heavy with the solemnity of the birth of a new prophecy) "That's big enough to make Mrs. Bagly a pair of pants!" Just at that moment the sun came out.

AGAIN GOOD NIGHT

WALTER POPE

MERIT AWARD

For sixty years I rubbed your back
each night to ease your cries
And warmed your icy, bloodless feet
between my shivering thighs.

Regardless of the goods and bads
I knew in married life,
Each night I shared the covers with
a back-sore, foot-cold wife.

And now we've reached together the
beginning and the end,
The everlasting evening in
the bed that others tend.

So pull the covers snug and put
your gentle feet on me,
And I will rub your silken back
for all eternity.

THE ABINGDON BRANCH: RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF A RAILROAD ERA

ROBERT S. JONES
MERIT AWARD



Down from Virginia into North Carolina across the aged mountains of Southern Appalachia, following the Holston River, crisscrossing Whitetop Laurel Creek, sweeping down into Taylor's Valley, on to the high bridge at Creek Junction, slowly lifting its head to climb over Whitetop Mountain, passing recklessly over a hundred bridges, and finally merging its path with that of the New River in the pastoral setting of Ashe County – this is the railroad's trail from Abingdon to Elkland – a gentle scar on the earth, linking man with man, sending its message of good tidings from across the mountains through goods and tales of other places, and reaching out from one isolated pocket in the mountains to another hand in another place – to something larger that links us together.

“My shoes came from New York.”

“My plow was made in Pittsburgh.”

“My dress came down from Boston and here's a letter from my brother in West Virginia!”

“I've watched those trains pass a hundred times, heard their sounds in the night, talked to the engineers down at the station – one day I'm going to hop on that train and go as far as it runs. I want to see other places. Yep, one day I'm going to leave here on that train.”

Dreams of growing up among children who lived near the mountain scar and saw a vision of passage out. Above all else, do not rob me of my dreams!

At an older age the railroad captured me in another way. I had already been to those far off places and traveled a million miles until, through turn after turn, I came again to this place – to this geography that suited body and spirit. And now I look for a second time at the gravel bed, the wooden ties, the cold iron spikes, and the flowing rails that I balanced on as a child – playing boyhood games – watching pennies flattened by giant wheels and writing my name with bended wire to see it crushed magically into the script of another hand. Yes, now I look for a second time at these rails with compassion locked tight inside me for this unknowing mechanism that lifted me and brought me out. The dam is now broken and spills out onto this gentle scar. I bend and kiss thee as an act of love and knowing that

there is something of an imminent ceremony of final rites not far away. I am a man in love with a railroad who weeps at its passing.

There lie the ties of creosote brown and black, cracked and lined from age, and there for nearly fifty years bearing the weight of iron wheels thundering over them. The pouring of rain after rain, the drying sun of summer and soft winds, snow blowing in through the harshness of winter, and still the ties endure along lonely curves and passes -- keeping company only with the high banks of rock and clay that enclose them -- the quiet setting broken now only rarely with the sounds of the great machine, iron on iron, forging its way for the millionth time over this unvarying path.

Spikes driven so deeply in them that one would expect blood to pour forth now rust among wooden lines and crevices, yet, they do not yield to the gentle and powerful sway of the rails over which the iron monster roars. A dated nail driven into a crosstie has "29" inscribed on it, "the year of the great depression," one thinks, another "30", and "31", "32", "33" -- on through the years of poverty, prosperity, the New Deal, the War, the League of Nations, Today! The iron spikes bleed their rust into weathered lines of age -- now wood dyed of their blood.

The rails, in contrast, retain a silver shine -- two piercing, brilliant streaks -- thinning into thread lines as far as the human eye can see. Worn over by touch, iron on iron, to trace the path of giant locomotives that come and accept on faith the strength of their support along a twin-ribbed path -- never looking beneath to see that they are really there. These two together -- the silent wooden ties taking their being from forest memories and from trees nearby that look over them -- solid, stationary -- the perpendicular rails -- shining of silver, piercing the night, going, tracing beautiful curvilinear patterns around rocky passes and over high bridges -- always reaching out. The vibrations of the years are there in that wood and metal -- welded together by the elements of the earth -- taking their being from the energy of tree and ore -- borrowing their sculptured destiny from a human idea and hands that forged them -- sweaty, calloused hands of a thousand men who labored to put them there.

Libations of human sweat washed by spiritual rains fill the communion cups that celebrate this junction of idea and reality. Oh, where are the roots of thy birth -- where in the forest -- in what deep ore pits are thy beginnings? In what strange and mysterious ways did thy destiny bring thee to this place that I now look at thee with wonderment, with compassion, with love? I bow my head to the Wood and Iron.

STONE KNIVES

DIANE W. BLANKS
MERIT AWARD

April's days descend to ruined stone
Like all the other Aprils you foretold.
Shaman of the virgin year,
With painted palms and singing fingers
You drew the air-borne beasts,
Winged things sleeping under the dust.

Casting wide the sticks and bones for me
You sketched a child milkwarm in tempora,
Then palmed it out
And showed instead the feathered serpent.
Deathspell, yet beating still, in
The green and growing quiet.

Failed magic is a calendar of stone
Abandoned to the jungle's verdant vines.
Amulets and jade tell nothing more,
Resounding silence yielding only
Echoes of old chants
Caught in Mayan fixity.

mrs. bagley

Portuguese

A detailed black and white line drawing of a plant structure, likely a root system or a series of interconnected tubers. The drawing features a prominent, thick, diagonal line with a zigzag pattern running across the center. This line is surrounded by a network of smaller, branching lines and irregular shapes, some of which are stippled with dots. The overall style is technical and scientific, possibly a botanical illustration or a diagram of a specific plant's root system.

lands end land

and "South

moored boats at the yacht club.
bierhaus.. e.g. jr.

table dump

A decorative illustration of a stylized flower or leaf with a dotted center, accompanied by the text "from new jersey... Rose".

seen with Parker - 1986-106

LAND'S END

E. G. BIERHAUS, JR.
THIRD AWARD

Christianity, as a former Archbishop of Canterbury once remarked, is not so much a religion as it is a way of life. Life, however, has a habit of changing, a fact viewed with alarm by most Christians, with cynicism by some, and with utter contempt by a diehard minority. Not that habit itself is frowned upon. Indeed, good habits have been enthusiastically endorsed by Christian leaders from New Testament times to the present. For example, the Bishop of a friend of mine, the rector of a small Connecticut parish, has the admirable habit of organizing summer projects. This summer, his clergy are to incorporate the Bicentennial into their various fairs and auctions. Another summer he dedicated to "understanding our neighbors" - Massachusetts and New York; still another to reading Charles Dickens, his wife's favorite novelist.

But the summer project I remember best is the Riot Report of 1969. Each priest was required to file at the Diocesan House by July 4th a riot report pinpointing the areas of social unrest in his parish. Armed with this information, the Bishop offered his assistance to local, state, and federal authorities in their struggle to maintain law and order, two more habits dear to the hearts of religious leaders. My friend sent me a copy of his report, and I found it such a fascinating document that I am persuaded to publish it for the benefit of those future Bicentennial historians whose focus is not upon the event itself but rather upon the psycho-history that precedes the event.

RIOT REPORT

St. George's-by-the-Sea
Lands End
16 June 1969

Rt. Rev. and dear Sir:

My day began at seven o'clock. Already the sun had burned off the morning mist and through my bedroom window I saw the intense reflections of the moored boats at the Yacht Club quivering on the smooth surface of Long Island Sound. After dressing, I began to say my Morning Office in the study. I got as far as the Second Lesson when I was

interrupted by Mrs. Pratt who materialized at the study door in diamond broach and tennis shoes. She wanted me to know that her New York son-in-law was resigning his bank presidency to take up tap dancing. She had already told the Congregational minister and the postman, but neither of them had believed her. She asked for a cup of tea -- milk but no sugar, drank it and departed, after making me promise not to tell cook where she'd hidden the silver. I finished my Office and sustained by corn flakes set forth to poll the parish on riots.

My first polling took place in front of the rectory on Main Street. Relaxing in deck chairs on the sidewalk watching the filming of a cigarette commercial across the street in front of Ye Olde Cheese Shoppee were Mrs. Claxton, Mrs. Bradley, and Miss Plum. Holding up a thermos, Mrs. Bradley asked if she might use ice from my fridge should their martinis get warm. I replied that she could. When I asked what they thought about riots, they shrugged. "I leave that sort of thing up to Mr. Nixon," Mrs. Claxton volunteered, without removing her eyes from the film crew. Neither of the others commented.

Next, in front of The Cork Shop, I polled Colonel Allen who ignored my question and informed me instead that the Sedgewick divorce settlement had been reached: he was to get the son, she the house - an enormous Victorian affair with a frontage on the Sound of two hundred feet. The divorce was a calamity, the Colonel remarked, since it broke up the bridge club. Nevertheless, the Colonel was against riots. He spent an hour telling me about the Bonus Expeditionary Force of '32, a campaign he had participated in with General MacArthur.

My third polling, in front of Depositor's Trust, was with Mrs. Stetson, a former President of Camp Fire Girls International and the present President of the Lands End Garden Club, sponsors of May Market. Mrs. Stetson was depressed because her boxwoods were doing poorly. Though over two hundred years old, they had never before shown signs of fatigue. As we walked along Main Street, she informed me that there are two varieties of boxwood: the American and the English. One can always tell the difference because the English have a scent.

I found Judge Pickett propped up in bed reading a book on the American Revolution.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Deadly dull. It's my grandson's dissertation."

Judge Pickett thought riots more interesting than law and order, but he preferred gossip to either. He was vexed that I already knew about the Sedgewick divorce settlement. As soon as his housekeeper returned from Merrill Lynch, I left.

FIRST AWARD

At ten o'clock I met Blake Fowler, a senior at Taft, for coffee at the Chilton House. Blake, an enthusiastic young man, wanted to rap about metaphors in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." We never did get to discuss riots because we were joined by Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Stetson, and Mrs. Sedgewick who dropped in for a Bloody Mary. Mrs. Allen monopolized the conversation by telling us of the trip she and the Colonel had recently made to New York to celebrate their fortieth wedding anniversary. They had seen "Hair" but it didn't have the zip of "The Merry Widow."

I lunched in the garden behind the rectory. It was cool under the large elm. I had just set down my glass of iced tea when Mrs. Pratt siddled through the hedge.

"The air smells like wine now at Campobello," she said. "All the riff-raff are visiting the Roosevelts."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I'm not going back any more. Lands End is safer. I can remember my grandfather imported the first Italian to run The Cork Shop. Then he brought up a Jew from New York to run Morris Cleaners. Do you know what?"

I shook my head and held my breath. I felt I was on to something big.

"Iced tea gives you hiccups." She siddled back through the hedge, and I finished my lunch.

At four o'clock I met with my confirmation class. All of them are twelve or thirteen with blond hair and blue eyes. Five of them are seeing psychiatrists, and they fight constantly over whose doctor has the biggest boat. I asked them about riots, and they thought they were "hairy."

At five-thirty I had to attend the Yacht Club Opening Cocktail party. This is my year to be Chaplain. (The charter requires the chaplaincy to alternate between the Congregational minister and myself.) It's a simple affair, really. I just bless the Sound from a yacht. Then we all drink a toast to Neptune. I was about to ask Commodore Stetson what he thought about riots when he fell overboard.

"It's the sun," Mrs. Stetson explained after he'd been hauled out and given coffee. "You know, daylight saving time."

I dined at the Allens. Mrs. Claxton and Miss Plum were there. Miss Plum expressed concern that the flowers had not yet arrived from New Jersey for May Market, a local affair held annually in June the Saturday after the opening cocktail party at the Yacht Club. Colonel Allen responded to her concern by announcing that he was doing the Canadian Air Force exercises and was already on Chart No. 3. During the cheese course, served with an especially fine Moet Brut, Mrs. Claxton invited me to a Nature Ramble on the golf course Sunday morning, which I had to regret. She appeared

genuinely sorry. Somehow, riots never seemed appropriate.

I said my Evening Office and retired around ten. At ten-thirty the truck arrived with the flowers from New Jersey, and Miss Plum called to say that the driver was using strong language. I dressed and brought him to the rectory for a beer, after which we unloaded the flowers together. The driver lives in Perth Amboy. I asked him what he thought about riots.

"Crazy."

It is thus my humble opinion that we in Lands End are immune to revolution. This is not to say, however, that we are without our problems. Mrs. Pratt, for example, daily becomes more of a worry.

Respectfully submitted,
Your humble and obedient servant

A little over five years later, of course, the people of Lands End read in their "Times" that their President had resigned. Although shocked and dismayed by the revelations of Watergate, as presumably Christians were everywhere, they pulled themselves together, according to my friend, and carried on. There were still coupons to be clipped, yachts to be launched, and elections to be won. And for my friend, I doubt not, prayers to be said.



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THE APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM



GOAL

To promote regional cooperation within Southern Appalachia toward preserving Appalachian heritage, assisting in solving current problems and improving quality of future life in the region.

OBJECTIVES

- foster a philosophy and spirit of interinstitutional, interagency and regional cooperation.
- serve as a mechanism to combine the limited resources of member institutions, agencies and concerned groups to implement projects beyond the capability of single institution, agency or group.
- promote a positive regional image.
- promote Appalachian Studies on an interinstitution and interdisciplinary basis.
- serve as a nonprofit corporation to handle interstate and interinstitutional development in Southern Appalachia.
- bring a humanistic perspective to the examination of the region's social, political, and economic problems.
- preserve, study and promote folk tradition, art, music, crafts and the cultural heritage of Southern Appalachia.
- engage in and support scientific and socio-economic research and foster the understanding of relationships between the physical and human environments as they relate to the quality of life in Southern Appalachia.
- serve as an educational mechanism for problem solving and meeting the challenges of the future.
- encourage and hold conferences, colloquia, seminars, symposia and meetings as well as publish and promote ideas and materials reflecting the Consortium's goals and objectives.



texas-bred killers with bloodyshot eyes from birth will be uncoated
we are drinking Bloody Marys for dinner
funny bury

ben will penland 1946.11.

A narrative sermon or sagger for gamecock season deep in the river
and blood of the world... rotheg t. smith...
the sons of hellas... tashiro, a. ... rafe's return... coulthard, r. ... remember
skip... jones... wells, c.j. ... smith... smith... smith... smith... smith... smith... smith... smith

From:
“A Narrative
Sermon or Saga
for
Gamecock Season
Deep
in the River
and Blood
of the World”

(AN EXCERPT)

RODNEY T. SMITH
FIRST AWARD

II

In the bole bees cluster in black masses humming ripeness like engines
in mazey combs molding honey to molten gold glowing in sourwood
though lion hides make better hives and bone marrow better stuns
nectar to syrup

Two Creole bucks in tuxedos whose vest pockets harbor straight razors
smoke cheroots and row their rented pirogue across the gulf scarcely
a cicatrix
traces the prow's light path oars dip slightly to ripple the duo
slowly
toward shore where reeds will part like raw recruits before the
bayonet charge
the boat will creak through thick waters where trunks rise to
buttress a low sky
spanish moss laces the cypress willow oak deep in the marsh
where one island
harbors a cajun gypsy camp where already rum makes the possible
rounds about
a small campfire with its gumbo-holding tripod presided over by
a conked sybil
chanting solemn odes of swamp, war, New Orleans whores here where
the language
barrier is shattered in slang over laughter men will stroke
moustaches nod by firelight starlight
dispute tomorrow's fights tempers flare like skyrockets rising
on roostertails,
sizzle to death in the swamp in outlaw brotherhood until
misty dawn with webs of dew brings the birds in latest rage and
pine-slat cages
dozens of Texas-bred killers with bloodshot eyes from birth
will be uncaged for the spectacle when spurs will flash in dust
like summer sirocco
broken byzantine-glass mosaic will spatter jewels blood feathers
til the moon
is stained money faithless as school mistresses in summer the
dead heaped like vegetable refuse
sweaty gents will diffuse as June rain into woods and home again
to wash
riteblood or saltwater sleep with wives to dream of violence
and love
and wake to dress in white for mass with its silver ciboreum,
censor, priest and prayer,
its memory singing the night before in litanies older than the cross

(continued on next page)

III

We are drinking Bloody Marys for Easter Sunday brunch at a place
 called "Feather's"
 not far from the holy shadows of St. Pat's steeple
 and the black boy brings the paper from home and we unfold it
 like a roadmap
 follow its tales like blood in veins recalling the heart's
 pressure chambers
 until we read beyond belief and almost past willpower

COCKFIGHT RAID NETS OVER TWO HUNDRED ARRESTS

down in Wilkes County where the shine of the moon is brighter
 than gems
 and coils of copper tubes are greased not to reply with light to
 stars or moon
 a community called Antioch state and local officers in vans
 and campers filtered
 in the bruiselight of dawn down along unnamed riverbeds
 to trap offenders from five states south of the Smith & Wesson Line
 to confiscate a gold trophy bearing a rampant rooster d'or
 pistols galore, spurs, trainer's sprays and salves, five dead chickens
 the living poultry left alone to flap futile wings in locked cages
 residents who complained stayed out of sight until the caravan of
 surprised citizens
 disappeared, then rush down a brutal horde to claim gamechickens
 for days of barbecue
 Caught in the act, red-handed, slang names it, referees and sponsors
 found themselves on bare cotsprings crowded into a pair of cells
 or chained to the flagpole
 casual observers and bettors shuffled \$35 from stakes to pay court costs
 and the minimal fine for "participation in a misdemeanor"
 (Imagine resumes with "Convicted cockfighter" stamped across the
 top indelible in red ink!)
 Brother, we could have been there, nothing up our rolled sleeves
 but sweat,
 Winstons dangling from the corners of our mouths like toughs inventing
 cash strategies about blue smoke until the cuffs locked their
 sawtoothed grins.
 But here we sit in bad light of this Village bar, dressed to the nines
 and smiling at low-cut women we could have been in the pits and
 ankle deep
 in the blood of our ancestors

IV

Deep, deep in magic land of voodoo swamp a black woman satin skin
 beaded with salt
 dances her life to vision frenzy infects her audience of worshipers
 who sway and clap
 a chicken's head severed spews red across nodding temples
 a language of tongues untyed chains the secret crowd by thick brush
 hidden
 and distance from Carondelet Street or Mardi Gras, king, queen,
 masque, parade
 here the song is life is death the dervish wail of demon lovers
 gasping for breath
 black gods drive the negro girl's body to obscene pantomime to
 open-eyed climax to hell
 and back: all on inspiration adrenalin of a lopped head less
 mythic than John's crown
 and lacking silver salver, still this dance makes Salome seem tame
 in the South
 where we are neither savage gothic nor queer just old rooted in
 mysteries we can neither
 shed nor understand mysteries of a passion we never claimed
 to control

A MASTERFUL PET

RICHARD JOHNSON
 MERIT AWARD

Before I have my breakfast
 I usually have some dog's kisses,
 And face and heart are tickled
 By the wisp of a wagging tail
 I have come to call my pet.
 Before I have my orange juice
 I usually have some puppy's paws
 Climbing muddy picks into my pants.
 Then I must stop and play the master,
 And scolding him he lays his head
 Upon my feet, with sad beseeching eye,
 A misty, silent question,
 "Who's the master, you or I?"

BULL'S BRANCH REVISITED

JOHN FOSTER WEST
 MERIT AWARD

The red clay hills have disappeared.
 The rock-ribbed ridges, slashed slopes,
 dirt that "would not sprout a pea,"
 (but for two hundred years grew shaggy corn)
 are covered over now, a mantle green
 with fieldpines, having been lapped
 across the land's scarred face.
 The gaunt old shack still squats
 black as weathered cow dung in the step
 notched in the steep slope.
 Creature of an austere past, it clings
 to two electric wires, its only link
 with a time just down the road.
 Bull's Branch is hidden in a sleeve of green.
 On the mountainside beyond,
 the pasture is a forest; timber-tall
 tulip poplar, oak and pine vie for room
 The spring is lost beneath a slide
 where Daniel Boone and I both knelt
 to satisfy our thirst,
 If, at this moment, he should come along,
 striding up the branch in battered hat,
 I would meet him on familiar ground.
 He would need to know what happened here
 between his day and mine. "Not much,"
 I'd say. "Six generations come and gone,
 a good many crops of corn, no spring now."
 The comfortable green forest all around
 would put him at his ease, and he could choose
 to disbelieve that time had passed at all;
 for even time stumbles and stays its pace
 passing among tall trees.

THE SONS OF HELLAS

AIJI TASHIRO
MERIT AWARD

Everybody called him Pete, but of course, that wasn't his real name. He was a Greek and he served the best roast beef sandwiches and coffee on Vine Street. Even Ames, who regarded himself as quite an Epicurean, admitted in a grudging way that Pete served good food.

"Odd, isn't it," Ames remarked, "two thousand years ago his ancestors were known for carving beautiful statues from marble; now they have a reputation for carving magnificent slices out of more mundane mediums like roast beef." He delivered this philosophical observation with his usual condescending air of boredom over our fourth cup of coffee. Then he forgot my existence as his attention was diverted to a customer who had just entered the restaurant which, until that moment, had been deserted except for ourselves. The newcomer walked over to Pete and addressed him in a foreign tongue.

"My word," whistled Ames, "they're talking Greek!"

I couldn't help but wonder, at times, how genuine the talents were that Ames apparently possessed. He had travelled extensively and was well read which lent some plausibility to his claim that he was versed in half-dozen languages.

"What are they saying?" I asked humbly.

"Hashing over the 'Battle of Marathon,'" Ames snapped as if my inability to understand a simple conversation in Greek annoyed him. He seemed to regret his rudeness a moment later. "They are talking about the war. It seems that the visitor's name is Antonakos, and he's just come from Greece. Pete has four sons in the Greek Army, and he's asking Antonakos for news of them."

Perhaps Ames sensed my doubts as to the veracity of his statements, for he interrupted my reply with an irritated toss of his head and a gesture for silence. He was listening to the conversation at the far end of the room.

"I suppose the sons send their love to papa," I said sarcas-

tically, still a little miffed with his sarcasm.

"Antonakos says that one of them was killed," Ames said with a trace of annoyance.

Pete's countenance seemed to bear out Ames' statement. He was listening in silence as his visitor talked on. For the first time I noticed that his features bore that calm, brooding look so often portrayed in Greek statuary. The same thoughtful brow; the sculptured lips - how often I had seen them in museum pieces of the Hellenic period. The little cafe owner might have been Achilles grieving inwardly for Patroclus -- or Priam listening with mingled pride and sorrow as news came to him of the death of Hector. I was disgusted with Ames who seemed to have forgotten the incident as he meticulously fashioned a pair of dice from some sugar cubes. It did not seem possible that anyone could show such a lack of interest when a touching drama was taking place before his eyes.

"I always thought he had a bottle of wine somewhere about," Ames said suddenly, pointing toward Pete. Pete had reached under the cash register and brought forth a bottle of wine which he placed on the table beside his guest. He spoke a few words and carefully began to fill two glasses. "A toast," Ames said in a low voice, "he's proposing a toast." He nudged me as if to say that here was something that even my ignorance could comprehend.

As I sat there watching the two Greeks, I became acutely aware of how lacking we Americans were in gestures of this sort. A gallant soldier had passed on. Toast his memory with the wine he loved. He had died for Greece, to be sure, but the cause was freedom over which no race had a monopoly including our own country. I resented the flicker of amusement that flashed over Ames' face. Perhaps he had read my thoughts. I excused it with the recollection that Ames abhorred any display of sentiment.

The two Greeks stood erect; their heels clicked. I saw the two glasses meet over the center of the marble topped table.

Fragments from forgotten courses in history swirled about in my mind. Leonidas ... Thermopole, and the handful of Greeks defying a host of invading Persians. Only the place had changed. Somewhere in the mountains of Albania, perhaps history had repeated itself. The son of Pete smiling as his machine gun spat death among a horde of Italian invaders Somehow, it didn't seem right that I

should be sitting there smugly drinking coffee. I interrupted Ames' anecdote about the girl who had mistaken him for Tyrone Power and suggested that we call it an evening. Ames responded grouchily as if he were deeply offended at my suggestion.

"Sorry," I blurted when we stepped out into the neon-lighted night, "but it sort of got to me."

Ames buttoned his coat and laughed. "I hate to spoil the nice little illusion you've created," was his dry comment.

"'Old Ironsides' to the end, aren't you," I said, wondering how he could read my mind so easily. I couldn't dismiss the picture of that heroic stand far up on the mountainside from my mind. The endless waves of Italians charging across the snow. The defiant cries of the Greek defenders. The fierce hand-to-hand fighting as the ammunition dwindled the grim climax and the limp figures sprawled out grotesquely in the bloodstained snow.

"What a pity you don't understand Greek," Ames said, bringing me back to Vine Street. "And whom do you suppose Pete was toasting?"

"Why his dead son, of course," I answered in an irritated voice, "after all, I wouldn't have to be a linguist to know that."

"That's where you are wrong," Ames smiled in his superior way, "he was toasting the three sons who are living."

"But the one who was killed," I protested.

"Killed after he had accepted a bribe to lead the Italian troops across the mountains. The three brothers discovered the plot and shot him." Ames laughed at my discomforture.

I had nothing to say. There were times when I had no way of checking the veracity of Ames' statements.

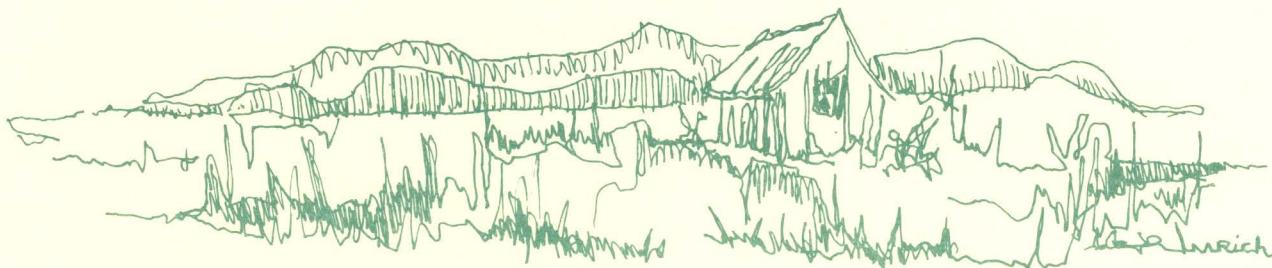
OFF SWEETEN CREEK

TYLER COX
MERIT AWARD

The old farm shed leans to the south
off Sweeten Creek in a quiet valley
surrounded by mountain shadows.
Gone are summer days of storing hay in August,
the keeper of winter's fodder.

Now the weathered walls lean with age.
Now the vines and climbing bittersweet
Cling to the neglected shed
with its rusty tin roof
and crooked, knotty boards.
The shattered panes of glass
have fallen to the ground.

Long about five
the rattle and rhythm of the railroad
breaks the quiet stillness for a moment.
It fades, and the train whistle
echoes in the distance.
The old gray shed will lean to the south
until it crumbles in death --
Off Sweeten Creek.



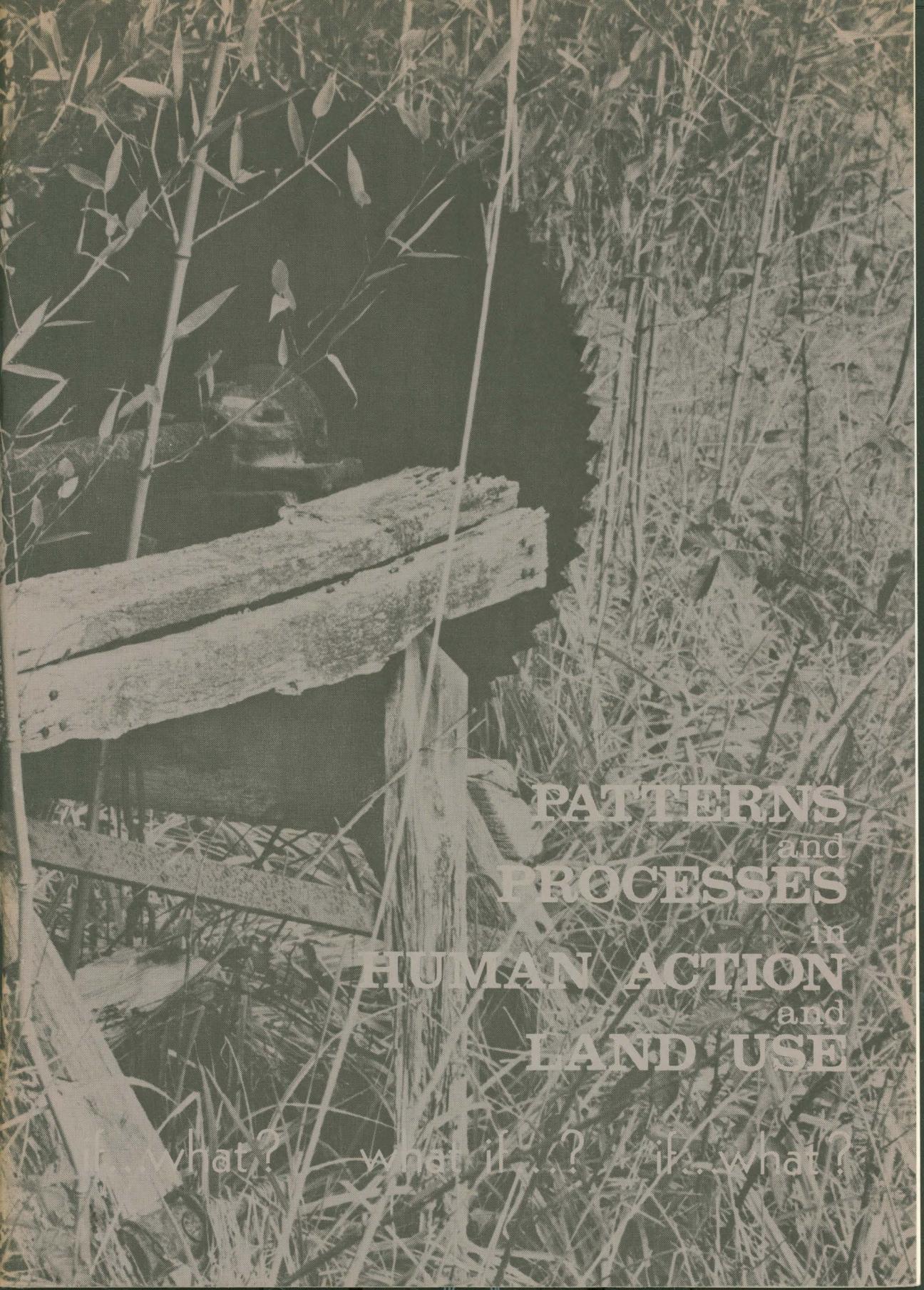




Laurel Leaves

Vol. 5, No.1, April 1978

Circle Saw Photograph by Joel Robert Poteat



**PATTERNS
and
PROCESSES
in
HUMAN ACTION
and
LAND USE**

what? what if...? if...what?

PATTERNS AND PROCESSES
IN
HUMAN ACTION
AND
LAND-USE

A planning-group meeting called by the Appalachian Consortium in Greensboro, North Carolina in 1977 with academic humanists and land-use specialists from the coastal region, the Piedmont, and the mountain region of North Carolina decided that position papers considering the ethics and human consequences of land-use planning and legislation, as well as the lack of it, were needed for study before public forums were widely scheduled in 1978 and 1979 to debate the issues and values involved in both coastal and mountain regional planning. That meeting and this publication were partially funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities through the North Carolina Humanities Committee and by the Appalachian Consortium. These papers do not necessarily reflect the views of the above organizations but represent the positions of the authors who offer them for discussion.

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FOREWORD

When the planning group first met to discuss the role the Appalachian Consortium would play in promoting Land Use Planning in North Carolina, there was considerable skepticism, particularly among the participants from the mountains and the coastal regions, where it was felt that the issue had been fairly "talked to death." Politicians, developers, environmentalists, and college professors had all worked the subject over, predicting or promising a variety of futures, some fairly convincing, but none based on much more than guesswork. If the subject was to be raised again, the planning group felt that the public deserved more and better.

But more and better what? This was the question the planning group sought to answer. What service was the Consortium uniquely equipped to deliver? It could provide spokesmen to define and promote environmental ethics. This was good and necessary, but not enough. Could we offer anything that would be of tangible assistance to town and county planners in devising their own land use plans — something that would aid them in answering the difficult question, "What will happen if . . . ?" The answer was that the Consortium did have that capability — namely the computer modeling techniques that are currently being used to chart the futures of many of the constituent institutions of the Consortium. What would happen if these programs were made available to community planners?

The Consortium hopes to discover the answer to that question over the next two years as it conducts Land Use Planning forums, stressing the need for planning and exhibiting the computer model which will aid in establishing such plans. This booklet is the first step in that program.

In the first paper, Professor Nicholls convinces us of the need for an environmental plan and singles out the most desirable of several alternatives. In the second, Professors Reiman and Epperson describe the contribution the Consortium is prepared to make in helping North Carolina communities achieve an effective land use plan.

J. Karl Nicholas
Western Carolina University
January 30, 1978

STRIVING FOR A COMMON SENSE OF ENVIRONMENTAL ETHICS

by

Leland L. Nicholls

INTRODUCTION

Probably never in the history of the world has one country had such a number of professional planners. Never has planning been the butt of such criticism. Never have we been more needful of planning. Jane Kay Holtz, an architecture critic for *The Nation*, recently observed that:

Under the umbrella of "planning" sit tree planters and national energy policy makers, solid-waste technicians and neighborhood preservationists; those who want to play games to discover local needs and those who want to push computer buttons; guerilla architects and Henry Ford. Is it to be physical planning or social planning? Regional or local? New buildings or old? And what of the new environmental/ecological "input"?

I have come to this beautiful mountain setting today to share some observations about the sources of ecological "input" and the nature of ecoethics as often professed and championed by an eloquent and environmentally sensitive colleague, Dr. Earl Cook, College of Geosciences, Texas A and M University. I have used a number of observations and sources of information to fill my ever changing tool chest of wisdom, but I have developed a deepened respect for the common and uncommon sense of Cook, Hardin, Thomas, Marsh, Olmsted, Thoreau, Leopold and Mumford to be some of the most valuable in a short fourteen year career of teaching environmental problems at the high school and university level.

ENVIRONMENTAL ETHICS

An ethic is a cultural template that limits our freedom of action and directs our efforts in the struggle for existence. Technology and our control of energy, including energy stored as money, tell us what we can do. An ethic tells us what we may do, among all the things we can do, and of the things we may do, which are better to do than others. Conversely, an ethic tells us what we may not do, and most ethical codes are cast in a negative mold.

An ethic describes or implies a set of cultural goals, as well as action modes or strategies for achieving those goals. The cultural goal of the Christian community is the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth; the indicated action mode, however, depends on the means or strategy chosen to achieve that goal, and Christian strategies have ranged from ruthless conversion of the pagan and aggressive extermination of the infidel to kindly persuasion, meek example, and hopeful prayer. There are, therefore, several Christian ethics and associated conduct codes, as Christians have found it more difficult to agree on appropriate means than on the desired end.

- A. In the selected periods, at the present rate of change, from now until the year 2030 the man-land ratio acres for mountain counties will decrease from 5.39 to 1.63, or, stated another way, in sixty years there will be a decrease from 5.39 acres per person to 1.63 acres per person.
- B. The coastal counties during the same period will decrease from 4.88 to 1.76. This not only portrays a dramatic change in the man-land ratio over a sixty year period but it also shows that two different physical areas of the state are changing at roughly the same rate.
- C.
 - (1) Buncombe and New Hanover (the two major urban counties) will each have a man-land ratio of less than 1.0 acre per person in 2030.
 - (2) The predominately rural counties are decreasing in man-land ratio at a faster rate than the predominately urban counties.
- D. Representative questions can be asked:
 - (1) When will the man-land ratio acres become 0?
 - (2) Why is one physiographic region not changing at a faster rate than another?
 - (3) What human actions could be taken to change or reverse the rate of increase?

II. Farmland

- A. The percent of croplands of farm acreage in the mountain counties and coastal counties over the sixty year period is increasing by approximately 1 percent while the percent of cropland of total acreage is decreasing by about 1 percent.
- B. Percent of land in farms in the mountain counties will decrease about 8 percent by 2030 while the percent of land in farms in coastal counties will only decrease by 3 percent.
- C. Watauga County accounts for most of the percentage increase for percent of cropland in farm acres in the mountain counties yet it is increasing in urban population.
- D. Representative questions are:
 - (1) What is causing the increase in cropland at the same rate in each area?
 - (2) Where is the land going that is leaving farmland classification?
 - (3) Why is farmland decreasing faster in mountain counties than in coastal counties?

III. Transportation

- A. Land being utilized for both primary and secondary roads in both the mountain counties and the coastal counties will be insignificant by 2030 with only .03 percent change in each area.
- B. Mountain counties have more acres in transportation routes than coastal counties.
- C. Representative questions are:
 - (1) Why do mountain counties use more land in transportation routes?
 - (2) Why will the change be insignificant by 2030?

IV. *Recreation*

- A. The percent of the total land in recreation in both the mountain and coastal counties will increase less than 1 percent each by 2030. Even so the percent of the total in the mountain counties at the present rate of change will be 15.14 by 2030 and that for the coastal counties would be 8.49 percent.
- B. A representative question would be:
If recreational land area were doubled by 2030 what would be the significance?

Other revelations from the sample program are shown in graphic form in Figures 7-13.

Another interesting feature of the methodology is that any one line (or set of related lines) can be changed at will and the results of the change(s) will be reflected in subsequent reports. An example of this is shown in Figures 14-15. The change here has been to assume that the rate of population change for the coastal counties will level off about the year 2000, while the mountain counties continue to increase. A change of this nature can be tacked onto the basic program and recalculated during the same computer run.

STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES OF THE MODEL

It should be obvious that the "facts" generated by this kind of methodology are purely hypothetical — they depend entirely on the validity of the assumptions. One way to raise the quality of the assumptions would be to have them derived by a "jury", or a panel of experts who are knowledgeable about the issues. Use of the "Delphi" technique would further enhance the value of assumptions.

However, it is not the intent of simulation to discover *facts*, but rather to raise questions. The questions raised can thereby form the bases for discussions that will be much more meaningful than would be the case in the absence of data.

The major weakness of this approach lies in the data *per se*. Accurate, compatible data, through time, are exceedingly difficult to obtain. Large gaps exist, definitions have changed, and the quality/quantity of data are often very uneven. Many elements of data are non-existent. For example, when land is removed from the classification "farmland", where does it go? Because there is no comprehensive scheme for classifying *all* land, much land is not classified at all. Better methods of accounting for land, using mutually-exclusive categories, must be developed. However, another technological development that may be of great help is the recently-released (by the U.S. Government) digitized land use data that has been acquired by satellite (LANDSAT).

Another obvious asset/problem with this type of methodology is its simplicity. Because it is simple, variables can be isolated and dealt with individually. On the other hand, when the interrelationships between and among variables become very complex it is difficult, if not impossible, to manipulate all of them. Some modest level of complexity will have to be accepted.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

The short sample program that has been illustrated herein shows that the methodology described can be used to produce data that will have application to further discussions of the impact of possible, probable, or desired changes in land use. Information so derived will provide a more logical framework for examining both simple and fairly complex man-land inter-relationships. Use of this technique in other planning applications has shown that perceptions of the impact of change become much more clear to the discussants thereof when they are able to focus on the implications of "hard" data.

This first attempt only scratches the surface. Some examples of other variables that might be manipulated are as follows:

1. Specific urban land uses (e.g., industrial, commercial, parking, etc.)
2. Tourism-related land use (e.g., private facilities, support facilities, etc.)
3. Monetary aspects (e.g., economic impacts, tax bases, value-added, etc.)
4. Quality variables (e.g., water, air, esthetics, etc.)
5. Human variables (e.g., social responsibility, impact of minorities, etc.)

As stated previously, the process may indeed be more important than the product. It does ask that the humanist look through the window-pane (of life) as clearly and distinctly as does the "scientist." On the other hand it is imperative that the scientist and/or planner provide for the humanist the best data available upon which assumptions can be based. It is in this cooperative approach that the real value of the process will be manifested.

MATRIX ANALYSIS

APPALACHIAN COMPUTER TIME
W/C DATA PROJECT
RUN C01

ANALYSIS OF MATRIX
FOR A
6 PERIOD FORECAST

DEC 15, 1977

BASE YR. 1970

LINE	DESCRIPTION	BASE	METHOD OF COMPUTATION
0095	PI ACRES LAND IN FARMS	272575	PERCENT DECREASE OF 1 PERIOD
0096	WA ACRES LAND IN FARMS	100590	PERCENT DECREASE OF 5 PERIOD
0097	UC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	371040	SUM OF LINES 89,90,91,96
0098	CC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	472380	SUM OF LINES 91,92,93,95
0099	THIS LINE RESERVED		
0100	PI PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	33.28	EQUATION LINE 89/ LINE 45 * 100
0101	WA PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	39.04	EQUATION LINE 90 / LINE 46 * 100
0102	CH PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	49.70	EQUATION LINE 91 / LINE 47 * 100
0103	CR PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	27.29	EQUATION LINE 92 / LINE 48 * 100
0104	JA PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	17.89	EQUATION LINE 93 / LINE 49 * 100
0105	SH PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	12.83	EQUATION LINE 94 / LINE 50 * 100
0106	PI PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	64.92	EQUATION LINE 95 / LINE 51 * 100
0107	WA PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	49.12	EQUATION LINE 96 / LINE 52 * 100
0108	UC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	33.96	EQUATION LINE 97 / LINE 53 * 100
0109	CC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	42.06	EQUATION LINE 98 / LINE 54 * 100
0110	THIS LINE RESERVED		
0111	AV AC CROPLAND HARVESTED	7180	PERCENT DECREASE OF 1 PERIOD
0112	BU AC CROPLAND HARVESTED	22775	PERCENT DECREASE OF 5 PERIOD
0113	CH AC CROPLAND HARVESTED	29001	PERCENT DECREASE OF 1 PERIOD

MC Mountain Counties
AV-Avery, BU-Buncombe, JA-Jackson, WA-Watauga

Figure 1
Sample Page -- Listing of Data Cards
(for verification)

CC Coastal Counties
CH-Chowan, CR-Craven, NH-New Hanover, PI-Pitt

APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM
M/C DATA PROJECT

MATRIX ANALYSIS

DEC 15, 1977
RUN CO1

LINE NO.	PLANNING ITEM	1980	1990	2000	2010	2020	2030	2040
67	CC URBAN POPULATION	162930.82	191684.44	239125.20	284046.68	338016.28	402944.66	46138.62
68								
69	AV ACRES LAND IN FARMS	47343.60	42609.24	38349.42	34513.49	31062.14	27955.93	13.32
70	BU ACRES LAND IN FARMS	193101.05	145446.00	138173.70	131255.01	124701.76	118466.68	11.12
71	CH ACRES LAND IN FARMS	54389.50	51666.13	49847.72	46630.48	44298.96	42064.01	10.71
72	CR ACRES LAND IN FARMS	125362.71	124109.08	122867.99	121639.31	120422.92	119218.69	10.24
73	JA ACRES LAND IN FARMS	51018.30	45916.47	43246.73	37192.25	33475.11	30255.66	10.10
74	NH ACRES LAND IN FARMS	15129.70	14373.22	13654.55	12971.83	12923.24	11707.07	9.14
75	PI ACRES LAND IN FARMS	269849.25	267150.76	264479.25	261834.46	259216.12	25623.99	9.04
76	WA ACRES LAND IN FARMS	95560.50	90782.48	86243.35	81931.18	77834.63	73942.89	8.52
77	WC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	347723.45	324756.19	304690.50	284902.04	267071.65	250491.30	7.75
78	CC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	464729.16	450730.18	450386.42	443076.08	436261.23	429633.73	7.09
79								
80	AV PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	29.93	26.95	24.26	21.83	19.65	17.68	6.61
81	BU PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	37.09	35.23	33.47	31.80	30.21	28.70	10.39
82	CH PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	47.21	44.85	42.61	40.48	38.45	36.59	9.94
83	CR PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	27.02	26.75	26.48	26.22	25.95	25.69	7.24
84	JA PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	16.10	14.49	13.64	11.74	10.87	9.91	2.56
85	NH PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	12.19	11.58	11.00	10.45	9.93	9.49	2.02
86	PI PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	64.27	63.63	63.00	62.37	61.74	61.12	6.33
87	WA PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	46.66	44.33	42.71	40.01	38.01	36.10	6.61
88	WC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	31.76	29.73	27.83	26.08	24.45	22.99	5.77
89	CC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	41.38	40.71	40.07	39.64	38.86	38.25	7.22

Figure 2

Sample page -- Matrix Displaying Each Planning Item

APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM
W/C DATA PROJECT

Figure 3
Sample page - Special Report
(In this case, all the

data for one county)									
LINE	PLANNING ITEM	1980	1990	2000	2010	2020	2030	2040	2050
12	AV TOTAL POPULATION	13224.47	13811.58	14441.46	15091.32	15776.3	16488.16	17210.0	17931.8
23	AV LAND AREA SQ MILES	247.00	247.00	247.00	247.00	247.00	247.00	247.00	247.00
33	AV HNL RATIO SQ MI/1000	18.66	17.87	17.10	16.37	15.66	14.99	14.32	13.65
45	AV LAND AREA ACRES	158080.00	158080.00	158080.00	158080.00	158080.00	158080.00	158080.00	158080.00
56	AV HNL=LAND RATIO ACRES	11.95	11.44	10.95	10.47	10.02	9.59	9.17	8.75
67	AV PCT URBAN	25.00	26.00	27.00	28.00	29.00	30.00	31.00	32.00
78	AV URBAN POPULATION	30367.12	35931.09	39991.19	42251.57	45731.42	49441.03	53151.60	56862.17
89	AV ACRES LAND IN FARMS	47343.60	42609.24	38848.32	34513.49	31062.14	27951.93	24741.70	21531.50
100	AV PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	29.95	26.95	24.26	21.83	19.65	17.68	15.81	14.04
111	AV AC CROPLAND HARVESTED	6103.00	5187.55	4409.42	3748.01	3185.00	2707.99	2329.98	1959.97
122	AV PCT CROP OF FARM AC	12.89	12.17	11.10	10.86	10.26	9.69	9.02	8.35
133	AV PCT CROP OF TOTAL AC	3.86	3.28	2.79	2.37	2.02	1.71	1.45	1.20
144	AV AC PM WOOD PAS+NONPAS	19979.76	17096.59	14703.17	12644.64	10874.39	9331.98	7941.42	6542.85
155	AV PCT FM WOOD OF TOT AC	12.58	10.82	9.40	8.00	6.88	5.92	4.94	4.02
166	AC PCT FM WOOD OF FARM A	41.99	40.12	39.34	36.64	35.01	33.45	31.90	30.36
177	AV AC TRANS PRIM ROADS	1032.06	1034.12	1036.19	1038.26	1040.34	1042.42	1044.50	1046.58
188	AV AC TRANS SEC ROADS	1848.69	1855.39	1856.09	1859.80	1863.52	1867.25	1871.00	1874.75
199	AV AC TRANS CUBIC FT/SEC	3687.71	3692.43	3697.16	3703.89	3706.63	3711.38	3716.13	3720.90
210	AV PCT TRACTS OF TOT AC	2.33	2.34	2.34	2.34	2.34	2.33	2.33	2.33
211	AV AC REC LAND (WATER)	28.00	28.00	28.00	28.00	28.00	28.00	28.00	28.00
322	AV AC REC LAND(SITE) DEV	3674.33	4401.67	5133.10	5862.33	6591.67	7321.00	8051.33	8771.67
333	AV AC REC LAND (SITE) NAT	39553.00	39553.00	39553.00	39553.00	39553.00	39553.00	39553.00	39553.00
344	AV AC REC LAND TOTAL	43227.33	43486.00	43445.33	43414.67	43414.67	43414.67	43414.67	43414.67
355	AV PCT REC LAND OF TOTAL	27.35	27.81	28.27	28.73	29.19	29.65	30.11	30.57
366	AV HNL RATIO REC LAND	3.01	3.09	3.18	3.27	3.36	3.44	3.52	3.60

APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM
M/C DATA PROJECT

WV/VA/PA COUNTIES

DEC 15 1977

Figure 4
Special Report == Mountain counties
data aggregated

LINE NO.	PLANNING ITEM	1980	1990	2000	2010	2020
20	MC TOTAL POPULATION	245906.32	299169.02	364932.15	446232.48	546657.13
31	MC LAND AREA SQ MILES	170.00	170.00	170.00	170.00	170.00
41	MC M-L RATIO SQ MI/1000	6.94	5.71	4.46	3.83	3.12
53	MC LAND AREA ACRES	1092480	1092480	1092480	1092480	1092480
64	MC MAN-LAND RATIO ACRES	4.44	3.65	2.99	2.65	2.00
75	MC PCT M/LRAN	0.48	0.57	0.53	0.53	0.54
86	MC URBAN POPULATION	118236.40	150728.85	192046.82	237216.39	293589.58
97	MC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	347023.45	324754.19	304996.20	284902.04	267071.65
108	MC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	31.76	29.73	27.93	26.08	24.45
119	MC AC CROPLAND HARVESTED	640455.03	657622.39	57923.64	55472.88	53361.51
130	MC PCT CRUP OF FARM AC	16.46	18.51	19.75	19.47	19.98
141	MC PCT CRUP OF TOTAL AC	5.86	5.66	5.30	5.08	4.88
152	MC AC FM W/OD PAS+NONPAS	1616217	146344.21	13376.97	121015.73	110197.45
163	MC PCT FM W/OD OF TOT AC	14.75	13.40	12.18	11.08	10.09
174	MC PCT FM W/OD LF FARM A	46.44	45.46	43.74	42.48	41.26
185	MC AC TRANS PRIM ROADS	6279.30	6286.61	6291.93	6301.26	6308.60
196	MC AC TRANS SEC ROADS	15994.00	16040.13	16584.40	16132.80	16179.34
207	MC AC TRANS CLUMB PR/SEC	23080.26	23132.67	23185.21	23237.89	23290.71
218	MC PCT TRANS OF TOT AC	2.11	2.12	2.12	2.13	2.14
319	MC AC REC LAND (WATER)	1307.00	1307.00	1307.00	1307.00	1307.00
330	MC AC REC LAND (SITE)DEV	11834.17	13195.33	14556.50	15917.67	17778.83
341	MC AC REC LAND (SITE)NAT	146810.00	146810.00	146810.00	146810.00	146810.00
352	MC AC REC LAND TOTAL	158644.17	160005.33	161366.50	162727.67	164088.83
363	MC PCT REC LAND OF TOTAL	14.52	14.53	14.77	14.90	15.02
374	MC M-L RATIO REC LAND	0.65	0.64	0.63	0.62	0.61

APPALACHIAN CONSERVATION
MC DATA PROJECT

COASTAL COUNTIES

Figure 5
Special Report == Coastal counties
data aggregated

LINE NO.	ITEM	1990	1990	2010	2010
21	CC TOTAL POPULATION	27195.26	320276.14	449769.34	516659.24
32	CC LAND AREA SQ MILES	1755.00	1755.00	1755.00	1755.00
42	CC M-L RATIO SQ MI/1000	5.48	4.63	3.90	3.28
54	CC LAND AREA ACRES	1123200	1123200	1123200	1123200
65	CC MAN-LAND RATIO ACRES	4.14	3.51	2.96	2.10
76	CC PCT URBAN	0.60	0.62	0.63	0.63
87	CC URBAN POPULATION	16230.82	197168.44	239125.20	3301018.28
98	CC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	464729.16	450086.52	430261.23	429533.73
109	CC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	41.38	40.71	39.45	38.84
120	CC AC CROPLAND HARVESTED	188221.41	186016.33	183665.59	181765.41
131	CC PCT CROP OF FARM AC	40.50	40.68	40.85	41.02
142	CC PCT CROP OF TOTAL AC	16.76	16.56	16.37	16.18
153	CC AC FM WOOD PAS+NONPAS	193495.77	182736.98	172256.72	163205.69
164	CC PCT FM WOOD OF TOT AC	17.23	16.27	15.37	14.53
175	CC PCT FM WOOD OF FARM A	41.64	39.96	39.36	36.83
186	CC AC TRANS PRIM ROADS	5841.43	5840.87	5958.13	5866.80
197	CC AC TRANS SEC ROADS	13068.05	13098.19	13124.41	13152.71
208	CC AC TRANS COMB PRI/SEC	18994.46	18944.66	18087.74	19019.51
219	CC PCT TRANS OF TOT AC	1.66	1.69	1.69	1.70
320	CC AC REC LAND (WATER)	176.00	176.00	176.00	176.00
331	CC AC REC LAND (SITE/DEV)	6269.33	6880.67	7492.70	8133.33
342	CC AC REC LAND (SITE)NAT	86047.00	86047.00	86047.00	86047.00
353	CC AC REC LAND TOTAL	92316.33	92927.67	93339.00	94150.33
364	CC PCT REC LAND OF TOTAL	8.22	8.27	8.33	8.44
375	CC M-L RATIO REC LAND	0.34	0.29	0.25	0.18

APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM
W/C DATA PROJECT

ACRES/PCT LAND IN FARMS

DEC 15, 1977
RUN CO1

LINE NO.	PLANNING ITEM	1980.	1990.	2010.	2020.	2030.
89	AV ACRES LAND IN FARMS	47333.60	42605.24	38581.2	34513.49	31062.14
100	AV PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	29.95	26.95	24.26	21.83	19.65
90	BU ACRES LAND IN FARMS	15311.05	14844.00	13817.70	131265.01	124701.76
101	BU PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	37.09	35.23	33.67	31.80	30.21
91	CH ACRES LAND IN FARMS	56367.50	51668.13	49564.72	46630.48	44298.96
102	CH PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	47.21	46.85	45.61	40.48	38.45
92	CR ACRES LAND IN FARMS	123362.71	124109.08	122267.99	121639.31	120422.92
103	CR PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	27.02	26.75	26.48	26.22	25.95
93	JA ACRES LAND IN FARMS	51018.30	45911.47	41324.83	37192.35	33473.11
104	JA PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	16.10	14.49	13.04	11.74	10.97
94	NH ACRES LAND IN FARMS	15129.70	14373.22	13654.85	12971.83	12323.24
105	NH PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	12.19	11.58	11.00	10.45	9.93
95	PI ACRES LAND IN FARMS	269849.25	267150.76	264499.55	261834.46	259216.12
106	PI PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	64.27	63.63	63.00	62.37	61.74
96	WA ACRES LAND IN FARMS	95560.50	90782.48	86343.25	81931.18	77834.63
107	WA PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	46.66	44.33	42.11	40.01	38.01
97	WC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	347023.45	324754.19	304090.20	284902.04	267071.65
108	WC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	31.76	29.73	27.93	26.08	24.45
98	CC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	464729.16	457301.18	450086.52	443076.08	436261.23
109	CC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	41.36	40.71	40.07	39.45	38.84

Figure 6
Special Report == Comparison of
Selected Planning
Items

Religious ethics deal mainly with relations between the individuals; political ethics attempt to guide relations between the individual and society; and environmental ethics, insofar as they exist, attempt to define man's role in relation to his environment.

Although conservationists such as Aldo Leopold have maintained that man has yet to develop an environmental ethic — and that he desperately needs to do so — I, too, maintain that there are ethical foundations for much of man's planned actions relating to his environment.

Three major ethical positions have arisen in today's discussions and controversies about environmental problems: the development ethic, the preservation ethic, and the equilibrium ethic. By definition, these are ethical positions because they imply cultural goals and state action modes or strategies for achieving those goals.

Each of these ecoethics has its own appropriate code of conduct against which individual, political, or corporate morality may be measured. It hardly seems necessary to point out that an action that may be moral in terms of one ecoethic can be a sin in the context of one or both of the others.

The development ethic is the modern version of the dominion or conquest ethic, an important element of Judeo-Christian teleology which holds that man and nature are separate and that man has dominion over nature. "Be fruitful and multiply," man was told (Genesis 1:28), "and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon earth." In this world view, good comes from the management and mastery of nature, and it comes from action, not from contemplation or from esthetic sensitivity.

The development ethic is reinforced by the work ethic which holds that work is good, and that any sort of non-work, except the rest needed to restore strength, is bad. Under the work ethic, contemplation is shunned, action is sought, continuous change is regarded as progress, bigger and faster are better, and economic and population growth are good.

The work ethic, which also finds Biblical sanction (II Thessalonians 3:10, "If anyone will not work, let him not eat."), got its great impetus from St. Benedict who taught that idleness is the enemy of the soul and who founded a great working order that at one time counted some 40,000 monasteries under its rule. The Puritans brought the work ethic to America: Cotton Mather denounced any "frolick" and proclaimed "what is not useful is vicious." The Puritan philosophy has dominated American business and was expressed very clearly by Henry Ford when he said, "I do not believe a man can ever leave his business. He ought to think of it by day and dream of it by night."

The development (work-conquest) ethic is still the dominant template controlling the release of human energy in America. In regard to nature it means that a dammed and diverted stream is good whereas a wild river is "lawless"; that any natural resource, once perceived, must be developed else the perceptor is un-American and probably sinful. The resource developer believes he is one of the vertebrae in the backbone of the country. He points with pride to the new capital he has produced, to the economic multiplier effects of his activity, to the contribution he is making to regional

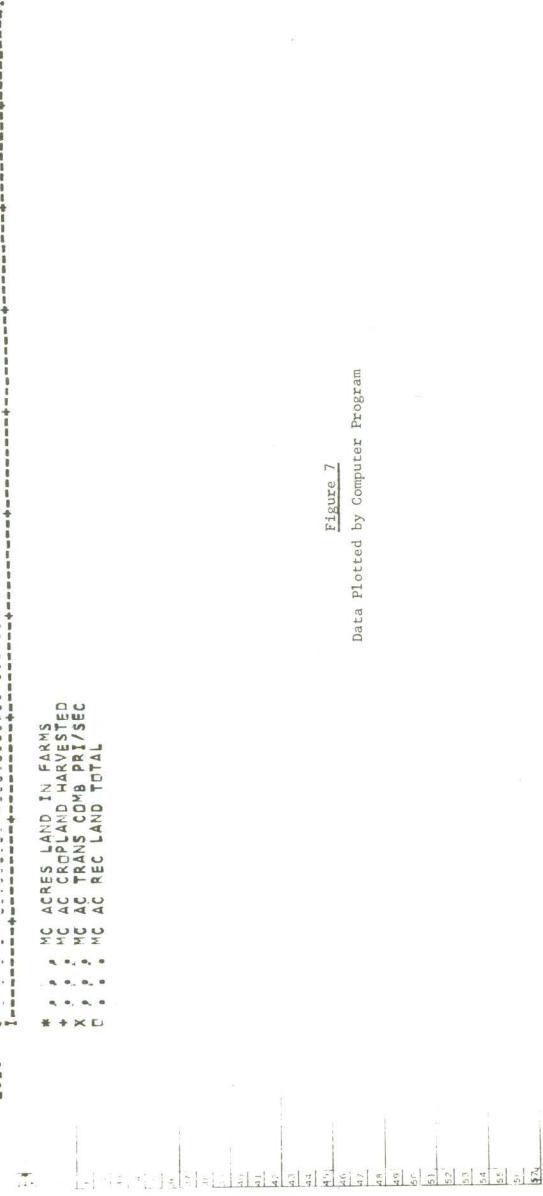
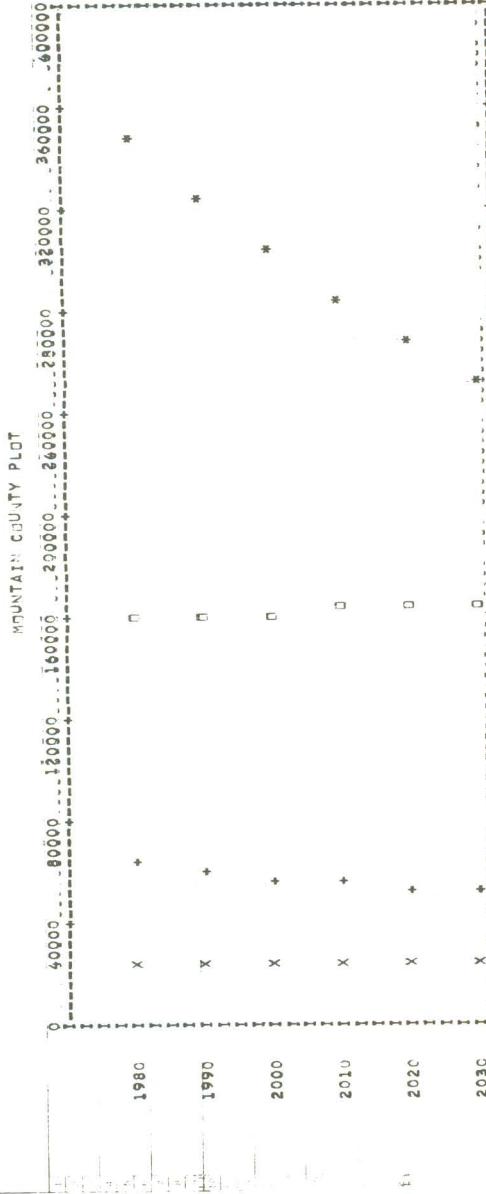


Figure 7
Data plotted by Computer program

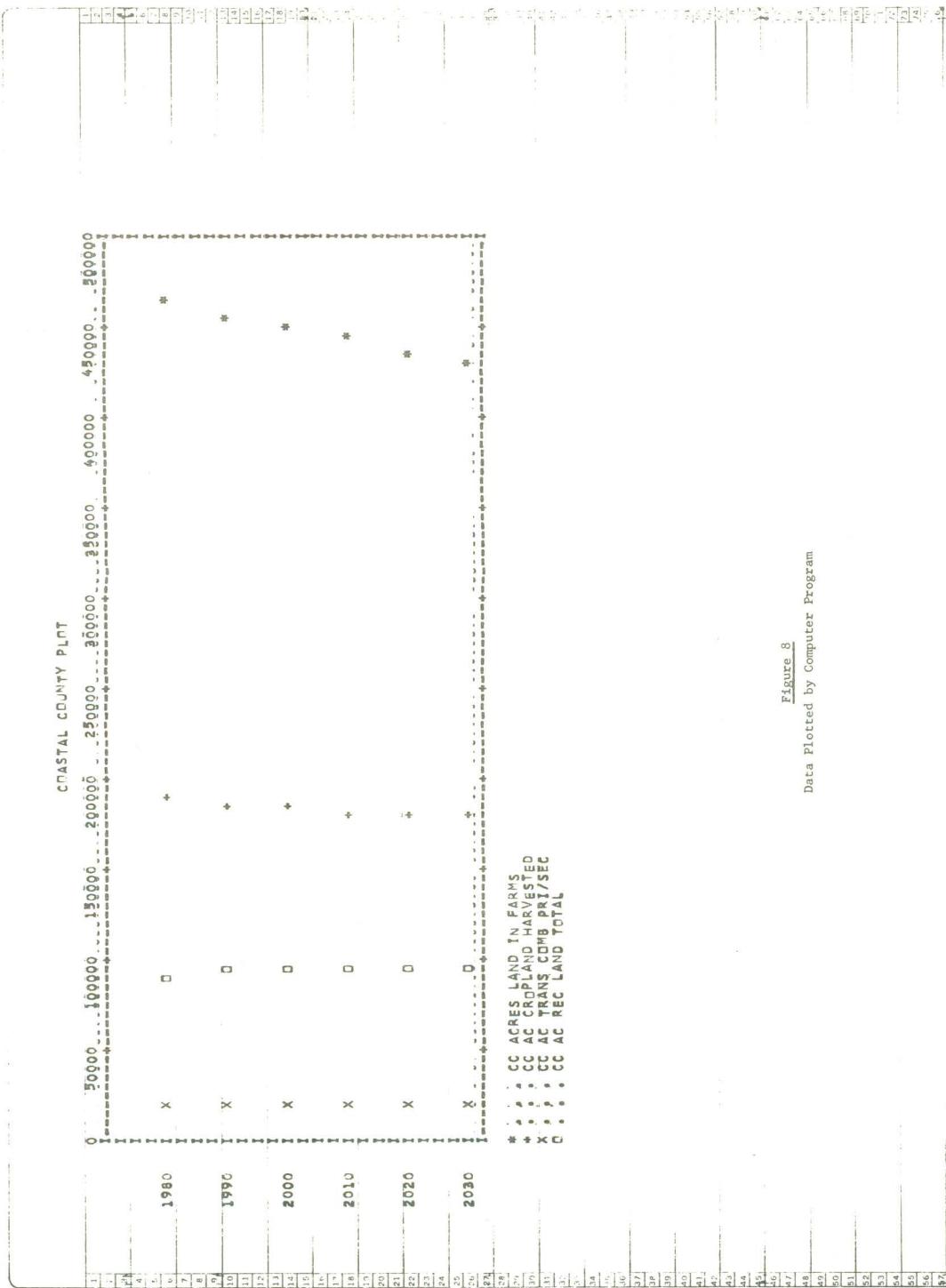


Figure 8
Data Plotted by Computer Program

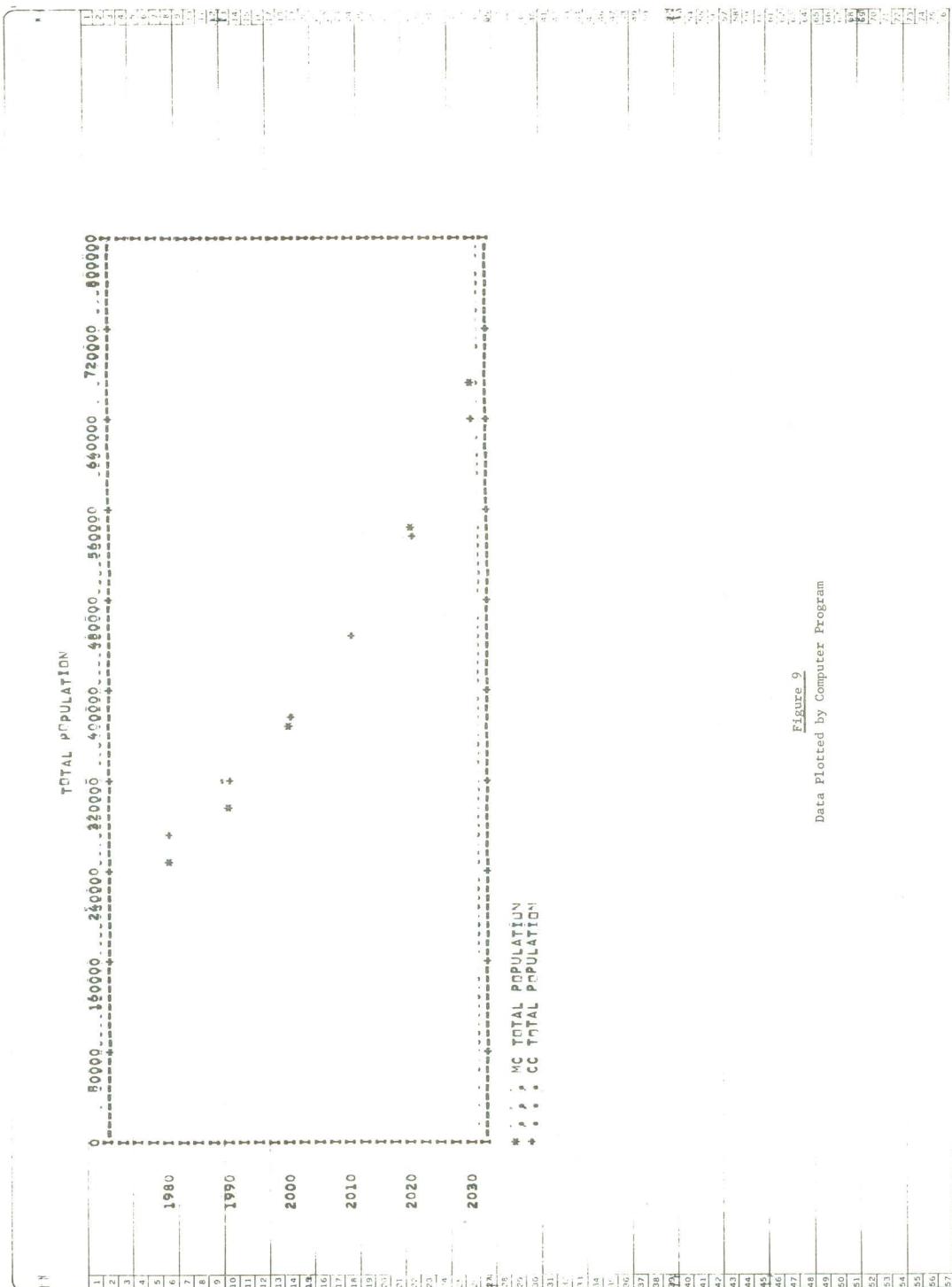


Figure 9

Data Plotted by Computer Program

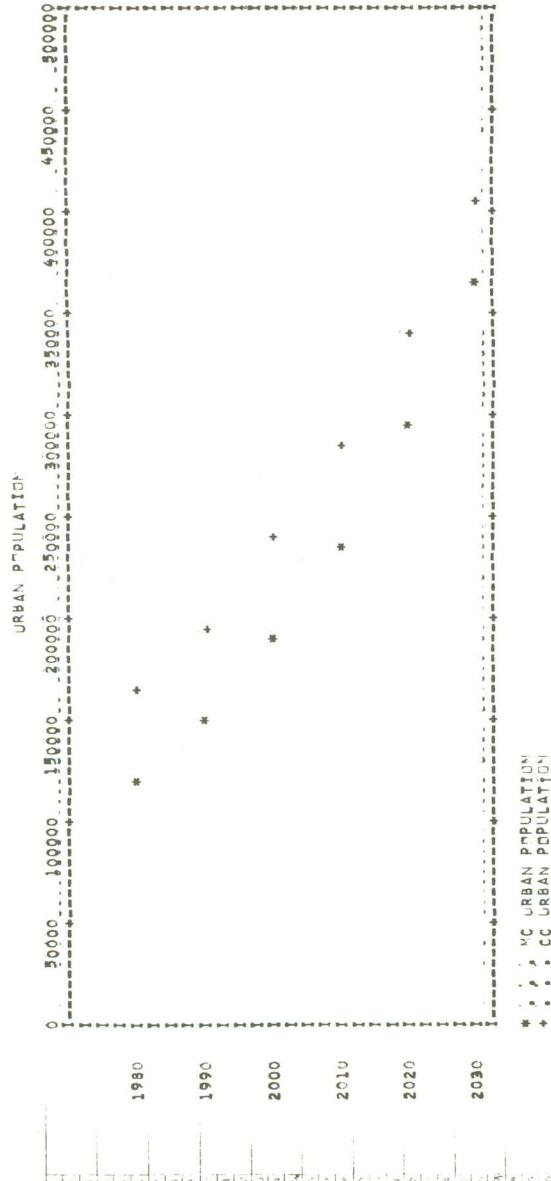


Figure 10
Data Plotted by Computer Program

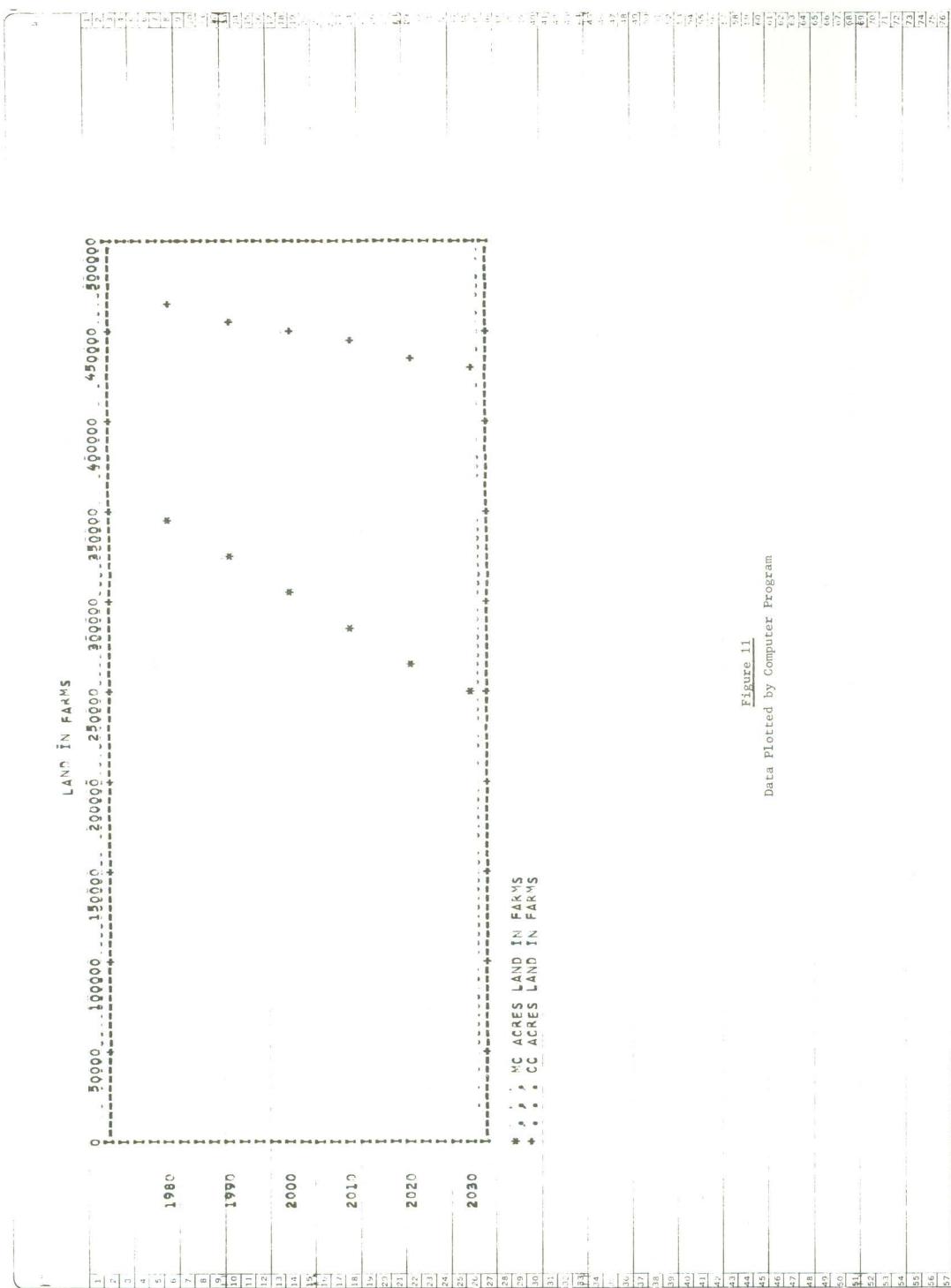


Figure 11
Data Plotted by Computer Program

TRANSPORT VS RECREATION

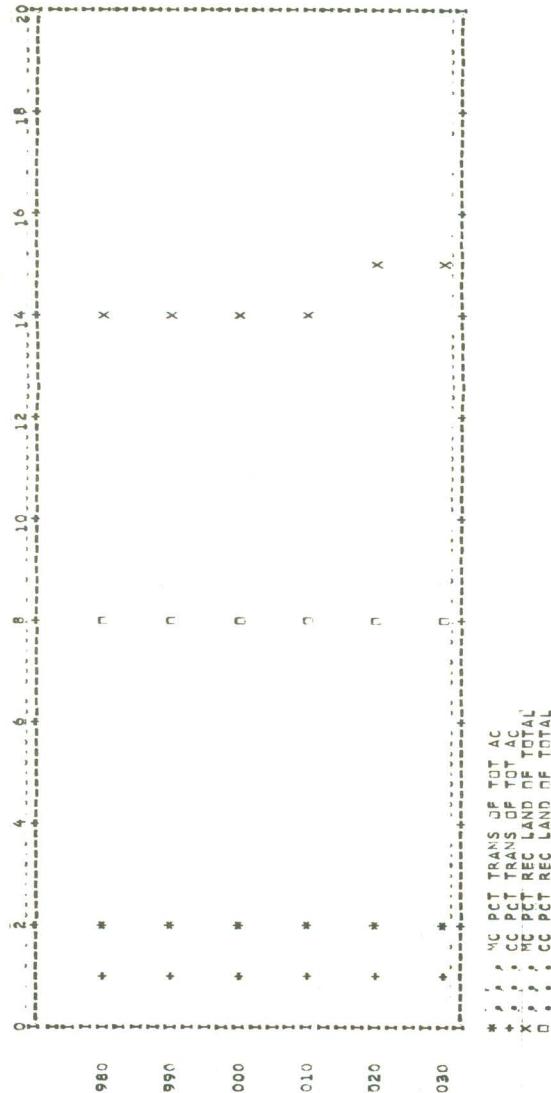


Figure 12
Data Plotted by Computer Program

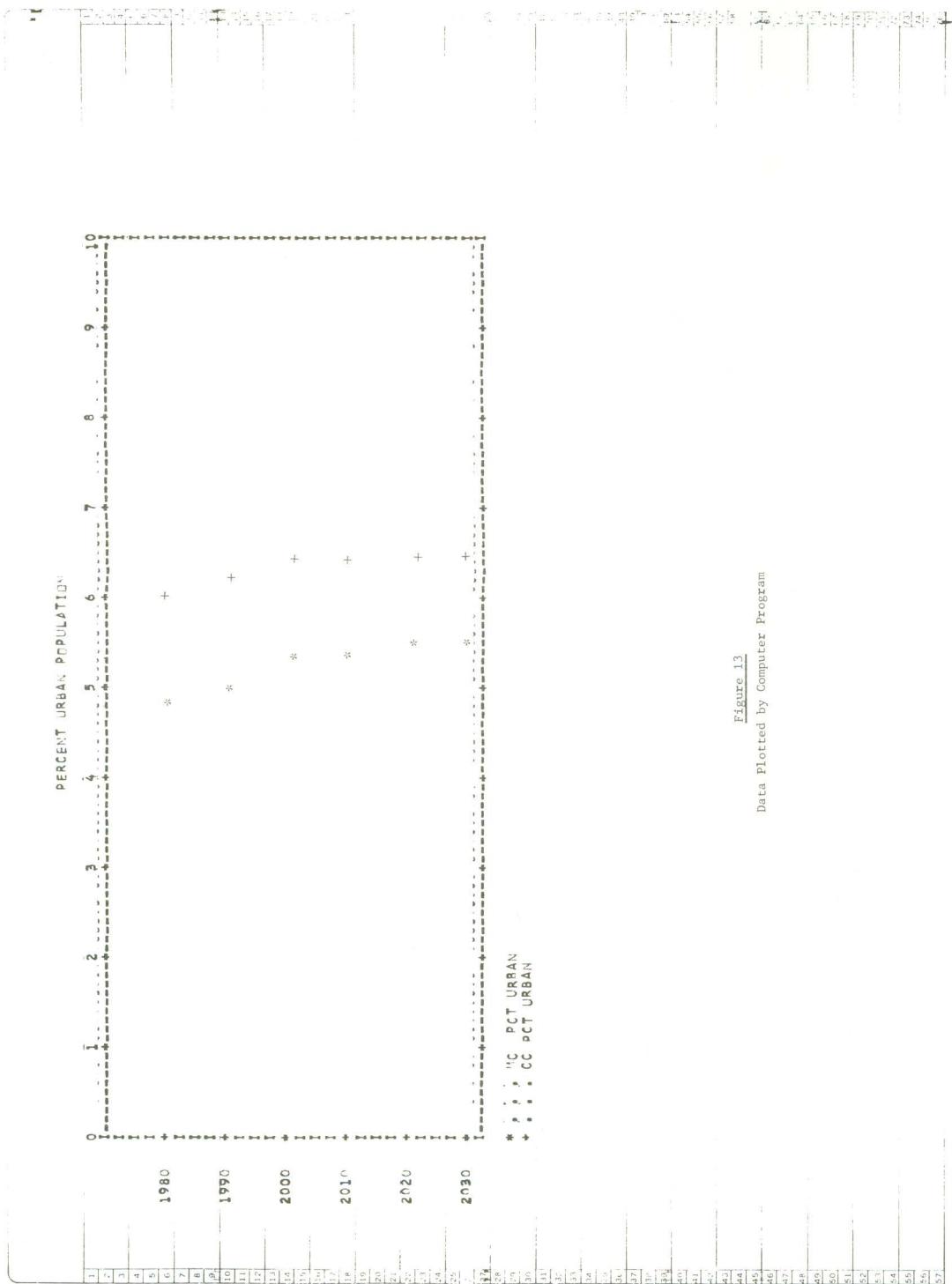


Figure 13
Data Plotted by Computer Program

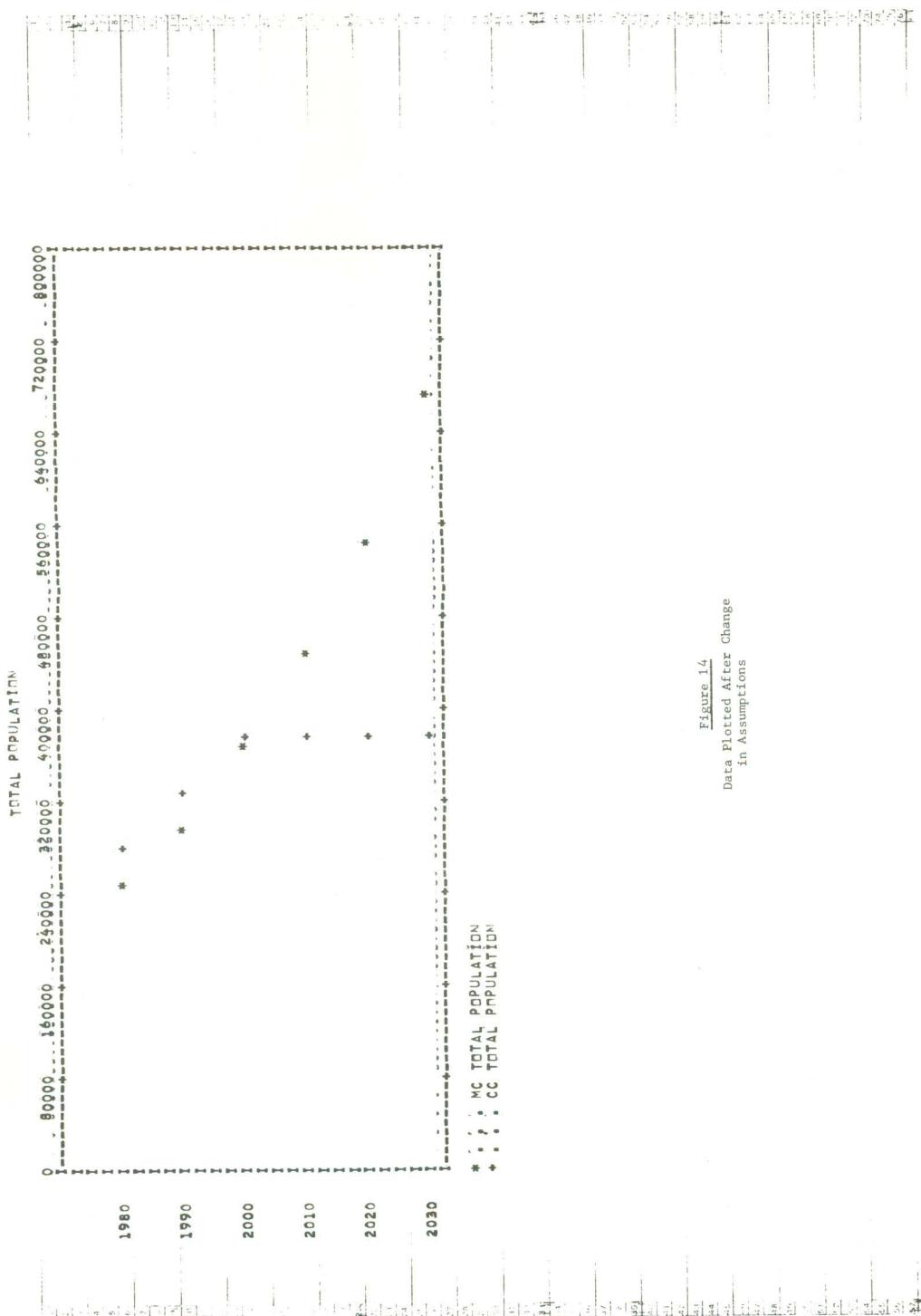


Figure 14
Data Plotted After Change
in Assumptions

APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM
M/C DATA PROJECT

COASTAL COUNTIES

Figure 15 Report == After Change in Report

Assumptions									
1	2	LINE NO.	PLANNING ITEM	1990	2000	2010	2020	2030	2040
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
7	21	CC TOTAL POPULATION	2790866	3248732	37912400	37912400	37912400	37912400	37912400
9	32	CC LAND AREA SQ MILES	1755.00	1755.00	1755.00	1755.00	1755.00	1755.00	1755.00
10	42	CC M/L RATIO SQ MI/1000	6.27	5.33	4.63	4.63	4.63	4.63	4.63
11	54	CC LAND AREA ACRES	1123200	1123200	1123200	1123200	1123200	1123200	1123200
12	65	CC MAN=LAND RATIO ACRES	4.01	3.41	2.96	2.96	2.96	2.96	2.96
13	76	CC PCT URBAN	0.60	0.62	0.63	0.63	0.63	0.63	0.63
14	87	CC URBAN POPULATION	167879.83	202944.40	239124.02	239124.02	239124.02	239124.02	239124.02
15	98	CC ACRES LAND IN FARMS	464779.16	450064.52	443076.08	436261.23	429651.73	429651.73	429651.73
16	109	CC PERCENT LAND IN FARMS	41.38	40.71	40.77	39.45	38.84	38.25	38.25
17	120	CC AC CROPLAND HARVESTED	188221.41	188016.33	183665.59	181765.41	179712.39	177708.48	177708.48
18	131	CC PCT CROP OF FARM AC	40.50	40.68	40.55	41.02	41.19	41.36	41.36
19	142	CC PCT CROP OF TOTAL AC	16.76	16.56	16.37	16.18	16.00	15.82	15.82
20	153	CC AC FM WOOD PAS+NONPAS	193495.77	182736.98	172655.72	163205.69	154338.73	146014.48	146014.48
21	164	CC PCT FM WOOD OF TOT AC	17.23	16.27	15.37	14.53	13.74	12.90	12.90
22	175	CC PCT FM WOOD OF FARM A	41.64	38.96	38.36	36.83	35.38	33.99	33.99
23	186	CC AC TRANS PRIM ROADS	5841.43	5849.87	5858.33	5866.80	5875.28	5883.71	5883.71
24	197	CC AC TRANS SEC ROADS	13096.05	13096.19	13150.71	13150.71	13150.71	13200.86	13200.86
25	208	CC AC TRANS COMB PRI/SEC	18946.16	18982.94	19019.51	19056.37	19093.94	19131.51	19131.51
26	219	CC PCT TRANS OF TOT AC	1.68	1.69	1.69	1.70	1.70	1.70	1.70
27	320	CC AC REC LAND (WATER)	176.00	176.00	176.00	176.00	176.00	176.00	176.00
28	331	CC AC REC LAND (SITE)DEV	6269.33	6890.67	7492.00	8103.33	8714.67	9326.00	9326.00
29	342	CC AC REC LAND (SITE)NAT	86047.00	86047.00	86047.00	86047.00	86047.00	86047.00	86047.00
30	353	CC AC REC LAND TOTAL	92316.33	92927.67	93839.00	94150.33	94761.67	95333.00	95333.00
31	364	CC PCT REC LAND OF TOTAL	8.22	8.27	8.33	8.38	8.44	8.49	8.49
32	375	CC M/L RATIO REC LAND	0.33	0.28	0.25	0.25	0.25	0.25	0.25

MEMBER INSTITUTIONS OF THE APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM

Appalachian State University

Blue Ridge Parkway

East Tennessee State University

Ferrum College

First Tennessee-Virginia Development District

Lees-McRae College

Mars Hill College

United States Forest Service

University of North Carolina-Asheville

Warren Wilson College

Western Carolina University

Western North Carolina Historical Association

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economic health and to the national security.

The pure conquest-of-nature ethic, once flaunted by Americans, is now, like the iceberg of simile, largely submerged. But the satisfaction of Americans in putting men on the Moon, and their willingness to pay for that "adventure in national pride," shows that it still exists. The dambuilder, the bridgebuilder, and the miner all feel the joy of conquest as do the mountain climber and the astronaut. In regard to what is generally called "nature," however, it is dreadfully unfashionable to express. Eric Hoffer, the articulate longshoreman, is one of the few with the courage to be unfashionable in this regard; Hoffer combines a vigorous defense of man's "war with nature" with an aggression-displacement hypothesis: ". . . the overcoming of nature, so crucial in the ascent of man, can be a most effective agency of humanization in the decades ahead—if for no other reason than that it may divert aggressive impulses and wild energies from social strife."

The preservation ethic forbids the further alteration by man of natural areas deemed to have special esthetic, recreational, scientific, therapeutic, or ecologic values. It may also require us to take steps to preserve an endangered vertebrate species other than man. Because this action (inaction?) mode fits several different ethical frames, I shall attempt to define the several ethical reasons for preservation in terms of hypothetical "pure" types of preservationists.

First, the mystic preservationist believes that nature is good in and of itself. If he doesn't actually regard man as bad, he certainly regards man's alterations of natural areas as bad for he speaks of rape, desecration, and despoiling in describing roads, pipelines, dams and mine dumps. He seems to prefer mountains and pines to plains and sagebrush, and he advocates restricting the quantity (and in some cases, the quality) of visitors to preserved areas. The mystic preservationist may defend, as did St. Francis, another species' "right to existence." Nature mysticism in Judeo-Christian thought, long contrapuntal but subordinate to the nature-conquest theme, may have had its origins in religious retreats into the wilderness for spiritual renewal.

The nature-therapy preservationist believes that nature is not just good in itself, but that it is good for man, both physically and psychologically. He stresses a built-in genetic need of modern man to get close to and commune with nature, a need which has yet to be demonstrated except by the dogmatic declarations of its exponents.

The esthetic preservationist also believes that certain natural areas are good for man, because of esthetic satisfactions which may be derived from visiting them. He would preserve an area because it's beautiful, not just because it's wild.

The scientific or curator preservationist wants to preserve examples of unusual or endangered species in their native habitat, to preserve diverse ecosystems in an undisturbed state, and even to preserve unique geologic formations from flooding or destruction because he feels man can learn more from natural than from captive individuals, from undisturbed than from altered systems, from natural variety than from humanized sameness. He may also believe that biological diversity strengthens the ecosystem on which man depends.

Significant as a political force is the recreation conservationist who wants natural areas preserved (but not pristine) so that he may hunt, fish, hike, picnic, or enjoy peace and quiet in them.

The preservation ethic gets a great deal of its force from a reaction to crowded and unpleasant cities. Dislike of cities is old. Two thousand years ago, the Roman scholar Varro declared cities unnatural and corrupting, and Seneca described the evils of a civilization "too dependent on its machines, its energy-control devices and its creature comforts." These Romans envisioned a pastoral ideal, where the fertility of soils would be maintained by proper care and the guardians of the soil would be happy, virtuous men. Their good nature was a man-made garden, not a wilderness.

Some 1700 years later, the environmental pollution and urban stresses of the Industrial Revolution brought about a more violent reaction to cities; the garden or pastoral ideal was replaced with wild nature. For the first time, only about 200 years ago, mountains and forests became esthetically good. As late as 1770, Samuel Johnson had referred to mountains as "rather uncouth objects" and called the Alps "high and hideous." But to Rousseau, Wordsworth, Byron, Goethe, and other leaders of the Romantic movement, they were beautiful and good. They could serve not only as retreats from urban life, but as arenas of challenge where man unaided by machines could test himself against nature, and either renew his sense of fitness or end up in the English cemetery for fallen climbers at Zermatt.

In America, the anti-urban recreation was represented by men so different as Thomas Jefferson and Henry Thoreau. Jefferson believed that agriculture makes for individual character and national health and he wrote that "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God . . . The mobs of great cities," he claimed, "add just so much to the support of pure government, as sores do to the strength of the human body." Thoreau saw life of his time as a conflict between industrialism and simplicity, between the exploitation of nature and living in harmony with nature; he chose simplicity and harmony.

But most Americans accepted progress only in terms of rapid conquest and exploitation of the environment. In the America of the 1850's, a statement like this in a newspaper article surprised no one: "How great, how glorious is man, the conqueror of nature—and the immortal co-worker with God." European emigrants came to America with visions not only of freedom, but of wealth. They turned Jefferson's dream into a nightmare as they plowed and dug and cut and blasted and built their way across the Louisiana Purchase, which he had negotiated in order to keep America a nation of virtuous farmers.

George Perkins Marsh, New England lawyer, author, and minor diplomat, was the first to recognize and document the long-term adverse effects of man's alterations of the environment and to advocate planning for ecological equilibrium. His book, called *Man and Nature*, published in 1864, was so far ahead of its time that Marsh might properly be called the grandfather, rather than the father, of the equilibrium ethic.

The equilibrium ethic would require us, on a global scale, to work towards achieving a stable equilibrium between man and his environment short of disaster. It implies ultimate stabilization of population and abandonment of a growth-oriented economy. Although we still seem a long

way from widespread belief in the necessity for such an equilibrium, the Environmental Quality Act of 1969 states that it should be public policy to "achieve a balance between population and resource use which will permit high standards of living and a wide sharing of life's amenities."

Because the idea of any equilibrium in human population, in economics, or in resource use is so foreign to our growth-oriented society, adoption of this ethic as a frame for political decision will require a veritable revolution in human thought. George Marsh was well aware of this more than a century ago when he wrote, "A political and moral reformation in the world is needed if technology is to aid conservation."

Aldo Leopold in 1949, at the close of the first 50 years of the American conservation movement, complained that "conservation as preached and practiced has only been enlightened self interest" and urged the development of a land ethic that would embody the concept of equilibrium between man and the land.

The modern equilibrium ethic took a long time to emerge, because it springs from the relatively recent awareness of man as part of a world ecosystem, and as a major perturber of that system in ways that produce unwanted and potentially lethal consequences.

It seems to me that the equilibrium ethic, what Aldo Leopold called a land ethic, is growing in force in our technological civilization, as we begin to realize that man cannot expand his numbers indefinitely. At some point in the future, his global birth rate and death rate must come into balance. This balance can be either of two kinds. It can be a statistical balance representing wide swings in the death rate, by which periods of excess births over deaths are compensated for by periods, probably much shorter and more traumatic, of excess of deaths over births. Or, it can be an equilibrium balance, representing an evolutionary decline in the birth rate to meet an already low and controlled death rate. Certainly the latter kind of balance would be preferred by most humans, for only under its conditions could we find much hope of maintaining a tolerable level of environmental quality.

An evolutionary decline in the human birth rate requires an ethical control. Man does not possess the built-in controls on population that keep many other animal populations in reasonable balance with their environment. Man has only cultural controls and when these involve not doing something for the benefit of the species they must be cast in an ethical frame, a frame of anti-social conduct, for them to be at all effective.

Many question whether a society based on democratic capitalism, as our technological society is, can ever attain a balance between man and nature, given the dominant incentive in such a society to maximize profits, which in turn encourages the rapid depletion of non-renewable resources, the overharvesting of renewable ones, and the adoption of consumptive growth as a strategic goal.

Unfortunately, time will not permit further elaboration on the subject of ecoethics. In considering this question of man-environment stability under capitalism, however, it might prove worthwhile in the near future to look at a place where it appears to exist, a small "island" in the coastal swamps and marshes of Louisiana, called Avery Island. The development of Avery Island, Louisiana by the Avery-McIlhenny families offers a tangible example of a successful equilibrium ethic. For further discussion I refer you

to Cook's *Man, Energy, Society* (1976) for a description of a modern common managed for permanence.

A local example of application of ecoethics in an attempt to design leisure resources with nature, man, and democratic capitalism within Appalachia can be located on the Grandfather Mountain property of Hugh Morton. Again, our schedule today will not permit close analysis of Avery Island and Grandfather Mountain as models of successful efforts of environmental management in a technological society.

In conclusion and maybe unfortunately, I believe that man is basically a cancer on the surface of the earth. We are all bad and often appear to be out of control within the ecosystem. Concern, sensitivity, common sense, and technical expertise are all needed for success in managing the environment. When we cease open and frank discussions such as this conference, we only prolong the problem.

USING QUANTITATIVE LAND-USE DATA TO MAKE LONG-RANGE FORECASTS OF ALTERNATIVE HUMAN CONSEQUENCES: AN EXPERIMENTAL APPROACH

By Robert E. Reiman and Terry E. Epperson
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INTRODUCTION

The humanist who is concerned with the present and subsequent use of land usually faces the seemingly insurmountable dilemma of discussing alternative futures with and among colleagues whose views are based on suppositions of one sort or another. These suppositions may or may not be actual fact, or, are heavily biased by the individual's personal point of view; they are seldom based on the kinds of quantitative data used by the social or natural scientist.

The purpose of this paper is to explore some experimental methodology that will provide a tool for linking the techniques of the scientific method with the vision, the concern for human values, and the foresights based on hindsight that are the hallmarks of the "humanist."

Natural scientists, environmentalists, and planners have long recognized that everything is tied to everything else — different interactions exist between human actions/reactions and natural phenomena. By applying this human linkage concept to the future use of land, the humanist can be provided with a fresh view of the magnitude and impact of his/her own (or his/her collective) suppositions. From this base, more rational discussions of the human consequences of changing land-use can be made.

It is recognized that there are no simple answers to the complex interactions that occur when dealing with anything as extensive and emotion-ridden as population change and related land-uses. However, the use of fairly simple methodology may serve to illuminate those human problems that may stem from the changes. This kind of examination of the future is part of the process known as "planning." The planner (humanist or other) is not seeking, necessarily, an end-product—it is the *process* that is usually most important.

With the development of the electronic computer, a new technique, known as *simulation*, has evolved as a practical aid to planning. Simulation employs logic, "hard" data, and mathematics, and involves the construction of a "Model" of whatever set of circumstances the planner is trying to represent. The representation is based upon experience and observation, and consists of the assignment of quantitative values and relationships to those elements which make up a given "environment."

THE METHODOLOGY

Any simulation is based on *assumptions*; for every data element that is dealt with the question must be asked: "Is it expected that the size of this element will increase, decrease, or remain stable over whatever time horizon has been selected for forecasting?" These assumptions are then applied to base data and projected over a given time period. The model

then becomes an "if-what" tool—if a certain set of circumstances apply, what will be the outcome. The yield of the model is, therefore, hypothetical data which can be used as a basis for more rational discussion.

The computer program used in this experimental approach is known as PLANTRAN (derived from the words planning translator); it requires no technical expertise from the user. The system uses a simple language that is almost the same as the clerical instructions used in manual methods. This simple language is presented to a computer compiler which translates the instructions into computer terms. The instructions are processed by the computer and the results presented in a format set by the user. PLANTRAN never requires the planner to know or understand any of the technical aspects of the machine. The system could, in fact, be manipulated on a desk calculator—the computer model merely frees the user from innumerable time consuming and tedious calculations to determine the effects of various changes. In addition, the computer can effortlessly and accurately combine the thousands of bits of data that one change is likely to affect and produce an overall picture based on the change(s).

IMPLEMENTATION OF THE MODEL

Two basic actions are required to activate this simulation model. First of all, some data must be gathered pertinent to the issues to be discussed. For example, in order to explore the magnitude of the man-land ratio in a designated location, over a given period of time, some base data about the number of persons living on a specific area of land will need to be derived. This will provide a mathematical relationship which can be called "man-land" ratio. Each of these data elements (population, land-area and man-land ratio) are called *planning items*.

The second step is to make some reasonable assumptions in regard to each planning item — will it increase, decrease, or remain the same? If an increase or decrease is expected, some order of magnitude must also be assumed. This assumption can be based on historical trend, educated guess, or even the setting of a goal. These assumptions can be projected as percentages, increments, goals, factual data, summations, functions of other planning items, averages of other planning items, maximums/minimums of other planning items, or accumulative products of other planning items. For the planning item to remain the same it is merely projected as a constant value.

Data are gathered and assumptions made relevant to as many planning items as desired, using as much disaggregate data as possible; the computer program can readily aggregate items and display comparative figures.

When the data-gathering is complete the name of each planning item, its base data, and the derived assumption(s) are posted to simple coding forms, from which standard machine-readable data cards are punched. The program, which can accommodate between 500 to 1,000 planning items, then produces (1) a listing of the data cards (for verification), (2) a matrix which displays each planning item over whatever planning horizon is selected, and (3) special reports, upon which certain *selected* planning items can be displayed. Figures 1, 2, and 3 are respective examples of the above.

A SAMPLE PROGRAM

For illustrative purposes, a short sample program has been compiled that deals with projected land use in two different groups of counties in North Carolina, one in the mountainous area of the west (Avery, Buncombe, Jackson, Watauga Counties), the other in the coastal plain of the east (Chowan, Craven, New Hanover, Pitt Counties). The selection was somewhat arbitrary. However, each set of counties contains one highly urbanized area, two predominantly rural counties, and at least two senior institutions of higher learning. The total population and land area of the two groups of counties is similar.

The following planning items were derived for each county, then aggregated by county group:

- (1) Total population
- (2) Land area in square miles
- (3) Man-land ratio per square mile per 1,000 persons
- (4) Land area in acres
- (5) Man-land ratio in acres
- (6) Percent urban population
- (7) Land area in farms (acres)
- (8) Percent land in farms
- (9) Acres cropland harvested
- (10) Percent of farmland in crops
- (11) Percent cropland of total farm acreage
- (12) Acres of farm woodland (pasture plus non-pasture)
- (13) Cropland as a percent of total acreage
- (14) Farm woodland as a percent of total acreage
- (15) Acres in primary roads
- (16) Acres in secondary roads
- (17) Acres used for transportation as a percent of total acreage
- (18) Acres of recreational land
- (19) Recreational land as a percent of total
- (20) Man-land ratio of recreational land
- (21) Man-land ratio of farmland

Each planning item was assigned a "reasonable" assumption for the future by a committee of three geographer/humanists, each of whom had at least some knowledge of the areas involved. Instructions were given to the computer program to perform the necessary aggregations, relationships (ratios), and reports.

Census year 1970 was selected as the base year, with a projection horizon of sixty years, in ten-year increments. (The computer program permits the use of either six or twelve increments.) Figure 2, as noted previously, shows a typical page of the projection matrix; Figure 3 shows a selected planning item report for Avery County. An illustration of how county data can be aggregated is shown in Figures 4 and 5. A comparison of selected planning items, by county group, is shown in Figure 6.

Some interesting conclusions can be arrived at from the results of this short simulation. If the assumptions hold true:

I. *Man-Land Ratio*

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In addition to his books on poetry and ballads, Dr. Miller is the author of "Appalachian Values/American Values: The Role of Regional Colleges" which was prepared for the conference on The Role of Colleges in Southern Appalachia, Mars Hill College, June 1976. A condensed version is the lead essay in the Vol. 5, No. 1, Autumn 1977 issue of the *Appalachian Journal* entitled "A Guide to Appalachian Studies."

In 1979 the Appalachian Consortium Press will publish Dr. Miller's latest book of poetry, *The Mountains Have Come Closer*.

The Checklist and Purchase Guide is divided into eight sections:

- I. Bibliographies, Materials and Resource Lists.
- II. Standard Works, Surveys: Appalachian History, Culture, Politics.
- III. Language and Literature.
 1. Primary Sources: Prose.
 2. Some Secondary Sources.
 3. Primary Sources: Poetry.
- IV. Music, Arts, and Crafts.
- V. Folklore.
- VI. Appalachian Flora and Fauna.
- VII. Anthologies and Texts.
- VIII. Journals, Magazines, Newsletters.

Addendum.



LAUREL LEAVES

Special Edition

A Checklist and Purchase Guide for School
and Community Libraries in Appalachia

Jim Wayne Miller

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A Checklist and Purchase Guide for School and Community Libraries in Appalachia

by Jim Wayne Miller

Back around the turn of the century when he was trying to gather information about the Southern Highlands, Horace Kephart discovered, to his dismay, that very little had been written about the area we now know as Appalachia. Kephart could not find a single up-to-date magazine article describing the land and people. Had he been seeking information about exotic places such as Timbuktu or Tenerife, he could have found it in abundance, Kephart said. But no library in America could provide him with a guide to the Southern Highlands, this "rooftop of America."

That situation soon changed, and Kephart had a hand in changing it by publishing, in 1913, *Our Southern Highlanders*. In 1921 John C. Campbell appended a considerable bibliography to his *The Southern Highlander and His Homeland*. Campbell's complaint, unlike Kephart's, was not of a lack of information concerning Appalachia, but of myths and misinformation. More things were known about the Southern Highlands that were not true, Campbell wrote, than of any other part of the country.

Understanding Appalachia is still impeded by myth, stereotype, and misinformation. Today Harry Caudill can credibly maintain that the Appalachian mountain range is "the least understood and most maligned part of America." But certainly if Kephart were seeking information about Appalachia today in any of the better libraries in the country, his complaint would more likely be of a bewildering abundance of materials, rather than of a lack of them. Recently Berea College historian Dr. Richard Drake published "A Bibliography of Appalachian Bibliographies" which lists 57 bibliographies compiled since 1911.

If Kephart were writing today he could draw on the following resources: the Weatherford-Hammond Mountain Collection at Berea College; *The Southern Mountains: A Bibliography and Guide to Studies*; Louise Boger's *The Southern Mountaineer in Literature*; Robert Munn's *Appalachian Bibliography*; The Council of the Southern Mountains' *Bibliography of the Appalachian South*; West Virginia University's *Appalachian Outlook*, a quarterly up-date to Munn's *Appalachian Bibliography*; the *Bibliography of Southern Appalachia*, edited by Charlotte T. Ross, published by the Appalachian Consortium Press in 1976 and distributed by the Consortium Press and the University of Tennessee Press.

Our proper concern today cannot be with a lack of information about Appalachia. Books, journals, anthologies, tapes, and films concerning every aspect of life in the region are available. The need now is to concentrate on making known, throughout the Appalachian region, the existence and availability of all these materials. For when one visits the high school, city, and county libraries of Appalachia, one is struck by the discrepancy between the abundance of available materials on Appalachia and the materials actually available in the libraries. In too many of our high school and community libraries, Kephart might still find more information about Timbuktu than about Appalachia.

We may justifiably complain that the rest of the country misunderstands Appalachia. But if we compare the Appalachian collections of our high school, city, and county libraries with those of similar libraries outside our region, we may be

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Appalachian Journal. A Regional Studies Review. 132 Sanford Hall, Appalachian State University, Boone, NC 28608.

Appalachian Notes. 225 Culpepper, Lexington, KY 40502.

Berea College Appalachian Center Newsletter. Appalachian Center, Berea College, Berea, KY 40404.

Foxfire. Rabun Gap, GA 30568.

Green River Review. SVSC Box 56, University Center, MI 48710.

Help Yourself. Department of English, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, KY 40475.

Highland Heritage. Emory & Henry College, Emory, VA 24327.

Highlander Reports. Highlander Research and Education Center, Box 370, Rt. 3, New Market, TN 37820.

Katallagete: Be Reconciled. Committee of Southern Churchmen. Box 936, College Station, Berea College, Berea, KY 40404.

Kentucky Folklore Record. Box U-169, Western Kentucky University, Bowling Green, KY 42101.

Laurel Leaves. Appalachian Consortium Press, 202 Appalachian Street, Boone, NC 28608.

Mountain Call. Box 611, Kermit, WV 25674.

Mountain Eagle. Weekly newspaper, Tom Gish, editor, Tunnel Hill, Whitesburg, KY 41858.

Mountain Life & Work. The Magazine of the Appalachian South. Council of the Southern Mountains, Drawer N, Clintwood, VA 24228.

Mountain Memories. Alice Lloyd Oral History Project. Alice Lloyd College, Pippa Passes, KY 41844.

Mountain Review. Box 743-A, Whitesburg, KY 41858.

North Carolina Folklore Journal. Department of English, Appalachian State University, Boone, NC 28608.

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Puddingstone. Box 8800, University Station, Knoxville, TN 37918.

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Southern Exposure. Box 230, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

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Twigs. Pikeville College, Pikeville, KY 41501.

Unaka Range. Route 1, Box 58A, Bryson City, NC 28713.

United Mine Workers Journal. 900 15th Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20005.

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What's a Nice Hillbilly Like You...? 107 Earwood Street, Beckley, WV 25801.

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IV. Music, Arts, and Crafts.

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MEMBER INSTITUTIONS OF THE APPALACHIAN CONSORTIUM

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forced to admit that the rest of the country knows more about us than we know about ourselves.

Fortunately, there are exceptions. With the aid of an ESEA Title II grant, Mrs. Elaine Duty, librarian at the John S. Battle High School, in Washington County, Virginia, has created a Southern Appalachian Collection of over five hundred titles in the categories of general works, philosophy, religion, social sciences, linguistics, pure sciences, applied sciences, arts and recreation, literature, history, fiction, and reference works. In addition to books, the collection includes journals (such as *Appalachia*, *Appalachian Journal*, *Foxfire*, *Mountain Life & Work*), maps, pamphlets, sheet music, paintings and pictures, dozens of disc and cassette recordings, slides, films, and filmstrips. The collection is housed in a separate part of the library and identified as the Southern Appalachian Collection. A shelf list, with annual supplements, is available. The collection is made known to the community through an attractive brochure which states that the collection may be used not only by the school's students but also by all persons interested in the study of the Southern Appalachian heritage. Many people in the immediate community and from the surrounding area use the collection.

Middle schools and high schools in West Virginia have been the beneficiaries of cooperation between the West Virginia Department of Education and Morris Harvey College Publications in Charleston, West Virginia. The Appalachian Center at Morris Harvey College, working with the State Department of Education, has developed and distributed educational materials relating to Appalachia. The Center has prepared, as an aid to teachers and librarians, purchase guides, lists and catalogs of books and audio-visual materials which could be acquired by libraries to support curricular offerings in Appalachian history, culture, literature, and the arts.

Every school and community library in the Appalachian region should have—and can have—an Appalachian collection like the one at the John S. Battle High School. That collection and the cooperation of Morris Harvey College with the West Virginia Department of Education stand as examples to us—examples of ways in which we can undertake the important task of introducing regional materials into every school and community library in Appalachia. Throughout the region more and more schools are introducing new courses dealing with various aspects of Appalachian history and culture, or are developing units emphasizing Appalachia for already existing courses. More and more adults in the region are continuing their education, formally and informally. They are drawing on the resources of local schools and of city and county libraries as they pursue interests in genealogy, local and regional history, politics, economics, arts and crafts. Thus it is important that our libraries have adequate resources for interests and activities of the people they serve.

The establishment and improvement of Appalachian collections in the school and community libraries of Appalachia can make a significant contribution to what Harry Caudill sees as a needed "cultural upheaval" in the region. Appalachian collections in use throughout the region can help bring about what Charles O. Jackson, in a recent article in *Appalachian Notes*, calls a "social redefinition of the region." Such collections can help young people come to see Appalachia not as a place to escape from but as a place with an interesting past, a challenging present, and an exciting future. Appalachian collections, properly used in curricular offerings of the schools, can help the young person see in Appalachia a place, as Wendell Berry puts it in a poem, "whose possibilities I am one of." In the remaining years of the twentieth century, nothing educators can do is likely to be more important than helping Appalachians—from grade school through the university—know more about the history, culture, economics, and politics of their region.

Teachers and librarians, convinced of the need for an Appalachian collection or of the need to improve current holdings, nevertheless appreciate guidance in deter-

mining the value of what is already on their library shelves and in deciding what should be added to make their collections adequate. The list which follows is a response to that felt need. The items on it have been suggested by knowledgeable people from various academic disciplines. The list is not exhaustive. Rather, it should be considered the nucleus of a good Appalachian collection. Emphasis is upon what is essential and available, but the list contains both old and new titles (many of the older works have been recently re-issued).

Some suggestions about the use of this checklist:

1) Inventory your library's holdings and determine how many titles your library already has that belong to an Appalachian collection. (Since this checklist and purchase guide is selective, not exhaustive, you'll probably have titles not on the list which nevertheless should be a part of your Appalachian collection.)

2) Assign priorities to those items that you don't have in your library. Begin systematically to acquire them. You may want to form an Appalachian Studies Committee or Appalachian Heritage Committee of teachers and interested community members for this purpose.

3) Highlight the collection. House it in a separate part of the library. Prepare a master list to which supplements may be added as the collection grows.

4) Publicize the collection.

5) Don't slight audio-visual materials. After all, much of what is unique and valuable in the Appalachian heritage of song, story, dance, art, and crafts is truly audio-visual, appealing directly to the ear and eye. Many aspects of Appalachian traditions are best preserved and presented on film, slides, disc records, and cassette and video tapes.

6) Keep your Appalachian collection growing. Acquire one of the more inclusive bibliographies, such as the *Appalachian Bibliography* or the *Bibliography of Southern Appalachia*. Subscribe to a bibliographical up-date such as *Appalachian Outlook* and to some of the journals containing reviews of new publications (*Appalachian Notes*, *Appalachian Journal*).

7) Make the Appalachian collection the center of school and community events throughout the year. The showing of a newly acquired film, for instance, might serve as the occasion for an afternoon or evening program. Appalachian writers, poets, historians, and other scholars might give readings or lectures in the part of the library where the Appalachian collection is shelved. Different clubs and organizations in the community might be invited to hold one of their meetings in the school or community library, where they might become acquainted with the Appalachian collection and its usefulness for their activities and interests.

8) Use the Appalachian collection as a resource for community projects. Every Appalachian state has a federally funded arts council or commission, as well as a state-based humanities council. These agencies make grants to local groups and organizations for many kinds of projects. An Appalachian collection in the local school or community library could be an important resource for carrying out many projects and might be an advantage when applying for various kinds of grants.

9) Make your own contributions to the checklist and purchase guide. You may be aware of books which, in your opinion, belong on a minimum list of Appalachian holdings.

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